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*Susannah Fremont*



# ESSAYS

## ON

### VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

Principally designed for

### YOUNG LADIES.

As for you, I shall advise you in a few words: aspire only to those virtues that are PECULIAR TO YOUR SEX; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or the other.

*Oration of Pericles to the Athenian Women.*

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T O

MRS. MONTAGU.

MADAM,

**I**F you were only one of the finest writers of your time, you would probably have escaped the trouble of this address, which is drawn on you, less by the lustre of your understanding, than by the amiable qualities of your heart.

As the following pages are written with an humble but earnest wish, to promote the interests of virtue, as far  
as

## DEDICATION.

as the very limited abilities of the author allow; there is, I flatter myself, a peculiar propriety in inscribing them to you, Madam, who, while your works convey instruction and delight to the best-informed of the other sex, furnish, by your conduct, an admirable pattern of life and manners to your own. And I can with truth remark, that those graces of conversation, which would be the first praise of almost any other character, constitute but an inferior part of yours.

I am, MADAM,

With the highest esteem,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant,

*Bristol,*

HANNAH MORE.

*May 20, 1777.*

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## INTRODUCTION.

**I**T is with the utmost diffidence that the following pages are submitted to the inspection of the Public : yet, however the limited abilities of the author may have prevented her from succeeding to her wish in the execution of her present attempt, she humbly trusts that the uprightness of her intention will procure it a candid and favourable reception. The following little Essays are chiefly calculated for the younger part of her own

B

sex,

## 2 INTRODUCTION.

sex, who, she flatters herself, will not esteem them the less, because they were written immediately for their service. She by no means pretends to have composed a regular system of morals, or a finished plan of conduct: she has only endeavoured to make a few remarks on such circumstances as seemed to her susceptible of some improvement, and on such subjects as she imagined were particularly interesting to young ladies, on their first introduction into the world. She hopes they will not be offended if she has occasionally pointed out certain qualities, and suggested certain tempers, and dispositions, as *peculiarly feminine*, and hazarded some observations which naturally arose from the subject, on the different characters which mark the sexes. And here again she takes the liberty to repeat that these distinctions  
cannot

cannot be too nicely maintained; for besides those important qualities common to both, each sex has its respective, appropriated qualifications, which would cease to be meritorious, the instant they ceased to be appropriated. Nature, propriety, and custom have prescribed certain bounds to each; bounds which the prudent and the candid will never attempt to break down; and indeed it would be highly impolitic to annihilate distinctions from which each acquires excellence, and to attempt innovations, by which both would be losers.

WOMEN therefore never understand their own interests so little, as when they affect those qualities and accomplishments, from the want of which they derive their highest merit. “The  
“ *porcelain* clay of human kind,” says

## 4 INTRODUCTION.

an admired writer, speaking of the sex. Greater delicacy evidently implies greater fragility; and this weakness, natural and moral, clearly points out the necessity of a superior degree of caution, retirement, and reserve.

If the author may be allowed to keep up the allusion of the poet, just quoted, she would ask if we do not put the finest vases, and the costliest images in places of the greatest security, and most remote from any probability of accident, or destruction? By being so situated, they find their protection in their weakness, and their safety in their delicacy. This metaphor is far from being used with a design of placing young ladies in a trivial, unimportant light; it is only introduced to insinuate, that where there is more beauty, and more weakness,

ness,

ness, there should be greater circumspection, and superior prudence.

MEN, on the contrary, are formed for the more public exhibitions on the great theatre of human life. Like the stronger and more substantial wares, they derive no injury, and lose no polish by being always exposed, and engaged in the constant commerce of the world. It is their proper element, where they respire their natural air, and exert their noblest powers, in situations which call them into action. They were intended by Providence for the bustling scenes of life; to appear terrible in arms, useful in commerce, shining in counsels.

THE Author fears it will be hazarding a very bold remark, in the opinion of many ladies, when she adds,

## 6 INTRODUCTION.

that the female mind, in general, does not appear capable of attaining so high a degree of perfection in science as the male. Yet she hopes to be forgiven when she observes also, that as it does not seem to derive the chief portion of its excellence from extraordinary abilities of this kind, it is not at all lessened by the imputation of not possessing them. It is readily allowed, that the sex have lively imaginations, and those exquisite perceptions of the beautiful and defective, which come under the denomination of Taste. But pretensions to that strength of intellect, which is requisite to penetrate into the abstruser walks of literature, it is presumed they will readily relinquish. There are green pastures, and pleasant vallies, where they may wander with safety to themselves, and delight to others. They may cultivate

tivate the roses of imagination, and the valuable fruits of morals and criticism; but the steepes of Parnassus few, comparatively, have attempted to scale with success. And when it is considered, that many languages, and many sciences, must contribute to the perfection of poetical composition, it will appear less strange. The lofty Epic, the pointed Satire, and the more daring and successful flights of the Tragic Muse, seem reserved for the bold adventurers of the other sex.

NOR does this assertion, it is apprehended, at all injure the interests of the women; they have other pretensions, on which to value themselves, and other qualities much better calculated to answer their particular purposes. We are enamoured of the soft strains of the Sicilian and the Mantuan

## 8 INTRODUCTION.

Muse, while, to the sweet notes of the pastoral reed, they sing the Contentions of the Shepherds, the Blessings of Love, or the innocent Delights of rural Life. Has it ever been ascribed to them as a defect, that their Eclogues do not treat of active scenes, of busy cities, and of wasting war? No: their simplicity is their perfection, and they are only blamed when they have too little of it.

ON the other hand, the lofty bards who strung their bolder harps to higher measures, and sung the *Wrath* of *Peleus' Son*, and *Man's first Disobedience*, have never been censured for want of sweetness and refinement. The sublime, the nervous, and the masculine, characterise their compositions; as the beautiful, the soft, and the delicate, mark those of the others. Grandeur, dignity,



dignity, and force, distinguish the one species ; ease, simplicity, and purity, the other. Both shine from their native, distinct, unborrowed merits, not from those which are foreign, adventitious, and unnatural. Yet those excellencies, which make up the essential and constituent parts of poetry, they have in common.

WOMEN have generally quicker perceptions ; men have juster sentiments.—Women consider how things may be prettily said ; men how they may be properly said.—In women, (young ones at least) speaking accompanies, and sometimes precedes reflection ; in men, reflection is the antecedent.—Women speak to shine or to please ; men, to convince or confute.—Women admire what is brilliant ; men what is solid.—Women prefer an extemporaneous

temporaneous folly of wit, or a sparkling effusion of fancy, before the most accurate reasoning, or the most laborious investigation of facts. In literary composition, women are pleased with point, turn, and antithesis ; men with observation, and a just deduction of effects from their causes.—Women are fond of incident, men of argument.—Women admire passionately, men approve cautiously.—One sex will think it betrays a want of feeling to be moderate in their applause, the other will be afraid of exposing a want of judgment by being in raptures with any thing.—Men refuse to give way to the emotions they actually feel, while women sometimes affect to be transported beyond what the occasion will justify.

As a farther confirmation of what has been advanced on the different bent of the understanding in the sexes, it may be observed, that we have heard of many female wits, but never of one female logician—of many admirable writers of memoirs, but never of one chronologer.—In the boundless and aërial regions of romance, and in that fashionable species of composition which succeeded it, and which carries a nearer approximation to the manners of the world, the women cannot be excelled: this imaginary foil they have a peculiar talent for cultivating, because here,

Invention labours more, and judgment less.

THE merit of this kind of writing consists in the *vraisemblance* to real life as to the events themselves, with  
a certain

a certain elevation in the narrative, which places them, if not above what is natural, yet above what is common. It farther consists in the art of interesting the tender feelings by a pathetic representation of those minute, endearing, domestic circumstances, which take captive the soul before it has time to shield itself with the armour of reflection. To amuse, rather than to instruct, or to instruct indirectly by short inferences, drawn from a long concatenation of circumstances, is at once the business of this sort of composition, and one of the characteristics of female genius\*.

\* THE author does not apprehend it makes against her GENERAL position, that this nation can boast a female critic, poet, historian, linguist, philosopher, and moralist, equal to most of the other sex. To these particular instances others might be adduced; but it is presumed, that they only stand as exceptions against the rule, without tending to invalidate the rule itself.

IN

## INTRODUCTION. 13

IN short, it appears that the mind in each sex has some natural kind of bias, which constitutes a distinction of character, and that the happiness of both depends, in a great measure, on the preservation and observance of this distinction. For where would be the superior pleasure and satisfaction resulting from mixed conversation, if this difference were abolished? If the qualities of both were invariably and exactly the same, no benefit or entertainment would arise from the tedious and insipid uniformity of such an intercourse; whereas considerable advantages are reaped from a select society of both sexes. The rough angles and asperities of male manners are imperceptibly filed, and gradually worn smooth, by the polishing of female conversation, and the refining of female taste; while the ideas of women

## 14 INTRODUCTION.

men acquire strength and solidity, by their associating with sensible, intelligent, and judicious men.

ON the whole, (even if fame be the object of pursuit) is it not better to succeed as women, than to fail as men? To shine, by walking honourably in the road which nature, custom, and education seem to have marked out, rather than to counteract them all, by moving awkwardly in a path diametrically opposite? To be good originals, rather than bad imitators? In a word, to be excellent women, rather than indifferent men?

ON

O N

## D I S S I P A T I O N.

DOGLIE CERTE, ALLEGREZZE INCERTE!

PETRARCA.

AS an argument in favour of modern manners, it has been pleaded, that the softer vices of Luxury and Dissipation, belong rather to gentle and yielding tempers, than to such as are rugged and ferocious: that they are vices which increase civilization,

## 16 ON DISSIPATION.

zation, and tend to promote refinement, and the cultivation of humanity.

BUT this is an assertion, the truth of which the experience of all ages contradicts. Nero was not less a tyrant for being a fiddler: He \* who wished the whole Roman people had but one neck, that he might dispatch them at a blow, was himself the most debauched man in Rome; and Sydney and Ruffel were condemned to bleed under the most barbarous, though most dissipated and voluptuous, reign that ever disgraced the annals of Britain.

THE love of dissipation is, I believe, allowed to be the reigning evil of the present day. It is an evil which many

\* The Emperor Caligula.



content themselves with regretting, without seeking to redress. A dissipated life is censured in the very act of dissipation, and prodigality of time is as gravely declaimed against at the card table, as in the pulpit.

THE lover of dancing censures the amusements of the theatre for their dulness, and the gamester blames them both for their levity. She, whose whole soul is swallowed up in "*opera extacies*," is astonished, that her acquaintance can spend whole nights in preying, like harpies, on the fortunes of their fellow-creatures; while the grave sober sinner, who passes her pale and anxious vigils, in this fashionable sort of pillaging, is no less surprised how the other can waste her precious time in hearing sounds for which she has

no taste, in a language she does not understand.

IN short, every one seems convinced, that the evil so much complained of does really exist somewhere, though all are inwardly persuaded that it is not with themselves. All desire a general reformation, but few will listen to proposals of particular amendment; the body must be restored, but each limb begs to remain as it is; and accusations which concern all, will be likely to affect none. They think that sin, like matter, is divisible, and that what is scattered among so many, cannot materially affect any one; and thus individuals contribute separately to that evil which they in general lament.

THE prevailing manners of an age depend more than we are aware, or  
are

are willing to allow, on the conduct of the women; this is one of the principal hinges on which the great machine of human society turns. Those who allow the influence which female graces have, in contributing to polish the manners of men, would do well to reflect how great an influence female morals must also have on their conduct. How much then is it to be regretted, that the British ladies should ever sit down contented to polish, when they are able to reform, to entertain, when they might instruct, and to dazzle for an hour, when they are candidates for eternity!

UNDER the dispensation of Mahomet's law, indeed, these mental excellencies cannot be expected, because the women are shut out from all opportunities of instruction, and excluded

from the endearing pleasures of a delightful and equal society ; and, as a charming poet sings, are taught to believe, that

For their inferior natures  
Form'd to delight, and happy by delighting,  
Heav'n has reserv'd no future paradise,  
But bids them rove the paths of bliss, secure  
Of total death, and careless of hereafter.

IRENE.

THESE act consistently in studying none but exterior graces, in cultivating only personal attractions, and in trying to lighten the intolerable burden of time, by the most frivolous and vain amusements. They act in consequence of their own blind belief, and the tyranny of their despotic masters ; for they have neither the freedom of a present choice, nor the prospect of a future being.

BUT in this land of civil and religious liberty, where there is as little despotism exercised over the minds, as over the persons of women, they have every liberty of choice, and every opportunity of improvement; and how greatly does this increase their obligation to be exemplary in their general conduct, attentive to the government of their families, and instrumental to the good order of society!

SHE who is at a loss to find amusements at home, can no longer apologize for her dissipation abroad, by saying she is deprived of the benefit and the pleasure of books; and she who regrets being doomed to a state of dark and gloomy ignorance, by the injustice, or tyranny of the men, complains of an evil which does not exist.

It is a question frequently in the mouths of illiterate and dissipated females—"What good is there in reading? To what end does it conduce?"

It is, however, too obvious to need insisting on, that unless perverted, as the best things may be, reading answers many excellent purposes beside the great leading one, and is perhaps the safest remedy for dissipation. She who dedicates a portion of her leisure to useful reading, feels her mind in a constant progressive state of improvement, whilst the mind of a dissipated woman is continually losing ground.

An active spirit rejoiceth, like the sun, to run his daily course, while indolence, like the dial of Ahaz, goes backwards. The advantages which the understanding receives from polite literature, it is not here necessary to enumerate; its effects on the moral temper

temper is the present object of consideration. The remark may perhaps be thought too strong, but I believe it is true, that next to religious influences, an habit of study is the most probable preservative of the virtue of young persons. Those who cultivate letters have rarely a strong passion for promiscuous visiting, or dissipated society ; study therefore induces a relish for domestic life, the most desirable temper in the world for women. Study, as it rescues the mind from an inordinate fondness for gaming, dress, and public amusements, is an economical propensity ; for a lady may read at much less expence than she can play at cards ; as it requires some application, it gives the mind an habit of industry ; as it is a relief against that mental disease, which the French emphatically call *ennui*, it cannot fail



of being beneficial to the temper and spirits, I mean in the moderate degree in which ladies are supposed to use it; as an enemy to indolence, it becomes a social virtue; as it demands the full exertion of our talents, it grows a rational duty; and when directed to the knowledge of the Supreme Being, and his laws, it rises into an act of religion.

THE rage for reformation commonly shews itself in a violent zeal for suppressing what is wrong, rather than in a prudent attention to establish what is right; but we shall never obtain a fair garden merely by rooting up weeds, we must also plant flowers; for the natural richness of the soil we have been clearing will not suffer it to lie barren, but whether it shall be vainly or beneficially prolific, depends on the culture.



culture. What the present age has gained on one side, by a more enlarged and liberal way of thinking, seems to be lost on the other, by excessive freedom and unbounded indulgence. Knowledge is not, as heretofore, confined to the dull cloyster, or the gloomy college, but disseminated, to a certain degree, among both sexes and almost all ranks. The only misfortune is, that these opportunities do not seem to be so wisely improved, or turned to so good an account as might be wished. Books of a pernicious, idle, and frivolous sort, are too much multiplied, and it is from the very redundancy of them that true knowledge is so scarce, and the habit of dissipation so much increased.

It has been remarked, that the prevailing character of the present age is  
not

not that of gross immorality: but if this is meant of those in the higher walks of life, it is easy to discern, that there can be but little merit in abstaining from crimes which there is but little temptation to commit. It is however to be feared, that a gradual defection from piety, will in time draw after it all the bad consequences of more active vice; for whether mounds and fences are suddenly destroyed by a sweeping torrent, or worn away through gradual neglect, the effect is equally destructive. As a rapid fever and a consuming hectic are alike fatal to our natural health, so are flagrant immorality and torpid indolence to our moral well-being.

THE philosophical doctrine of the slow recession of bodies from the sun, is a lively image of the reluctance with  
which

which we first abandon the light of virtue. The beginning of folly, and the first entrance on a dissipated life cost some pangs to a well-disposed heart; but it is surprising to see how soon the progress ceases to be impeded by reflection, or slackened by remorse. For it is in moral as in natural things, the motion in minds as well as bodies is accelerated by a nearer approach to the centre to which they are tending. If we recede slowly at first setting out, we advance rapidly in our future course; and to have begun to be wrong, is already to have made a great progress.

A CONSTANT habit of amusement relaxes the tone of the mind, and renders it totally incapable of application, study, or virtue. Dissipation not only indisposes its votaries to every thing  
useful

useful and excellent, but disqualifies them for the enjoyment of pleasure itself. It softens the soul so much, that the most superficial employment becomes a labour, and the slightest inconvenience an agony. The luxurious Sybarite must have lost all sense of real enjoyment, and all relish for true gratification, before he complained that he could not sleep, because the rose leaves lay double under him.

Luxury and dissipation, soft and gentle as their approaches are, and silently as they throw their silken chains about the heart, enslave it more than the most active and turbulent vices. The mightiest conquerors have been conquered by these unarmed foes: the flowery fetters are fastened, before they are felt. The blandishments of Circe were more fatal to the mariners of Ulysses,

Ulysses, than the strength of Polypheme, or the brutality of the Læstrigons. Hercules, after he had cleansed the Augean stable, and performed all the other labours enjoined him by Euristheus, found himself a slave to the softnesses of the heart; and he, who wore a club and a lion's skin in the cause of virtue, condescended to the most effeminate employments to gratify a criminal weakness. Hannibal, who vanquished mighty nations, was himself overcome by the love of pleasure; and he who despised cold, and want, and danger, and death on the Alps, was conquered and undone by the dissolute indulgences of Capua.

BEFORE the hero of the most beautiful and virtuous romance that ever was written, I mean Telemachus,  
landed

landed on the island of Cyprus, he unfortunately lost his prudent companion, Mentor, in whom wisdom is so finely personified. At first he beheld with horror the wanton and dissolute manners of the voluptuous inhabitants; the ill effects of their example were not immediate: he did not fall into the commission of glaring enormities; but his virtue was secretly and imperceptibly undermined, his heart was softened by their pernicious society, and the nerve of resolution was slackened: he every day beheld with diminished indignation the worship which was offered to Venus; the disorders of luxury and prophaneness became less and less terrible, and the infectious air of the country enfeebled his courage, and relaxed his principles. In short, he had ceased to love virtue long before he thought of committing  
actual

actual vice ; and the duties of a manly piety were burdensome to him, before he was so debased as to offer perfumes, and burn incense on the altar of the licentious goddess\*.

“ LET us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they be withered,” said Solomon’s libertine. Alas ! he did not reflect that they withered in the very gathering. The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow

\* NOTHING can be more admirable than the manner in which this allegory is conducted ; and the whole work, not to mention its images, machinery, and other poetical beauties, is written in the very finest strain of morality. In this latter respect it is evidently superior to the works of the ancients, the moral of which is frequently tainted by the grossness of their mythology. Something of the purity of the Christian religion may be discovered even in Fennelon’s heathens, and they catch a tincture of piety in passing through the hands of that amiable prelate.



of him who plucks them ; for they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.

THE heathen poets often pressed on their readers the necessity of considering the shortness of life, as an incentive to pleasure and voluptuousness ; lest the season for indulging in them should pass unimproved. The dark and uncertain notions, not to say the absolute disbelief, which they entertained of a future state, is the only apology that can be offered for this reasoning. But while we censure their tenets, let us not adopt their errors ; errors which would be infinitely more inexcusable in us, who, from the clearer views which revelation has given us, shall not have their ignorance or their doubts to plead. It  
were



were well if we availed ourselves of that portion of their precept, which inculcates the improvement of every moment of our time, but not like them to dedicate the moments so redeemed to the pursuit of sensual and perishable pleasures, but to the securing of those which are spiritual in their nature, and eternal in their duration.

IF, indeed, like the miserable \* beings imagined by Swift, with a view to cure us of the irrational desire after immoderate length of days, we were condemned to a wretched earthly immortality, we should have an excuse for spending some portion of our time in dissipation, as we might then pretend, with some colour of reason, that we proposed, at a distant period, to

\* The Struldbrugs. See Voyage to Laputa.

enter on a better course of action. Or if we never formed any such resolution, it would make no material difference to beings, whose state was already unalterably fixed. But of the scanty portion of days assigned to our lot, not one should be lost in weak and irresolute procrastination.

THOSE who have not yet determined on the side of vanity, who, like Hercules, (before he knew the queen of Lydia, and had learnt to spin) have not resolved on their choice between VIRTUE and PLEASURE, may reflect, that it is still in their power to imitate that hero in his noble choice, and in his virtuous rejection. They may also reflect with grateful triumph, that Christianity furnishes them with a better guide than the tutor of Alcides,  
and

and with a surer light than the doctrines of pagan philosophy.

IT is far from my design severely to condemn the innocent pleasures of life : I would only beg leave to observe, that those which are criminal should never be allowed ; and that even the most innocent will, by immoderate use, soon cease to be so.

THE women of this country were not sent into the world to shun society, but to embellish it ; they were not designed for wilds and solitudes, but for the amiable and endearing offices of social life. They have useful stations to fill, and important characters to sustain. They are of a religion which does not impose penances, but enjoins duties ; a religion of perfect purity, but of perfect bene-

volence also. A religion which does not condemn its followers to indolent seclusion from the world, but assigns them the more dangerous, though more honourable province, of living uncorrupted in it. In fine, a religion, which does not direct them to fly from the multitude, that they may do nothing, but which positively forbids them to follow a multitude to do evil.

THOUGHTS

## T H O U G H T S

O N

## C O N V E R S A T I O N.

**I**T has been advised, and by very respectable authorities too, that in conversation women should carefully conceal any knowledge or learning they may happen to possess. I own, with submission, that I do not see either the necessity or propriety of this

D 3                      advice.

advice. For if a young lady has that discretion and modesty, without which all knowledge is little worth, she will never make an ostentatious parade of it, because she will rather be intent on acquiring more, than on displaying what she has.

I AM at a loss to know why a young female is instructed to exhibit, in the most advantageous point of view, her skill in music, her singing, dancing, taste in dress, and her acquaintance with the most fashionable games and amusements, while her piety is to be anxiously concealed, and her knowledge affectedly disavowed, lest the former should draw on her the appellation of an enthusiast, or the latter that of a pedant.

IN regard to knowledge, why should she for ever affect to be on her guard, lest she should be found guilty of a small portion of it? She need be the less solicitous about it, as it seldom proves to be so very considerable as to excite astonishment or admiration: for, after all the acquisitions which her talents and her studies have enabled her to make, she will, generally speaking, be found to have less of what is called *learning*, than a common school-boy.

It would be to the last degree presumptuous and absurd, for a young woman to pretend to give the *ton* to the company; to interrupt the pleasure of others, and her own opportunity of improvement, by talking when she ought to listen; or to introduce subjects out of the common road, in or-

der to shew her own wit, or expose the want of it in others : but were the sex to be totally silent when any topic of literature happens to be discussed in their presence, conversation would lose much of its vivacity, and society would be robbed of one of its most interesting charms.

How easily and effectually may a well-bred woman promote the most useful and elegant conversation, almost without speaking a word ! for the modes of speech are scarcely more variable than the modes of silence. The silence of listless ignorance, and the silence of sparkling intelligence, are perhaps as separately marked, and as distinctly expressed, as the same feelings could have been by the most unequivocal language. A woman, in a company where she has the least influence, may  
promote



promote any subject by a profound and invariable attention, which shews that she is pleased with it, and by an illuminated countenance, which proves she understands it. This obliging attention is the most flattering encouragement in the world to men of sense and letters, to continue any topic of instruction or entertainment they happen to be engaged in: it owed its introduction perhaps to accident, the best introduction in the world for a subject of ingenuity, which, though it could not have been formally proposed without pedantry, may be continued with ease and good humour; but which will be frequently and effectually stopped by the listlessness, inattention, or whispering of silly girls, whose weariness betrays their ignorance, and whose impatience exposes their ill-breeding. A polite man, however deeply interested

rested in the subject on which he is conversing, catches at the slightest hint to have done: a look is a sufficient intimation, and if a pretty simpleton, who sits near him, seems *distracte*, he puts an end to his remarks, to the great regret of the reasonable part of the company, who perhaps might have gained more improvement by the continuance of such a conversation, than a week's reading would have yielded them; for it is such company as this, that give an edge to each other's wit, "as iron sharpeneth iron."

THAT silence is one of the great arts of conversation is allowed by Cicero himself, who says, there is not only an art but even an eloquence in it. And this opinion is confirmed by a great modern\*, in the following little anecdote from one of the ancients.

\* Lord Bacon.

WHEN many Grecian philosophers had a solemn meeting before the ambassador of a foreign prince, each endeavoured to shew his parts by the brilliancy of his conversation, that the ambassador might have something to relate of the Grecian wisdom. One of them, offended, no doubt, at the loquacity of his companions, observed a profound silence; when the ambassador, turning to him, asked, “But what have you to say, that I may report it?” He made this laconic, but very pointed reply: “Tell your king, that you have found one among the Greeks who knew how to be silent.”

THERE is a quality infinitely more intoxicating to the female mind than knowledge—this is Wit, the most captivating, but the most dreaded of all talents: the most dangerous to those  
I who

who have it, and the most feared by those who have it not. Though it is against all the rules, yet I cannot find in my heart to abuse this charming quality. He who is grown rich without it, in safe and sober dulness, shuns it as a disease, and looks upon poverty as its invariable concomitant. The moralist declaims against it as the source of irregularity, and the frugal citizen dreads it more than bankruptcy itself, for he considers it as the parent of extravagance and beggary. The Cynic will ask of what use it is? Of very little perhaps: no more is a flower-garden, and yet it is allowed as an object of innocent amusement and delightful recreation. A woman, who possesses this quality, has received a most dangerous present, perhaps not less so than beauty itself: especially if it be not sheathed in a temper peculiarly

arly inoffensive, chastised by a most correct judgment, and restrained by more prudence than falls to the common lot.

THIS talent is more likely to make a woman vain than knowledge; for as Wit is the immediate property of its possessor, and learning is only an acquaintance with the knowledge of other people, there is much more danger, that we should be vain of what is our own, than of what we borrow.

BUT Wit, like learning, is not near so common a thing as is imagined. Let not therefore a young lady be alarmed at the acuteness of her own wit, any more than at the abundance of her own knowledge. The great danger is, lest she should mistake pertness, flippancy, or imprudence, for this  
brilliant

brilliant quality, or imagine she is witty, only because she is indiscreet. This is very frequently the case, and this makes the name of wit so cheap, while its real existence is so rare.

LEST the flattery of her acquaintance, or an over-weening opinion of her own qualifications, should lead some vain and petulant girl into a false notion that she has a great deal of wit, when she has only a redundancy of animal spirits, she may not find it useless to attend to the definition of this quality, by one who had as large a portion of it, as most individuals could ever boast :

'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jest,  
Admir'd with laughter at a feast,  
Nor florid talk, which can that title gain,  
The proofs of wit for ever must remain.

Neither

Neither can that have any place,  
 At which a virgin hides her face ;  
 Such dross the fire must purge away ; 'tis just,  
 The author blush there, where the reader must.

COWLEY.

BUT those who actually possess this rare talent, cannot be too abstinent in the use of it. It often makes admirers, but it never makes friends ; I mean, where it is the predominant feature ; and the unprotected and defenceless state of womanhood calls for friendship more than for admiration. She who does not desire friends has a fordid and insensible soul ; but she who is ambitious of making every man her admirer, has an invincible vanity and a cold heart.

BUT to dwell only on the side of policy, a prudent woman, who has established the reputation of some genius,

nus, will sufficiently maintain it, without keeping her faculties always on the stretch to say *good things*. Nay, if reputation alone be her object, she will gain a more solid one by her forbearance, as the wiser part of her acquaintance will ascribe it to the right motive, which is, not that she has less wit, but that she has more judgment.

THE fatal fondness for indulging a spirit of ridicule, and the injurious and irreparable consequences which sometimes attend the *too prompt reply*, can never be too seriously or too severely condemned. Not to offend, is the first step towards pleasing. To give pain is as much an offence against humanity, as against good breeding; and surely it is as well to abstain from an action because it is sinful, as because it is unpolite. In company, young ladies



ladies would do well before they speak, to reflect, if what they are going to say may not distress some worthy person present, by wounding them in their persons, families, connexions, or religious opinions. If they find it will touch them in either of these, I should advise them to suspect, that what they were going to say is not so *very* good a thing as they at first imagined. Nay, if even it was one of those bright ideas, which *Venus has im-*  
*bued with a fifth part of her nectar,* so much greater will be their merit in suppressing it, if there was a probability it might offend. Indeed, if they have the temper and prudence to make such a previous reflection, they will be more richly rewarded by their own inward triumph, at having suppressed a lively but severe remark, than they could have been with the dissembled

applauses of the whole company, who, with that complaisant deceit, which good breeding too much authorises, affect openly to admire what they secretly resolve never to forgive.

I HAVE always been delighted with the story of the little girl's eloquence, in one of the Children's Tales, who received from a friendly fairy the gift, that at every word she uttered, pinks, roses, diamonds, and pearls, should drop from her mouth. The hidden moral appears to be this, that it was the sweetness of her temper which produced this pretty fanciful effect: for when her malicious sister desired the same gift from the good-natured tiny Intelligence, the venom of her own heart converted it into poisonous and loathsome reptiles.

A MAN of sense and breeding will sometimes join in the laugh, which has been raised at his expence by an ill-natured repartee; but if it was very cutting, and one of those shocking sort of truths, which as they can scarcely be pardoned even in private, ought never to be uttered in public, he does not laugh because he is pleased, but because he wishes to conceal how much he is hurt. As the sarcasm was uttered by a lady, so far from seeming to resent it, he will be the first to commend it; but notwithstanding that, he will remember it as a trait of malice, when the whole company shall have forgotten it as a stroke of wit. Women are so far from being privileged by their sex to say unhandsome or cruel things, that it is this very circumstance which renders them more intolerable. When the arrow is lodged in the heart, it is

no relief to him who is wounded to reflect, that the hand which shot it was a fair one.

MANY women, when they have a favourite point to gain, or an earnest wish to bring any one over to their opinion, often use a very disingenuous method: they will state a case ambiguously, and then avail themselves of it, in whatever manner shall best answer their purpose; leaving your mind in a state of indecision as to their real meaning, while they triumph in the perplexity they have given you by the unfair conclusions they draw, from premises equivocally stated. They will also frequently argue from exceptions instead of rules, and are astonished when you are not willing to be contented with a prejudice, instead of a reason.

IN

IN a sensible company of both sexes, where women are not restrained by any other reserve than what their natural modesty imposes; and where the intimacy of all parties authorises the utmost freedom of communication; should any one inquire what were the general sentiments on some particular subject, it will, I believe, commonly happen, that the ladies, whose imaginations have kept pace with the narration, have anticipated its end, and are ready to deliver their sentiments on it as soon as it is finished. While some of the male hearers, whose minds were busied in settling the propriety, comparing the circumstances, and examining the consistencies of what was said, are obliged to pause and discriminate, before they think of answering. Nothing is so embarrassing as a variety of matter, and the conversation of women

is often more perspicuous, because it is less laboured.

A MAN of deep reflection, if he does not keep up an intimate commerce with the world, will be sometimes so entangled in the intricacies of intense thought, that he will have the appearance of a confused and perplexed expression; while a sprightly woman will extricate herself with that lively and “rash dexterity,” which will almost always please, though it is very far from being always right. It is easier to confound than to convince an opponent; the former may be effected by a turn that has more happiness than truth in it. Many an excellent reasoner, well skilled in the theory of the schools, has felt himself discomfited by a reply, which, though as wide of the mark, and as foreign to the question

tion as can be conceived, has disconcerted him more than the most startling proposition, or the most accurate chain of reasoning could have done; and he has borne the laugh of his fair antagonist, as well as of the whole company, though he could not but feel, that his own argument was attended with the fullest demonstration: so true is it, that it is not always necessary to be right, in order to be applauded.

BUT let not a young lady's vanity be too much elated with this false applause, which is given, not to her merit, but to her sex: she has not perhaps gained a victory, though she may be allowed a triumph; and it should humble her to reflect, that the tribute is paid, not to her strength but her weakness. It is worth while to discrim-

minate between that applause, which is given from the complaisance of others, and that which is paid to our own merit.

WHERE great sprightliness is the natural bent of the temper, girls should endeavour to habituate themselves to a custom of observing, thinking, and reasoning. I do not mean, that they should devote themselves to abstruse speculation, or the study of logic; but she who is accustomed to give a due arrangement to her thoughts, to reason justly and pertinently on common affairs, and judiciously to deduce effects from their causes, will be a better logician than some of those who claim the name, because they have studied the art: this is being “learned without the rules;” the best definition, perhaps, of that sort of literature which  
is



is properest for the sex. That species of knowledge, which appears to be the result of reflection rather than of science, fits peculiarly well on women. It is not uncommon to find a lady, who, though she does not know a rule of Syntax, scarcely ever violates one; and who constructs every sentence she utters, with more propriety than many a learned dunce, who has every rule of Aristotle by heart, and who can lace his own thread-bare discourse with the golden shreds of Cicero and Virgil.

It has been objected, and I fear with some reason, that female conversation is too frequently tinged with a censorious spirit, and that ladies are seldom apt to discover much tenderness for the errors of a fallen sister.

If

If it be so, it is a grievous fault.

No arguments can justify, no pleas can extenuate it. To insult over the miseries of an unhappy creature is inhuman, not to compassionate them is unchristian. The worthy part of the sex always express themselves humanely on the failings of others, in proportion to their own undeviating goodness.

AND here I cannot help remarking, that young women do not always carefully distinguish between running into the error of detraction, and its opposite extreme of indiscriminate applause. This proceeds from the false idea they entertain, that the direct contrary to what is wrong must be right. Thus the dread of being only suspected of one fault makes them actually guilty of another. The desire of avoiding  
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the imputation of envy, impels them to be insincere; and to establish a reputation for sweetness of temper and generosity, they affect sometimes to speak of very indifferent characters with the most extravagant applause. With such, the hyperbole is a favourite figure; and every degree of comparison but the superlative is rejected, as cold and inexpressive. But this habit of exaggeration greatly weakens their credit, and destroys the weight of their opinion on other occasions; for people very soon discover what degree of faith is to be given both to their judgment and veracity. And those of real merit will no more be flattered by that approbation, which cannot distinguish the value of what it praises, than the celebrated painter must have been at the judgment passed  
on

on his works by an ignorant spectator, who, being asked what he thought of such and such very capital but very different pieces, cried out in an affected rapture, "All alike! all alike!"

It has been proposed to the young, as a maxim of supreme wisdom, to manage so dexterously in conversation, as to appear to be well acquainted with subjects, of which they are totally ignorant; and this, by affecting silence in regard to those, on which they are known to excel.—But why counsel this dissingenuous fraud? Why add to the numberless arts of deceit, this practice of deceiving, as it were, on a settled principle? If to disavow the knowledge they really have be a culpable affectation, then certainly to insinuate an idea of their skill, where they

they are actually ignorant, is a most unworthy artifice.

BUT of all the qualifications for conversation, humility, if not the most brilliant, is the safest, the most amiable, and the most feminine. The affectation of introducing subjects, with which others are unacquainted, and of displaying talents superior to the rest of the company, is as dangerous as it is foolish.

THERE are many, who never can forgive another for being more agreeable and more accomplished than themselves, and who can pardon any offence rather than an eclipsing merit. Had the nightingale in the fable conquered his vanity, and resisted the temptation of shewing a fine voice,

he might have escaped the talons of the hawk. The melody of his singing was the cause of his destruction; his merit brought him into danger, and his vanity cost him his life.

O N

O N

E N V Y.

Envy came next, Envy with squinting eyes,  
 Sick of a strange disease, his neighbour's health;  
 Best then he lives when any better dies,  
 Is never poor but in another's wealth:

On best mens harms and griefs he feeds his fill,  
 Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful will,  
 Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.

FLETCHER'S PURPLE ISLAND.

“**E**NVY, (says Lord Bacon) has  
 no holidays.” There cannot  
 perhaps be a more lively and striking  
 description of the miserable state of  
 mind those endure, who are tormented  
 with

with this vice. A spirit of emulation has been supposed to be the source of the greatest improvements; and there is no doubt but the warmest rivalry will produce the most excellent effects; but it is to be feared, that a perpetual state of contest will injure the temper so essentially, that the mischief will hardly be counterbalanced by any other advantages. Those, whose progress is the most rapid, will be apt to despise their less successful competitors, who, in return, will feel the bitterest resentment against their more fortunate rivals. Among persons of real goodness, this jealousy and contempt can never be equally felt, because every advancement in piety will be attended with a proportionable increase of humility, which will lead them to contemplate their own improvements



ments with modesty, and to view with charity the miscarriages of others.

WHEN an envious man is melancholy, one may ask him, in the words of Bion, what evil has befallen himself, or what good has happened to another? This last is the scale by which he principally measures his felicity, and the very smiles of his friends are so many deductions from his own happiness. The wants of others are the standard by which he rates his own wealth, and he estimates his riches, not so much by his own possessions, as by the necessities of his neighbours.

WHEN the malevolent intend to strike a very deep and dangerous stroke of malice, they generally begin the most remotely in the world from

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the subject nearest their hearts. They set out with commending the object of their envy for some trifling quality or advantage, which it is scarcely worth while to possess: they next proceed to make a general profession of their own good-will and regard for him: thus artfully removing any suspicion of their design, and clearing all obstructions for the insidious stab they are about to give; for who will suspect them of an intention to injure the object of their peculiar and professed esteem? The hearer's belief of the fact grows in proportion to the seeming reluctance with which it is told, and to the conviction he has, that the relater is not influenced by any private pique, or personal resentment; but that the confession is extorted from him solely against his inclination, and purely on account of his zeal for truth.

ANGER

ANGER is less reasonable and more sincere than envy.—Anger breaks out abruptly; envy is a great prefacer—anger wishes to be understood at once: envy is fond of remote hints and ambiguities; but, obscure as its oracles are, it never ceases to deliver them till they are perfectly comprehended:—anger repeats the same circumstances over again; envy invents new ones at every fresh recital—anger gives a broken, vehement, and interrupted narrative; envy tells a more consistent and more probable, though a falser tale—anger is excessively imprudent, for it is impatient to disclose every thing it knows; envy is discreet, for it has a great deal to hide—anger never consults times or seasons; envy waits for the lucky moment, when the wound it meditates may be made the most exquisitely painful, and the

most incurably deep—anger uses more invective; envy does more mischief—simple anger soon runs itself out of breath, and is exhausted at the end of its tale; but it is for that chosen period that envy has treasured up the most barbed arrow in its whole quiver—anger puts a man out of himself: but the truly malicious generally preserve the appearance of self-possession, or they could not so effectually injure.—The angry man sets out by destroying his whole credit with you at once, for he very frankly confesses his abhorrence and detestation of the object of his abuse; while the envious man carefully suppresses all his own share in the affair.—The angry man defeats the end of his resentment, by keeping *himself* continually before your eyes, instead of his enemy; while the envious man artfully brings forward the object  
of

of his malice, and keeps himself out of sight.—The angry man talks loudly of his own wrongs ; the envious of his adversary's injustice.—A passionate person, if his resentments are not complicated with malice, divides his time between sinning and forrowing ; and, as the irascible passions cannot constantly be at work, his heart may sometimes get a holiday.—Anger is a violent act, envy a constant habit—no one can be always angry, but he may be always envious :—an angry man's enmity (if he be generous) will subside when the object of his resentment becomes unfortunate ; but the envious man can extract food from his malice out of calamity itself, if he finds his adversary bears it with dignity, or is pitied or assisted in it. The rage of the passionate man is totally extinguished by the death of his enemy ; but the ha-

tered of the malicious is not buried even in the grave of his rival: he will envy the good name he has left behind him; he will envy him the tears of his widow, the prosperity of his children, the esteem of his friends, the praises of his epitaph—nay the very magnificence of his funeral.

“THE ear of jealousy heareth all things,” (says the wise man) frequently I believe more than is uttered, which makes the company of persons infected with it still more dangerous.

WHEN you tell those of a malicious turn, any circumstance that has happened to another, though they perfectly know of whom you are speaking, they often affect to be at a loss, to forget his name, or to misapprehend you in some respect or other; and this  
merely

merely to have an opportunity of sily gratifying their malice by mentioning some unhappy defect or personal infirmity he labours under; and not contented “to tack his every error to his name,” they will, by way of farther explanation, have recourse to the faults of his father, or the misfortunes of his family; and this with all the seeming simplicity and candor in the world, merely for the sake of preventing mistakes, and to clear up every doubt of his identity.—If you are speaking of a lady, for instance, they will perhaps embellish their inquiries, by asking if you mean her, whose great grandfather was a bankrupt, though she has the vanity to keep a chariot, while others who are much better born walk on foot; or they will afterwards recollect, that you may possibly mean her cousin, of the same name, whose mother was



suspected of such or such an indiscretion, though the daughter had the luck to make her fortune by marrying, while her betters are overlooked.

To *hint at a fault*, does more mischief than speaking out; for whatever is left for the imagination to finish, will not fail to be overdone: every hiatus will be more than filled up, and every pause more than supplied. There is less malice, and less mischief too, in telling a man's name than the initials of it; as a worthier person may be involved in the most disgraceful suspicions by such a dangerous ambiguity.

It is not uncommon for the envious, after having attempted to deface the fairest character so industriously, that they are afraid you will begin to  
detect



detect their malice, to endeavour to remove your suspicions effectually, by assuring you, that what they have just related is only the popular opinion; they themselves can never believe things are so bad as they are said to be; for their part, it is a rule with them always to hope the best. It is their way never to believe or report ill of any one. They will, however, mention the story in all companies, that they may do their friend the service of protesting their disbelief of it. More reputations are thus hinted away by false friends, than are openly destroyed by public enemies. An *if*, or a *but*, or a mortified look, or a languid defence, or an ambiguous shake of the head, or a hasty word affectedly recalled, will demolish a character more effectually, than the whole artillery of malice when openly levelled against it.

It is not that envy never praises—No, that would be making a public profession of itself, and advertising its own malignity ; whereas the greatest success of its efforts depends on the concealment of their end. When envy intends to strike a stroke of Machiavelian policy, it sometimes affects the language of the most exaggerated applause ; though it generally takes care, that the subject of its panegyric shall be a very indifferent and common character, so that it is well aware none of its praises will stick.

It is the unhappy nature of envy not to be contented with positive misery, but to be continually aggravating its own torments, by comparing them with the felicities of others. The eyes of envy are perpetually fixed on the object which disturbs it, nor  
can

can it avert them from it, though to procure itself the relief of a temporary forgetfulness. On seeing the innocence of the first pair,

Aside the devil turn'd,  
For Envy, yet with jealous leer malign,  
Eyed them askance.

As this enormous sin chiefly instigated the revolt, and brought on the ruin of the angelic spirits, so it is not improbable, that it will be a principal instrument of misery in a future world, for the envious to compare their desperate condition with the happiness of the children of God ; and to heighten their actual wretchedness by reflecting on what they have lost.

PERHAPS envy, like lying and ingratitude, is practised with more frequency, because it is practised with impunity ;

impunity ; but there being no human laws against these crimes, is so far from an inducement to commit them, that this very consideration would be sufficient to deter the wise and good, if all others were ineffectual ; for of how heinous a nature must those sins be, which are judged above the reach of human punishment, and are reserved for the final justice of God himself !

( 77 )

ON THE

D A N G E R

OF

SENTIMENTAL OR ROMANTIC  
CONNEXIONS.

**A**MONG the many evils which prevail under the sun, the abuse of words is not the least considerable. By the influence of time, and the perversion of fashion, the plainest and most unequivocal may be so altered,

as

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as to have a meaning assigned them almost diametrically opposite to their original signification.

THE present age may be termed, by way of distinction, the age of sentiment, a word which, in the implication it now bears, was unknown to our plain ancestors. Sentiment is the varnish of virtue to conceal the deformity of vice ; and it is not uncommon for the same persons to make a jest of religion, to break through the most solemn ties and engagements, to practise every art of latent fraud and open seduction, and yet to value themselves on speaking and writing *sentimentally*.

BUT this refined jargon, which has infested letters and tainted morals, is chiefly admired and adopted by *young ladies* of a certain turn, who read *sentimental*

*timental books, write sentimental letters, and contract sentimental friendships.*

ERROR is never likely to do so much mischief as when it disguises its real tendency, and puts on an engaging and attractive appearance. Many a young woman, who would be shocked at the imputation of an intrigue, is extremely flattered at the idea of a sentimental connexion, though perhaps with a dangerous and designing man, who, by putting on this mask of plausibility and virtue, disarms her of her prudence, lays her apprehensions asleep, and involves her in misery; misery the more inevitable because unsuspected. For she who apprehends no danger, will not think it necessary to be always upon her guard; but will rather invite than avoid the ruin which  
comes

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comes under so specious and so fair a form.

SUCH an engagement will be infinitely dearer to her vanity than an avowed and authorised attachment; for one of these sentimental lovers will not scruple very seriously to assure a credulous girl, that her unparalleled merit entitles her to the adoration of the whole world, and that the universal homage of mankind is nothing more than the unavoidable tribute extorted by her charms. No wonder then she should be easily prevailed on to believe, that an individual is captivated by perfections which might enslave a million. But she should remember, that he who endeavours to intoxicate her with adulation, intends one day most effectually to humble her. For an artful man has always a secret design



sign to pay himself in future for every present sacrifice. And this prodigality of praise, which he now appears to lavish with such thoughtless profusion, is, in fact, a sum œconomically laid out to supply his future necessities: of this sum he keeps an exact estimate, and at some distant day promises himself the most exorbitant interest for it. If he has address and conduct, and the object of his pursuit much vanity, and some sensibility, he seldom fails of success; for so powerful will be his ascendancy over her mind, that she will soon adopt his notions and opinions. Indeed, it is more than probable she possessed most of them before, having gradually acquired them in her initiation into the sentimental character. To maintain that character with dignity and propriety, it is necessary she should entertain the most elevated

ideas of disproportionate alliances, and disinterested love; and consider fortune, rank, and reputation, as mere chimerical distinctions and vulgar prejudices.

THE lover, deeply versed in all the obliquities of fraud, and skilled to wind himself into every avenue of the heart which indiscretion has left unguarded, soon discovers on which side it is most accessible. He avails himself of this weakness by addressing her in a language exactly consonant to her own ideas. He attacks her with her own weapons, and opposes rhapsody to sentiment.—He professes so sovereign a contempt for the paltry concerns of money, that she thinks it her duty to reward him for so generous a renunciation. Every plea he artfully advances of his own unworthiness, is

considered by her as a fresh demand which her gratitude must answer. And she makes it a point of honour to sacrifice to him that fortune which he is too noble to regard. These professions of humility are the common artifice of the vain, and these protestations of generosity the refuge of the rapacious. And among its many smooth mischiefs, it is one of the sure and successful frauds of sentiment, to affect the most frigid indifference to those external and pecuniary advantages, which it is its great and real object to obtain.

A SENTIMENTAL girl very rarely entertains any doubt of her personal beauty ; for she has been daily accustomed to contemplate it herself, and to hear of it from others. She will not, therefore, be very solicitous for

the confirmation of a truth so self-evident; but she suspects, that her pretensions to understanding are more likely to be disputed, and, for that reason, greedily devours every compliment offered to those perfections, which are less obvious and more refined. She is persuaded, that men need only open their eyes to decide on her beauty, while it will be the most convincing proof of the taste, sense, and elegance of her admirer, that he can discern and flatter those qualities in her. A man of the character here supposed, will easily insinuate himself into her affections, by means of this latent but leading foible, which may be called the guiding clue to a sentimental heart. He will affect to overlook that beauty which attracts common eyes, and ensnares common hearts, while he will bestow the most delicate

delicate praises on the beauties of her mind, and finish the climax of adulation, by hinting that she is superior to it.

And when he tells her she hates flattery,  
She says she does, being then most flatter'd.

BUT nothing, in general, can end less delightfully than these sublime attachments, even where no acts of seduction were ever practised, but they are suffered, like mere sublunary connexions, to terminate in the vulgar catastrophe of marriage. That wealth, which lately seemed to be looked on with ineffable contempt by the lover, now appears to be the principal attraction in the eyes of the husband; and he, who but a few short weeks before, in a transport of sentimental generosity, wished her to have been a village maid, with no portion but

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her crook and her beauty, and that they might spend their days in pastoral love and innocence, has now lost all relish for the Arcadian life, or any other life in which she must be his companion.

ON the other hand, she who was lately

An angel call'd, and angel-like ador'd,

is shocked to find herself at once stripped of all her celestial attributes. This late divinity, who scarcely yielded to her sisters of the sky, now finds herself of less importance in the esteem of the man she has chosen, than any other mere mortal woman. No longer is she gratified with the tear of counterfeited passion, the sigh of dissembled rapture, or the language of premeditated adoration. No longer is the  
altar

altar of her vanity loaded with the oblations of fictitious fondness, the incense of falsehood, or the sacrifice of flattery.—Her apotheosis is ended!—She feels herself degraded from the dignities and privileges of a goddess, to all the imperfections, vanities, and weaknesses of a slighted woman, and a neglected wife. Her faults, which were so lately overlooked, or mistaken for virtues, are now, as Cassius says, set in a note-book. The passion, which was vowed eternal, lasted only a few short weeks; and the indifference, which was so far from being included in the bargain, that it was not so much as suspected, follows them through the whole tiresome journey of their insipid, vacant, joyless existence.

Thus much for the *completion* of the sentimental history. If we trace it



back to its beginning, we shall find that a damsel of this cast had her head originally turned by pernicious reading, and her insanity confirmed by imprudent friendships. She never fails to select a beloved *confidante* of her own turn and humour, though, if she can help it, not quite so handsome as herself. A violent intimacy ensues, or, to speak the language of sentiment, an intimate union of souls immediately takes place, which is wrought to the highest pitch by a secret and voluminous correspondence, though they live in the same street, or perhaps in the same house. This is the fuel which principally feeds and supplies the dangerous flame of sentiment. In this correspondence the two friends encourage each other in the falsest notions imaginable. They represent romantic love as the great important business  
of



of human life, and describe all the other concerns of it as too low and paltry to merit the attention of such elevated beings, and fit only to employ the daughters of the plodding vulgar. In these letters, family affairs are misrepresented, family secrets divulged, and family misfortunes aggravated. They are filled with vows of eternal amity, and protestations of never-ending love. But interjections and quotations are the principal embellishments of these very sublime epistles. Every panegyric contained in them is extravagant and hyperbolic, and every censure exaggerated and excessive. In a favourite, every frailty is heightened into a perfection, and in a foe degraded into a crime. The dramatic poets, especially the most tender and romantic, are quoted in almost every line, and every pompous

pous or pathetic thought is forced to give up its natural and obvious meaning, and with all the violence of misapplication, is compelled to suit some circumstance of imaginary woe of the fair transcriber. Alicia is not too mad for her heroics, nor Monimia too mild for her soft emotions.

FATHERS *have flinty hearts* is an expression worth an empire, and is always used with peculiar emphasis and enthusiasm. For a favourite topic of these epistles is the groveling spirit and sordid temper of the parents, who will be sure to find no quarter at the hands of their daughters, should they presume to be so unreasonable as to direct their course of reading, interfere in their choice of friends, or interrupt their very important correspondence. But as these young ladies are fertile in  
 expe-

expedients, and as their genius is never more agreeably exercised than in finding resources, they are not without their secret exultation, in case either of the above interesting events should happen, as they carry with them a certain air of tyranny and persecution which is very delightful. For a prohibited correspondence is one of the great incidents of a sentimental life, and a letter clandestinely received, the supreme felicity of a sentimental lady.

Nothing can equal the astonishment of these soaring spirits, when their plain friends or prudent relations presume to remonstrate with them on any impropriety in their conduct. But if these worthy people happen to be somewhat advanced in life, their contempt is then a little softened by pity, at the reflection that such very antiquated

quoted poor creatures should pretend to judge what is fit or unfit for ladies of their great refinement, sense, and reading. They consider them as wretches utterly ignorant of the sublime pleasures of a delicate and exalted passion; as tyrants whose authority is to be contemned, and as spies whose vigilance is to be eluded. The prudence of these worthy friends they term suspicion, and their experience dotage. For they are persuaded, that the face of things has so totally changed since their parents were young, that though they might then judge tolerably for themselves, yet they are now (with all their advantages of knowledge and observation) by no means qualified to direct their more enlightened daughters; who, if they have made a great progress in the sentimental walk, will

no

no more be influenced by the advice of their mother, than they would go abroad in her laced pinner or her brocade suit.

BUT young people never shew their folly and ignorance more conspicuously, than by this over-confidence in their own judgment, and this haughty disdain of the opinion of those who have known more days. Youth has a quickness of apprehension, which it is very apt to mistake for an acuteness of penetration. But youth, like cunning, though very conceited, is very short-sighted, and never more so than when it disregards the instructions of the wise, and the admonitions of the aged. The same vices and follies influenced the human heart in their day, which influence it now, and  
nearly

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nearly in the same manner. One who well knew the world and its various vanities, has said, “ The thing which  
“ hath been, it is that which shall be,  
“ and that which is done is that which  
“ shall be done, and there is no new  
“ thing under the sun.”

It is also a part of the sentimental character, to imagine that none but the young and the beautiful have any right to the pleasures of society, or even to the common benefits and blessings of life. Ladies of this turn also affect the most lofty disregard for useful qualities and domestic virtues ; and this is a natural consequence : for as this sort of sentiment is only a weed of idleness, she who is constantly and usefully employed, has neither leisure nor propensity to cultivate it.

A SEN-

A SENTIMENTAL lady principally values herself on the enlargement of her notions, and her liberal way of thinking. This superiority of soul chiefly manifests itself in the contempt of those minute delicacies and little decorums, which, trifling as they may be thought, tend at once to dignify the character, and to restrain the levity of the younger part of the sex.

PERHAPS the error here complained of, originates in mistaking *sentiment* and *principle* for each other. Now I conceive them to be extremely different. Sentiment is the virtue of *ideas*, and principle the virtue of *action*. Sentiment has its seat in the head, principle in the heart. Sentiment suggests fine harangues and subtle distinctions; principle conceives just notions, and performs good actions in consequence  
of



of them. Sentiment refines away the simplicity of truth and the plainness of piety ; and, as a celebrated wit \* has remarked of his no less celebrated contemporary, gives us virtue in words and vice in deeds. Sentiment may be called the Athenian, who *knew* what was right, and principle the Lacedemonian who *practised* it.

BUT these qualities will be better exemplified by an attentive consideration of two admirably drawn characters of Milton, which are beautifully, delicately, and distinctly marked. These are, Belial, who may not improperly be called the *Demon of Sentiment* ; and Abdiel, who may be termed the *Angel of Principle*.

\* See Voltaire's Prophecy concerning Rousseau.



SURVEY the picture of Belial, drawn by the sublimest hand that ever held the poetic pencil.

A fairer person lost not heav'n ; he seem'd  
For dignity compos'd, and high exploit,  
But all was false and hollow, tho' his tongue  
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest counsels, for his thoughts were low,  
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
Tim'rous and slothful ; yet he pleas'd the ear.

PARADISE LOST, B. II.

HERE is a lively and exquisite representation of art, subtilty, wit, fine breeding and polished manners : on the whole, of a very accomplished and sentimental spirit.

Now turn to the artless, upright, and unsophisticated Abdiel,

Faithful found  
 Among the faithless, faithful only he  
 Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
 Unshaken, uneduc'd, unterrified;  
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal.  
 Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
 Though single.

Book V.

BUT it is not from these descriptions, just and striking as they are, that their characters are so perfectly known, as from an examination of their conduct through the remainder of this divine work: in which it is well worth while to remark the consonancy of their actions, with what the above pictures seem to promise. It will also be observed, that the contrast between them is kept up throughout, with the utmost exactness of delineation, and the most animated strength of colouring.

On

On a review it will be found, that  
Belial *talked* all, and Abdiel *did* all.  
The former,

With words still cloath'd in reason's guise,  
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,  
Not peace.

BOOK II.

IN Abdiel you will constantly find  
the eloquence of action. When tempted  
by the rebellious angels, with what  
*retorted scorn*, with what honest indig-  
nation he deserts their multitudes, and  
retreats from their contagious society!

All night the dreadless angel unpursued  
Through heaven's wide champain held his way.

BOOK VI.

No wonder he was received with  
such acclamations of joy by the celest-  
tial powers, when there was

But one,

Yes, of so many myriads fall'n, but one  
Return'd not lost.

IBID.

AND afterwards, in a close contest  
with the arch fiend,

A noble stroke he, lifted high  
On the proud crest of Satan. IBID.

WHAT was the effect of this courage  
of the vigilant and active seraph?

Amazement seiz'd  
The rebel throne, but greater rage to see  
Thus foil'd their mightiest.

ABDIEL had the superiority of Be-  
lial as much in the warlike combat, as  
in the peaceful counsels.

Nor was it ought but just,  
That he who in debate of truth had won,  
Shou'd win in arms, in both disputes alike  
Victor.

BUT notwithstanding I have spoken  
with some asperity against sentiment as  
opposed to principle, yet I am con-  
vinced,

vinced, that true genuine sentiment, (not the sort I have been describing) may be so connected with principle, as to bestow on it its brightest lustre, and its most captivating graces. And enthusiasm is so far from being disagreeable, that a portion of it is perhaps indispensably necessary in an engaging woman. But it must be the enthusiasm of the heart, not of the senses. It must be the enthusiasm which grows up with a feeling mind, and is cherished by a virtuous education; not that which is compounded of irregular passions, and artificially refined by books of unnatural fiction and improbable adventure. I will even go so far as to assert, that a young woman cannot have any real greatness of soul, or true elevation of principle, if she has not a tincture of what the vulgar would call Romance, but which persons of a certain

way of thinking will discern to proceed from those fine feelings, and that charming sensibility, without which, though a woman may be worthy, yet she can never be amiable.

BUT this dangerous merit cannot be too rigidly watched, as it is very apt to lead those who possess it into inconveniencies from which less interesting characters are happily exempt. Young women of strong sensibility may be carried by the very amiableness of this temper into the most alarming extremes. Their tastes are passions. They love and hate with all their hearts, and scarcely suffer themselves to feel a reasonable preference before it strengthens into a violent attachment.

WHEN an innocent girl of this open, trusting, tender heart, happens to meet  
with

with one of her own sex and age, whose address and manners are engaging, she is instantly seized with an ardent desire to commence a friendship with her. She feels the most lively impatience at the restraints of company, and the decorums of ceremony. She longs to be alone with her, longs to assure her of the warmth of her tenderness, and generously ascribes to the fair stranger all the good qualities she feels in her own heart, or rather all those which she has met with in her reading, dispersed in a variety of heroines. She is persuaded, that her new friend unites them all in herself, because she carries in her prepossessing countenance the promise of them all. How cruel and how censorious would this inexperienced girl think her mother was, who should venture to hint, that the agreeable unknown had de-

fects in her temper, or exceptions in her character. She would mistake these hints of discretion for the insinuations of an uncharitable disposition. At first she would perhaps listen to them with a generous impatience, and afterwards with a cold and silent disdain. She would despise them as the effect of prejudice, misrepresentation, or ignorance. The more aggravated the censure, the more vehemently would she protest in secret, that her friendship for this dear injured creature (who is raised much higher in her esteem by such injurious suspicions) shall know no bounds, as she is assured it can know no end.

YET this trusting confidence, this honest indiscretion, is, at this early period of life as amiable as it is natural; and will, if wisely cultivated, produce,  
at



at its proper season, fruits infinitely more valuable than all the guarded circumspection of premature, and therefore artificial, prudence. Men, I believe, are seldom struck with these sudden prepossessions in favour of each other. They are not so unsuspecting, nor so easily led away by the predominance of fancy. They engage more warily, and pass through the several stages of acquaintance, intimacy, and confidence, by slower gradations; but women, if they are sometimes deceived in the choice of a friend, enjoy even then an higher degree of satisfaction than if they never trusted. For to be always clad in the burthensome armour of suspicion is more painful and inconvenient, than to run the hazard of suffering now and then a transient injury.

BUT

BUT the above observations only extend to the young and the inexperienced; for I am very certain, that women are capable of as faithful and as durable friendship as any of the other sex. They can enter not only into all the enthusiastic tenderness, but into all the solid fidelity of attachment. And if we cannot oppose instances of equal weight with those of Nysus and Euryalus, Theseus and Pirithous, Pylades and Orestes, let it be remembered, that it is because the recorders of those characters were men, and that the very existence of them is merely poetical.

ON

TRUE AND FALSE

M E E K N E S S.

**A** LOW voice and soft address are the common indications of a well-bred woman, and should seem to be the natural effects of a meek and quiet spirit; but they are only the outward and visible signs of it: for  
they

they are no more meekness itself, than a red coat is courage, or a black one devotion.

YET nothing is more common than to mistake the sign for the thing itself; nor is any practice more frequent than that of endeavouring to acquire the exterior mark, without once thinking to labour after the interior grace. Surely this is beginning at the wrong end, like attacking the symptom and neglecting the disease. To regulate the features, while the soul is in tumults, or to command the voice while the passions are without restraint, is as idle as throwing odours into a stream when the source is polluted.

THE *sapient king*, who knew better than any man the nature and the power of beauty, has assured us, that the  
temper

temper of the mind has a strong influence upon the features: "Wisdom  
"maketh the face to shine," says that  
exquisite judge; and surely no part  
of wisdom is more likely to produce  
this amiable effect, than a placid serenity of soul.

It will not be difficult to distinguish the true from the artificial meekness. The former is universal and habitual, the latter, local and temporary. Every young female may keep this rule by her, to enable her to form a just judgment of her own temper: if she is not as gentle to her chambermaid as she is to her visitor, she may rest satisfied that the spirit of gentleness is not in her.

Who would not be shocked and disappointed to behold a well-bred  
young

## 110 TRUE AND FALSE

young lady, soft and engaging as the doves of Venus, displaying a thousand graces and attractions to win the hearts of a large company, and the instant they are gone, to see her look mad as the Pythian maid, and all the frightened graces driven from her furious countenance, only because her gown was brought home a quarter of an hour later than she expected, or her ribbon sent half a shade lighter or darker than she ordered?

ALL men's characters are said to proceed from their servants; and this is more particularly true of ladies: for as their situations are more domestic, they lie more open to the inspection of their families, to whom their real characters are easily and perfectly known; for they seldom think it worth while to practise any disguise before  
those

those, whose good opinion they do not value, and who are obliged to submit to their most insupportable humours, because they are paid for it.

AMONGST women of breeding, the exterior of gentleness is so uniformly assumed, and the whole manner is so perfectly level and *uni*, that it is next to impossible for a stranger to know any thing of their true dispositions by conversing with them, and even the very features are so exactly regulated, that physiognomy, which may sometimes be trusted among the vulgar, is, with the polite, a most lying science.

A VERY termagant woman, if she happens also to be a very artful one, will be conscious she has so much to conceal, that the dread of betraying  
her

her real temper will make her put on an over-acted softness, which, from its very excess, may be distinguished from the natural, by a penetrating eye. That gentleness is ever liable to be suspected for the counterfeited, which is so excessive as to deprive people of the proper use of speech and motion, or which, as Hamlet says, makes them lisp and amble, and nick-name God's creatures.

THE countenance and manners of some very fashionable persons may be compared to the inscriptions on their monuments, which speak nothing but good of what is within ; but he who knows any thing of the world, or of the human heart, will no more trust to the courtesy, than he will depend on the epitaph.

AMONG



AMONG the various artifices of factitious meekness, one of the most frequent and most plausible, is that of affecting to be always equally delighted with all persons and all characters. The society of these languid beings is without confidence, their friendship without attachment, and their love without affection, or even preference. This insipid mode of conduct may be safe, but I cannot think it has either taste, sense, or principle in it.

THESE uniformly smiling and approving ladies, who have neither the noble courage to reprehend vice, nor the generous warmth to bear their honest testimony in the cause of virtue, conclude every one to be ill-natured who has any penetration, and look upon a distinguishing judgment as want of tenderness. But they should learn,

I

that

## 114 TRUE AND FALSE

that this discernment does not always proceed from an uncharitable temper, but from that long experience and thorough knowledge of the world, which lead those who have it to scrutinize into the conduct and disposition of men, before they trust entirely to those fair appearances, which sometimes veil the most insidious purposes.

WE are perpetually mistaking the qualities and dispositions of our own hearts. We elevate our failings into virtues, and qualify our vices into weaknesses: and hence arise so many false judgments respecting meekness. Self-ignorance is at the root of all this mischief. Many ladies complain that, for their part, their spirit is so meek they can bear nothing; whereas, if they spoke truth, they would say, their spirit is so high and unbroken that  
they

they can bear nothing. Strange! to plead their meekness as a reason why they cannot endure to be crossed, and to produce their impatience of contradiction as a proof of their gentleness!

MEEKNESS, like most other virtues, has certain limits, which it no sooner exceeds than it becomes criminal. Servility of spirit is not gentleness but weakness, and if allowed, under the specious appearances it sometimes puts on, will lead to the most dangerous compliances. She who hears innocence maligned without vindicating it, falsehood asserted without contradicting it, or religion prophaned without resenting it, is not gentle but wicked.

To give up the cause of an innocent, injured friend, if the popular cry happens to be against him, is the most  
I 2 disgrace.

disgraceful weakness. This was the case of Madame de Maintenon. She loved the character and admired the talents of Racine; she caressed him while he had no enemies, but wanted the greatness of mind, or rather the common justice, to protect him against their resentment when he had; and her favourite was abandoned to the suspicious jealousy of the king, when a prudent remonstrance might have preserved him.—But her tameness, if not absolute connivance in the great massacre of the protestants, in whose church she had been bred, is a far more guilty instance of her weakness; an instance which, in spite of all her devotional zeal and incomparable prudence, will disqualify her from shining in the annals of good women, however she may be entitled to figure among the great and the fortunate.

Compare

Compare her conduct with that of her undaunted and pious countryman and contemporary, Bougi, who, when Louis would have prevailed on him to renounce his religion for a commission or a government, nobly replied, “ If I could be persuaded to betray  
“ my God for a marshal’s staff, I  
“ might betray my king for a bribe  
“ of much less consequence.”

MEEKNESS is imperfect, if it be not both active and passive; if it will not enable us to subdue our own passions and resentments, as well as qualify us to bear patiently the passions and resentments of others.

BEFORE we give way to any violent emotion of anger, it would perhaps be worth while to consider the value of the object which excites it, and to re-

fleet for a moment, whether the thing we so ardently desire, or so vehemently resent, be really of as much importance to us, as that delightful tranquillity of soul, which we renounce in pursuit of it. If, on a fair calculation, we find we are not likely to get as much as we are sure to lose, then, putting all religious considerations out of the question, common sense and human policy will tell us, we have made a foolish and unprofitable exchange. Inward quiet is a part of one's self; the object of our resentment may be only a matter of opinion; and, certainly, what makes a portion of our actual happiness ought to be too dear to us, to be sacrificed for a trifling, foreign, perhaps imaginary good.

THE most pointed satire I remember to have read, on a mind enslaved by  
 anger,

anger, is an observation of Seneca's.  
 " Alexander (said he) had two friends,  
 " Clitus and Lyfimachus; the one he  
 " exposed to a lion, the other to him-  
 " self: he who was turned loose to the  
 " beast escaped, but Clitus was mur-  
 " dered, for he was turned loose to an  
 " angry man."

A PASSIONATE woman's happiness is never in her own keeping: it is the sport of accident, and the slave of events. It is in the power of her acquaintance, her servants, but chiefly of her enemies, and all her comforts lie at the mercy of others. So far from being willing to learn of him who was meek and lowly, she considers meekness as the want of a becoming spirit, and lowliness as a despicable and vulgar meanness. And an imperious woman will so little covet the



ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, that it is almost the only ornament she will not be solicitous to wear. But resentment is a very expensive vice. How dearly has it cost its votaries, even from the sin of Cain, the first offender in this kind ! “ It is cheaper (says a “ pious writer) to forgive, and save “ the charges.”

IF it were only for mere human reasons, it would turn to a better account to be patient ; nothing defeats the malice of an enemy like a spirit of forbearance ; the return of rage for rage cannot be so effectually provoking. True gentleness, like an impenetrable armour, repels the most pointed shafts of malice : they cannot pierce through this invulnerable shield, but either fall hurtless to the ground, or return to wound the hand that shot them.

A MEEK



A MEEK spirit will not look out of itself for happiness, because it finds a constant banquet at home; yet, by a sort of divine alchymy, it will convert all external events to its own profit, and be able to deduce some good, even from the most unpromising: it will extract comfort and satisfaction from the most barren circumstances: “It will  
“ suck honey out of the rock, and oil  
“ out of the flinty rock.”

BUT the supreme excellence of this complacent quality is, that it naturally disposes the mind where it resides, to the practice of every other that is amiable. Meekness may be called the pioneer of all the other virtues, which levels every obstruction, and smoothes every difficulty that might impede their entrance, or retard their progress.

THE peculiar importance and value of this amiable virtue may be farther seen in its permanency. Honours and dignities are transient, beauty and riches frail and fugacious, to a proverb. Would not the truly wise, therefore, wish to have some one possession, which they might call their own in the severest exigencies? But this wish can only be accomplished by acquiring and maintaining that calm and absolute self-possession, which, as the world had no hand in giving, so it cannot, by the most malicious exertion of its power, take away.

THOUGHTS

T H O U G H T S

O N T H E

C U L T I V A T I O N

O F T H E

H E A R T A N D T E M P E R

I N T H E

E D U C A T I O N O F D A U G H T E R S.

**I** HAVE not the foolish presumption to imagine, that I can offer any thing new on a subject, which has been so successfully treated by many learned and able writers. I would only, with all possible deference, beg  
leave

leave to hazard a few short remarks on that part of the subject of education, which I would call the *education of the heart*. I am well aware, that this part also has not been less skillfully and forcibly discussed than the rest, though I cannot, at the same time, help remarking, that it does not appear to have been so much adopted into common practice.

It appears then, that notwithstanding the great and real improvements, which have been made in the affair of female education, and notwithstanding the more enlarged and generous views of it, which prevail in the present day, that there is still a very material defect, which it is not, in general, enough the object of attention to remove. This defect seems to consist in this, that too little regard is paid  
to

to the dispositions of the *mind*, that the indications of the *temper* are not properly cherished, nor the affections of the *heart* sufficiently regulated.

IN the first education of girls, as far as the customs which fashion establishes are right, they should undoubtedly be followed. Let the exterior be made a considerable object of attention, but let it not be the principal, let it not be the only one.—Let the graces be industriously cultivated, but let them not be cultivated at the expence of the virtues.—Let the arms, the head, the whole person be carefully polished, but let not the heart be the only portion of the human anatomy, which shall be totally overlooked.

THE neglect of this cultivation seems to proceed as much from a bad taste,  
as

as from a false principle. The generality of people form their judgment of education by slight and sudden appearances, which is certainly a wrong way of determining. Music, dancing, and languages, gratify those who teach them, by perceptible and almost immediate effects ; and when there happens to be no imbecillity in the pupil, nor deficiency in the master, every superficial observer can, in some measure, judge of the progress.—The effects of most of these accomplishments address themselves to the senses; and there are more who can see and hear, than there are who can judge and reflect.

PERSONAL perfection is not only more obvious, it is also more rapid; and even in very accomplished characters, elegance usually precedes principle.

BUT

BUT the heart, that natural seat of evil propensities, that little troublesome empire of the passions, is led to what is right by slow motions and imperceptible degrees. It must be admonished by reproof, and allured by kindness. Its liveliest advances are frequently impeded by the obstinacy of prejudice, and its brightest promises often obscured by the tempests of passion. It is slow in its acquisition of virtue, and reluctant in its approaches to piety.

THERE is another reason, which proves this mental cultivation to be more important, as well as more difficult, than any other part of education. In the usual fashionable accomplishments, the business of acquiring them is almost always getting forwards, and one difficulty is conquered before another

other is suffered to shew itself; for a prudent teacher will level the road his pupil is to pass, and smooth the inequalities which might retard her progress.

BUT in morals, (which should be the great object constantly kept in view) the task is far more difficult. The unruly and turbulent desires of the heart are not so obedient; one passion will start up before another is suppressed. The subduing Hercules cannot cut off the heads so often as the prolific Hydra can produce them, nor fell the stubborn Antæus so fast as he can recruit his strength, and rise in vigorous and repeated opposition.

IF all the accomplishments could be bought at the price of a single virtue, the purchase would be infinitely dear!

\*

And



And, however startling it may sound, I think it is, notwithstanding, true, that the labours of a good and wise mother, who is anxious for her daughter's most important interests, will *seem* to be at variance with those of her instructors. She will doubtless rejoice at her progress in any polite art, but she will rejoice with trembling:—humility and piety form the solid and durable basis, on which she wishes to raise the superstructure of the accomplishments, while the accomplishments themselves are frequently of that unsteady nature, that if the foundation is not secured, in proportion as the building is enlarged, it will be overloaded and destroyed by those very ornaments, which were intended to embellish, what they have contributed to ruin.

THE more ostensible qualifications should be carefully regulated, or they will be in danger of putting to flight the modest train of retreating virtues, which cannot safely subsist before the bold eye of public observation, or bear the bolder tongue of impudent and audacious flattery. A tender mother cannot but feel an honest triumph, in contemplating those excellencies in her daughter which deserve applause, but she will also shudder at the vanity which that applause may excite, and at those hitherto unknown ideas which it may awaken.

THE master, it is his interest, and perhaps his duty, will naturally teach a girl to set her improvements in the most conspicuous point of light. *SE FAIRE VALOIR* is the great principle industriously inculcated into her young heart,

heart, and seems to be considered as a kind of fundamental maxim in education. It is however the certain and effectual seed, from which a thousand yet unborn vanities will spring. This dangerous doctrine (which yet is not without its uses) will be counteracted by the prudent mother, not in so many words, but by a watchful and scarcely perceptible dexterity. Such an one will be more careful to have the talents of her daughter *cultivated* than *exhibited*.

ONE would be led to imagine, by the common mode of female education, that life consisted of one universal holiday, and that the only contest was, who should be best enabled to excel in the sports and games that were to be celebrated on it. Merely ornamental accomplishments will but

indifferently qualify a woman to perform the *duties* of life, though it is highly proper she should possess them, in order to furnish the *amusements* of it. But is it right to spend so large a portion of life without some preparation for the business of living? A lady may speak a little French and Italian, repeat a few passages in a theatrical tone, play and sing, have her dressing-room hung with her own drawings, and her person covered with her own tambour work, and may, notwithstanding, have been very *badly educated*. Yet I am far from attempting to depreciate the value of these qualifications: they are most of them not only highly becoming, but often indispensably necessary, and a polite education cannot be perfected without them. But as the world seems to be very well apprised of their importance,

ance, there is the less occasion to insist on their utility. Yet, though well-bred young women should learn to dance, sing, recite and draw, the end of a good education is not that they may become dancers, singers, players or painters: its real object is to make them good daughters, good wives, good mistresses, good members of society, and good christians. The above qualifications therefore are intended to *adorn* their *leisure*, not to *employ* their *lives*; for an amiable and wise woman will always have something better to value herself on, than these advantages, which, however captivating, are still but subordinate parts of a truly excellent character.

BUT I am afraid parents themselves sometimes contribute to the error of which I am complaining. Do they

not often set a higher value on those acquisitions which are calculated to attract observation, and catch the eye of the multitude, than on those which are valuable, permanent, and internal? Are they not sometimes more solicitous about the opinion of others, respecting their children, than about the real advantage and happiness of the children themselves? To an injudicious and superficial eye, the best educated girl may make the least brilliant figure, as she will probably have less flippancy in her manner, and less repartee in her expression; and her acquirements, to borrow bishop Sprat's idea, will be rather *enamelled than embossed*. But her merit will be known, and acknowledged by all who come near enough to discern, and have taste enough to distinguish. It will be understood and admired by the man,  
 whose

whose happiness she is one day to make, whose family she is to govern, and whose children she is to educate. He will not seek for her in the haunts of dissipation, for he knows he shall not find her there; but he will seek for her in the bosom of retirement, in the practice of every domestic virtue, in the exertion of every amiable accomplishment, exerted in the shade, to enliven retirement, to heighten the endearing pleasures of social intercourse, and to embellish the narrow but charming circle of family delights. To this amiable purpose, a truly good and well educated young lady will dedicate her more elegant accomplishments, instead of exhibiting them to attract admiration, or depress inferiority.

Young girls, who have more vivacity than understanding, will often



make a sprightly figure in conversation. But this agreeable talent for entertaining others, is frequently dangerous to themselves, nor is it by any means to be desired or encouraged very early in life. This immaturity of wit is helped on by frivolous reading, which will produce its effect in much less time than books of solid instruction; for the imagination is touched sooner than the understanding; and effects are more rapid as they are more pernicious. Conversation should be the *result* of education, not the *precursor* of it. It is a golden fruit, when suffered to grow gradually on the tree of knowledge; but if precipitated by forced and unnatural means, it will in the end become vapid, in proportion as it is artificial.

THE



THE best effects of a careful and religious education are often very remote: they are to be discovered in future scenes, and exhibited in untried connexions. Every event of life will be putting the heart into fresh situations, and making demands on its prudence, its firmness, its integrity, or its piety. Those whose business it is to form it, can foresee none of these situations; yet, as far as human wisdom will allow, they must enable it to provide for them all, with an humble dependence on the divine assistance. A well-disciplined soldier must learn and practise all his evolutions, though he does not know on what service his leader may command him, by what foe he shall be attacked, nor what mode of combat the enemy may use.

ONE great art of education consists in not suffering the feelings to become too acute by unnecessary awakening, nor too obtuse by the want of exertion. The former renders them the source of calamity, and totally ruins the temper; while the latter blunts and debases them, and produces a dull, cold, and selfish spirit. For the mind is an instrument, which, if wound too high, will lose its sweetness, and if not enough strained, will abate of its vigour.

How cruel is it to extinguish by neglect or unkindness, the precious sensibility of an open temper, to chill the amiable glow of an ingenuous soul, and to quench the bright flame of a noble and generous spirit! These are of higher worth than all the documents of learning, of dearer price than all  
the

the advantages, which can be derived from the most refined and artificial mode of education.

BUT sensibility and delicacy, and an ingenuous temper, make no part of education, exclaims the pedagogue—they are reducible to no class—they come under no article of instruction—they belong neither to languages nor to music.—What an error! They *are* a part of education, and of infinitely more value,

Than all their pedant discipline e'er knew.

It is true, they are ranged under no class, but they are superior to all; they are of more esteem than languages or music, for they are the language of the heart, and the music of the according passions. Yet this sensibility is, in many instances, so far from being  
culti-

cultivated, that it is not uncommon to see those who affect more than usual sagacity, cast a smile of supercilious pity, at any indication of a warm, generous, or enthusiastic temper in the lively and the young; as much as to say, “they will know better, and will “have more discretion when they are “older.” But every appearance of amiable simplicity, or of honest shame, *Nature’s hasty conscience*, will be dear to sensible hearts; they will carefully cherish every such indication in a young female; for they will perceive that it is this temper, wisely cultivated, which will one day make her enamoured of the loveliness of virtue, and the beauty of holiness: from which she will acquire a taste for the doctrines of religion, and a spirit to perform the duties of it. And those who wish to make her ashamed of  
 this

this charming temper, and seek to dispossess her of it, will, it is to be feared, give her nothing better in exchange. But whoever reflects at all, will easily discern how carefully this enthusiasm is to be directed, and how judiciously its redundances are to be lopped away.

PRUDENCE is not natural to children; they can, however, substitute art in its stead. But is it not much better that a girl should discover the faults incident to her age, than conceal them under this dark and impenetrable veil? I could almost venture to assert, that there is something more becoming in the very errors of nature, where they are undisguised, than in the affectation of virtue itself, where the reality is wanting. And I am so far from being an admirer of prodigies,  
that

that I am extremely apt to suspect them; and am always infinitely better pleased with Nature in her more common modes of operation. The precise and premature wisdom, which some girls have cunning enough to assume, is of a more dangerous tendency than any of their natural failings can be, as it effectually covers those secret bad dispositions, which, if they displayed themselves, might be rectified. The hypocrisy of assuming virtues which are not inherent in the heart, prevents the growth and disclosure of those real ones, which it is the great end of education to cultivate.

BUT if the natural indications of the temper are to be suppressed and stifled, where are the diagnostics, by which the state of the mind is to be known? The wise Author of all things, who  
did

did nothing in vain, doubtless intended them as symptoms, by which to judge of the diseases of the heart; and it is impossible diseases should be cured before they are known. If the stream be so cut off as to prevent communication, or so choked up as to defeat discovery, how shall we ever reach the source, out of which are the issues of life?

THIS cunning, which, of all the different dispositions girls discover, is most to be dreaded, is increased by nothing so much as by fear. If those about them express violent and unreasonable anger at every trivial offence, it will always promote this temper, and will very frequently create it, where there was a natural tendency to frankness. The indiscreet transports of rage, which many betray on every  
 3 flight



slight occasion, and the little distinction they make between venial errors and premeditated crimes, naturally dispose a child to conceal, what she does not however care to suppress. Anger in one will not remedy the faults of another; for how can an instrument of sin cure sin? If a girl is kept in a state of perpetual and slavish terror, she will perhaps have artifice enough to conceal those propensities which she knows are wrong, or those actions which she thinks are most obnoxious to punishment. But, nevertheless, she will not cease to indulge those propensities, and to commit those actions, when she can do it with impunity.

Good *dispositions*, of themselves, will go but a very little way, unless they are confirmed into good *principles*. And this cannot be effected but by a  
careful



careful course of religious instruction, and a patient and laborious cultivation of the moral temper.

BUT, notwithstanding girls should not be treated with unkindness, nor the first openings of the passions blighted by cold severity; yet I am of opinion, that young females should be accustomed very early in life to a certain degree of restraint. The natural cast of character, and the moral distinctions between the sexes, should not be disregarded, even in childhood. That bold, independent, enterprising spirit, which is so much admired in boys, should not, when it happens to discover itself in the other sex, be encouraged, but suppressed. Girls should be taught to give up their opinions betimes, and not pertinaciously to carry on a dispute, even if they should

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know

know themselves to be in the right. I do not mean, that they should be robbed of the liberty of private judgment, but that they should by no means be encouraged to contract a contentious or contradictory turn. It is of the greatest importance to their future happiness, that they should acquire a submissive temper, and a forbearing spirit : for it is a lesson which the world will not fail to make them frequently practise, when they come abroad into it, and they will not practise it the worse for having learnt it the sooner. These early restraints, in the limitation here meant, are so far from being an effect of cruelty, that they are the most indubitable marks of affection, and are the more meritorious, as they are severe trials of tenderness. But all the beneficial effects, which a mother can expect from this watchfulness,

fulness, will be entirely defeated, if it is practised occasionally, and not habitually, and if it ever appears to be used to gratify caprice, ill-humour, or resentment.

THOSE who have children to educate ought to be extremely patient: it is indeed a labour of love. They should reflect, that extraordinary talents are neither essential to the well-being of society, nor to the happiness of individuals. If that had been the case, the beneficent Father of the universe would not have made them so rare. For it is as easy for an Almighty Creator to produce a Newton, as an ordinary man; and he could have made those powers common which we now consider as wonderful, without any miraculous exertion of his omnipotence, if the existence of many New-

tons had been necessary to the perfection of his wife and gracious plan.

SURELY, therefore, there is more piety, as well as more sense, in labouring to improve the talents which children actually have, than in lamenting that they do not possess supernatural endowments or angelic perfections. A passage of Lord Bacon's furnishes an admirable incitement for endeavouring to carry the amiable and christian grace of charity to its farthest extent, instead of indulging an over-anxious care for more brilliant but less important acquisitions. "The desire of power in excess (says he) caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity is no excess, neither can men nor angels come into danger by it."

†

A GIRL

A GIRL who has docility will seldom be found to want understanding enough for all the purposes of a social, a happy, and an useful life. And when we behold the tender hope of fond and anxious love, blasted by disappointment, the defect will as often be discovered to proceed from the neglect or the error of cultivation, as from the natural temper; and those who lament the evil, will sometimes be found to have occasioned it.

It is as injudicious for parents to set out with too sanguine a dependence on the merit of their children, as it is for them to be discouraged at every repulse. When their wishes are defeated in this or that particular instance, where they had treasured up some darling expectation, this is so far from being a reason for relaxing their

attention, that it ought to be an additional motive for redoubling it. Those who hope to do a great deal, must not expect to do every thing. If they know any thing of the malignity of sin, the blindness of prejudice, or the corruption of the human heart, they will also know, that that heart will always remain, after the very best possible education, full of infirmity and imperfection. Extraordinary allowances, therefore, must be made for the weakness of nature in this its weakest state. After much is done, much will remain to do, and much, very much, will still be left undone. For this regulation of the passions and affections cannot be the work of education alone, without the concurrence of divine grace operating on the heart. Why then should parents repine, if their efforts are not always crowned with immediate

diate success? They should consider, that they are not educating cherubims and seraphims, but men and women; creatures, who at their best estate are altogether vanity: how little then can be expected from them in the weakness and imbecillity of infancy! I have dwelt on this part of the subject the longer, because I am certain that many, who have set out with a warm and active zeal, have cooled on the very first discouragement, and have afterwards almost totally remitted their vigilance, through a criminal kind of despair.

GREAT allowances must be made for a profusion of gaiety, loquacity, and even indiscretion in children, that there may be animation enough left to supply an active and useful character, when the first fermentation of the youthful passions is over, and the re-



dundant spirits shall come to subside.

If it be true, as a consummate judge of human nature has observed,

That not a vanity is given in vain,

it is also true, that there is scarcely a single passion, which may not be turned to some good account, if prudently rectified, and skilfully turned into the road of some neighbouring virtue. It cannot be violently bent, or unnaturally forced towards an object of a totally opposite nature, but may be gradually inclined towards a correspondent but superior affection. Anger, hatred, resentment, and ambition, the most restless and turbulent passions which shake and distract the human soul, may be led to become the most active opposers of sin, after having been  
been



been its most successful instruments. Our anger, for instance, which can never be totally subdued, may be made to turn against ourselves, for our weak and imperfect obedience—our hatred, against every species of vice—our ambition, which will not be discarded, may be ennobled: it will not change its name, but its object: it will despise what it lately valued, nor be contented to grasp at less than immortality.

Thus the joys, fears, hopes, desires, all the passions and affections, which separate in various currents from the soul, will, if directed into their proper channels, after having fertilised wherever they have flowed, return again to swell and enrich the parent source.

THAT

THAT the very passions which appear the most uncontrollable and unpromising, may be intended, in the great scheme of Providence, to answer some important purpose, is remarkably evidenced in the character and history of Saint Paul. A remark on this subject by an ingenious old Spanish writer, which I will here take the liberty to translate, will better illustrate my meaning.

“ To convert the bitterest enemy  
 “ into the most zealous advocate, is  
 “ the work of God for the instruction  
 “ of man. Plutarch has observed,  
 “ that the medical science would be  
 “ brought to the utmost perfection,  
 “ when poison should be converted  
 “ into physic. Thus, in the mortal  
 “ disease of Judaism and idolatry,  
 “ our

“ our blessed Lord converted the ad-  
 “ der’s venom of Saul the persecutor,  
 “ into that cement which made Paul  
 “ the chosen vessel. That manly ac-  
 “ tivity, that restless ardor, that  
 “ burning zeal for the law of his  
 “ fathers, that ardent thirst for the  
 “ blood of Christians, did the Son  
 “ of God find necessary in the man  
 “ who was one day to become the  
 “ defender of his suffering people \*.”

To win the passions, therefore, over  
 to the cause of virtue, answers a much  
 nobler end than their extinction would  
 possibly do, even if that could be ef-  
 fected. But it is their nature never  
 to observe a neutrality; they are ei-  
 ther rebels or auxiliaries, and an  
 enemy subdued is an ally obtained.

\* Obras de Quevedo, vida de San Pablo Apostol.

If I may be allowed to change the allusion so soon, I would say, that the passions also resemble fires, which are friendly and beneficial when under proper direction, but if suffered to blaze without restraint, they carry devastation along with them, and, if totally extinguished, leave the benighted mind in a state of cold and comfortless inanity.

BUT in speaking of the usefulness of the passions, as instruments of virtue, *envy* and *lying* must always be excepted: these, I am persuaded, must either go on in still progressive mischief, or else be radically cured, before any good can be expected from the heart which has been infected with them. For I never will believe that *envy*, though passed through all the moral strainers, can be refined into a  
 virtuous

virtuous emulation, or lying improved into an agreeable turn for innocent invention. Almost all the other passions may be made to take an amiable hue; but these two must either be totally extirpated, or be always contented to preserve their original deformity, and to wear their native black.

ON THE  
IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION  
TO THE  
FEMALE CHARACTER.

**V**ARIOUS are the reasons why the greater part of mankind cannot apply themselves to arts or letters. Particular studies are only suited to the capacities of particular persons. Some are incapable of applying to them

them from the delicacy of their sex, some from the unsteadiness of youth, and others from the imbecillity of age. Many are precluded by the narrowness of their education, and many by the straitness of their fortune. The wisdom of God is wonderfully manifested in this happy and well-ordered diversity, in the powers and properties of his creatures; since by thus admirably suiting the agent to the action, the whole scheme of human affairs is carried on with the most agreeing and consistent œconomy, and no chasm is left for want of an object to fill it, exactly suited to its nature.

BUT in the great and universal concern of religion, both sexes, and all ranks, are equally interested. The truly catholic spirit of christianity accommodates itself, with an astonish-

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ing

ing condescension, to the circumstances of the whole human race. It rejects none on account of their pecuniary wants, their personal infirmities, or their intellectual deficiencies. No superiority of parts is the least recommendation, nor is any depression of fortune the smallest objection. None are too wise to be excused from performing the duties of religion, nor are any too poor to be excluded from the consolations of its promises.

IF we admire the wisdom of God, in having furnished different degrees of intelligence, so exactly adapted to their different destinations, and in having fitted every part of his stupendous work, not only to serve its own immediate purpose, but also to contribute to the beauty and perfection of the whole : how much more ought we to adore  
that



that goodness, which has perfected the divine plan, by appointing one wide, comprehensive, and universal means of salvation: a salvation, which all are invited to partake; by a means which all are capable of using; which nothing but voluntary blindness can prevent our comprehending, and nothing but wilful error can hinder us from embracing.

THE Muses are coy, and will only be wooed and won by some highly-favoured suitors. The Sciences are lofty, and will not stoop to the reach of ordinary capacities. But “Wisdom (by which the royal preacher means piety) is a loving spirit: she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of all such as seek her.” Nay, she is so accessible and condescending, “that she preventeth them

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“ that

“ that desire her, making herself first  
“ known unto them.”

WE are told by the same animated writer, “ that Wisdom is the breath  
“ of the power of God.” How infinitely superior, in grandeur and sublimity, is this description to the origin of the *wisdom* of the heathens, as described by their poets and mythologists! In the exalted strains of the Hebrew poetry we read, that “ Wisdom is the  
“ brightness of the everlasting light,  
“ the unspotted mirror of the power  
“ of God, and the image of his goodness.”

THE philosophical author of *The Defence of Learning* observes, that knowledge has something of venom and malignity in it, when taken without its proper corrective, and what  
I that

that is, the inspired Saint Paul teaches us, by placing it as the immediate antidote : *Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth*. Perhaps, it is the vanity of human wisdom, unchastised by this correcting principle, which has made so many infidels. It may proceed from the arrogance of a self-sufficient pride, that some philosophers disdain to acknowledge their belief in a being, who has judged proper to conceal from them the infinite wisdom of his counsels ; who, (to borrow the lofty language of the man of Uz) refused to consult them when he laid the foundations of the earth, when he shut up the sea with doors, and made the clouds the garment thereof.

A MAN must be an infidel either from pride, prejudice, or bad education : he cannot be one unawares or

by surprise ; for infidelity is not occasioned by sudden impulse or violent temptation. He may be hurried by some vehement desire into an immoral action, at which he will blush in his cooler moments, and which he will lament as the sad effect of a spirit unsubdued by religion ; but infidelity is a calm, considerate act, which cannot plead the weakness of the heart, or the seduction of the senses. Even good men frequently fail in their duty through the infirmities of nature, and the allurements of the world ; but the infidel errs on a plan, on a settled and deliberate principle.

BUT though the minds of men are sometimes fatally infected with this disease, either through unhappy prepossession, or some of the other causes above mentioned ; yet I am unwilling  
to

to believe, that there is in nature so monstrously incongruous a being, as a *female infidel*. The least reflexion on the temper, the character, and the education of women, makes the mind revolt with horror from an idea so improbable, and so unnatural.

MAY I be allowed to observe, that, in general, the minds of girls seem more aptly prepared in their early youth for the reception of serious impressions than those of the other sex, and that their less exposed situations in more advanced life qualify them better for the preservation of them? The daughters (of good parents I mean) are often more carefully instructed in their religious duties, than the sons, and this from a variety of causes. They are not so soon sent from under the paternal eye into the

bustle of the world, and so early exposed to the contagion of bad example: their hearts are naturally more flexible, soft, and liable to any kind of impression the forming hand may stamp on them; and, lastly, as they do not receive the same classical education with boys, their feeble minds are not obliged at once to receive and separate the precepts of christianity, and the documents of pagan philosophy. The necessity of doing this perhaps somewhat weakens the serious impressions of young men, at least till the understanding is formed, and confuses their ideas of piety, by mixing them with so much heterogeneous matter. They only casually read, or hear read, the scriptures of truth, while they are obliged to learn by heart, construe and repeat the poetical fables of the less than human gods  
of

of the ancients. And as the excellent author of *The Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion* observes, “ Nothing has  
 “ so much contributed to corrupt the  
 “ true spirit of the christian institution,  
 “ as that partiality which we contract,  
 “ in our earliest education, for the  
 “ manners of pagan antiquity.”

GIRLS, therefore, who do *not* contract this early partiality, ought to have a clearer notion of their religious duties: they are not obliged, at an age when the judgment is so weak, to distinguish between the doctrines of Zeno, of Epicurus, and of Christ; and to embarrass their minds with the various morals which were taught in the *Porch*, in the *Academy*, and on the *Mount*.



IT is presumed, that these remarks cannot possibly be so misunderstood, as to be construed into the least disrespect to literature, or a want of the highest reverence for a learned education, the basis of all elegant knowledge: they are only intended, with all proper deference, to point out to young women, that however inferior their advantages of acquiring a knowledge of the belles-lettres are to those of the other sex; yet it depends on themselves not to be surpassed in this most important of all studies, for which their abilities are equal, and their opportunities, perhaps, greater.

BUT the mere exemption from infidelity is so small a part of the religious character, that I hope no one will attempt to claim any merit from this negative sort of goodness, or value



lue herself merely for not being the very worst thing she possibly can be. Let no mistaken girl fancy she gives a proof of her wit by her want of piety, or that a contempt of things serious and sacred will exalt her understanding, or raise her character even in the opinion of the most avowed male infidels. For one may venture to affirm, that with all their profligate ideas, both of women and of religion, neither Bolingbroke, Wharton, Buckingham, nor even *Lord Chesterfield himself*, would have esteemed a woman the more for her being irreligious.

WITH whatever ridicule a polite freethinker may affect to treat religion himself, he will think it necessary his wife should entertain different notions of it. He may pretend to despise it as a matter of opinion, depending on  
creeds

creeds and systems; but, if he is a man of sense, he will know the value of it, as a governing principle, which is to influence her conduct and direct her actions. If he sees her unaffectedly sincere in the practice of her religious duties, it will be a secret pledge to him, that she will be equally exact in fulfilling the conjugal; for he can have no reasonable dependance on her attachment to *him*, if he has no opinion of her fidelity to GOD; for she who neglects first duties, gives but an indifferent proof of her disposition to fill up inferior ones; and how can a man of any understanding (whatever his own religious professions may be) trust that woman with the care of his family, and the education of his children, who wants herself the best incentive to a virtuous life, the belief that she is an accountable creature,

and

and the reflection that she has an immortal soul?

CICERO spoke it as the highest commendation of Cato's character, that he embraced philosophy, not for the sake of *disputing* like a philosopher, but of *living* like one. The chief purpose of christian knowledge is to promote the great end of a christian life. Every rational woman should, no doubt, be able to give a reason of the hope that is in her; but this knowledge is best acquired, and the duties consequent on it best performed, by reading books of plain piety and practical devotion, and not by entering into the endless feuds, and engaging in the unprofitable contentions of partial controversialists. Nothing is more unamiable than the narrow spirit of party zeal, nor more disgusting than  
to

to hear a woman deal out judgments, and denounce vengeance against any one, who happens to differ from her in some opinion, perhaps of no real importance, and which, it is probable, she may be just as wrong in rejecting, as the object of her censure is in embracing. A furious and unmerciful female bigot wanders as far beyond the limits prescribed to her sex, as a Thalestris or a Joan d'Arc. Violent debate has made as few converts as the sword, and both these instruments are particularly unbecoming when wielded by a female hand.

BUT, though no one will be frightened out of their opinions, yet they may be persuaded out of them: they may be touched by the affecting earnestness of serious conversation, and allured by the attractive beauty of a  
con-

consistently serious life. And while a young woman ought to dread the name of a wrangling polemic, it is her duty to aspire after the honourable character of a sincere Christian. But this dignified character she can by no means deserve, if she is ever afraid to avow her principles, or ashamed to defend them. A profligate, who makes it a point to ridicule every thing which comes under the appearance of formal instruction, will be disconcerted at the spirited yet modest rebuke of a pious young woman. But there is as much efficacy in the manner of reproofing prophaneness, as in the words. If she corrects it with moroseness, she defeats the effect of her remedy, by her unskilful manner of administering it. If, on the other hand, she affects to defend the insulted cause of God, in a faint tone of voice, and studied ambiguity

guity of phrase, or with an air of levity, and a certain expression of pleasure in her eyes, which proves she is secretly delighted with what she pretends to censure, she injures religion much more than he did who publickly prophaned it ; for she plainly indicates, either that she does not believe, or respect what she professes. The other attacked it as an open foe ; she betrays it as a false friend. No one pays any regard to the opinion of an avowed enemy ; but the desertion or treachery of a professed friend, is dangerous indeed !

It is a strange notion which prevails in the world, that religion only belongs to the old and the melancholy, and that it is not worth while to pay the least attention to it, while we are capable of attending to any thing else.

They

They allow it to be proper enough for the clergy, whose business it is, and for the aged, who have not spirits for any business at all. But till they can prove, that none except the clergy and the aged *die*, it must be confessed, that this is most wretched reasoning.

GREAT injury is done to the interests of religion, by placing it in a gloomy and unamiable light. It is sometimes spoken of, as if it would actually make a handsome woman ugly, or a young one wrinkled. But can any thing be more absurd than to represent the beauty of holiness as the source of deformity?

THERE are few, perhaps, so entirely plunged in business, or absorbed in  
pleasure,



pleasure, as not to intend, at some future time, to set about a religious life in good earnest. But then they consider it as a kind of *dernier ressort*, and think it prudent to defer flying to this disagreeable refuge, till they have no relish left for any thing else. Do they forget, that to perform this great business well requires all the strength of their youth, and all the vigour of their unimpaired capacities? To confirm this assertion, they may observe how much the slightest indisposition, even in the most active season of life, disorders every faculty, and disqualifies them for attending to the most ordinary affairs: and then let them reflect how little able they will be to transact the most important of all business, in the moment of excruciating pain, or in the day of universal debility.

WHEN



WHEN the senses are palled with excessive gratification; when the eye is tired with seeing, and the ear with hearing; when the spirits are so sunk, that the *grasshopper is become a burthen*, how shall the blunted apprehension be capable of understanding a new science, or the worn-out heart be able to relish a new pleasure?

To put off religion till we have lost all taste for amusement; to refuse listening to the “voice of the charmer,” till our enfeebled organs can no longer listen to the voice of “singing men “and singing women,” and not to devote our days to heaven till we have “no pleasure in them” ourselves, is but an ungracious offering. And it is a wretched sacrifice to the God of heaven, to present him with the remnants of decayed appetites, and the leavings of extinguished passions.

MISCELLANEOUS  
OBSERVATIONS

ON

GENIUS, TASTE, GOOD  
SENSE, &c.\*

GOOD *sense* is as different from  
*genius* as perception is from in-  
vention; yet, though distinct qualities,  
they

\* THE Author begs leave to offer an apology for  
introducing this Essay, which, she fears, may be thought  
foreign to her purpose. But she hopes that her earnest  
desire

they frequently subsist together. It is altogether opposite to *wit*, but by no means inconsistent with it. It is not science, for there is such a thing as unlettered good sense; yet, though it is neither wit, learning, nor genius, it is a substitute for each, where they do not exist, and the perfection of all where they do.

Good sense is so far from deserving the appellation of *common sense*, by which it is frequently called, that it is perhaps one of the rarest qualities of the human mind. If, indeed, this name is given it in respect to its peculiar suitability to the purposes of common life, there is great propriety

desire of exciting a taste for literature in young ladies, (which encouraged her to hazard the following remarks) will not OBSTRUCT her general design, even if it does not actually PROMOTE it.

in it. Good sense appears to differ from taste in this, that taste is an instantaneous decision of the mind, a sudden relish of what is beautiful, or disgust at what is defective, in an object, without waiting for the slower confirmation of the judgment. Good sense is perhaps that confirmation, which establishes a suddenly conceived idea, or feeling, by the powers of comparing and reflecting. They differ also in this, that taste seems to have a more immediate reference to arts, to literature, and to almost every object of the senses; while good sense rises to moral excellence, and exerts its influence on life and manners. Taste is fitted to the perception and enjoyment of whatever is beautiful in art or nature : Good sense, to the improvement of the conduct, and the regulation of the heart.

YET

YET the term good sense, is used indiscriminately to express either a finished taste for letters, or an invariable prudence in the affairs of life. It is sometimes applied to the most moderate abilities, in which case, the expression is certainly too strong; and at others to the most shining, when it is as much too weak and inadequate. A sensible man is the usual, but unappropriated phrase, for every degree in the scale of understanding, from the sober mortal, who obtains it by his decent demeanor and solid dullness, to him whose talents qualify him to rank with a Bacon, a Harris, or a Johnson.

GENIUS is the power of invention and imitation. It is an incommunicable faculty: no art or skill of the possessor can bestow the smallest portion of it on another: no pains or la-

bour can reach the summit of perfection, where the seeds of it are wanting in the mind ; yet it is capable of infinite improvement where it actually exists, and is attended with the highest capacity of communicating instruction, as well as delight to others.

It is the peculiar property of genius to strike out great or beautiful things : it is the felicity of good sense not to do absurd ones. Genius breaks out in splendid sentiments and elevated ideas ; good sense confines its more circumscribed, but perhaps more useful walk, within the limits of prudence and propriety.

The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth  
to heaven ;

And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turn

Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

THIS is perhaps the finest picture of human genius that ever was drawn by a human pencil. It presents a living image of a creative imagination, or a power of inventing things which have no actual existence.

WITH superficial judges, who, it must be confessed, make up the greater part of the mass of mankind, talents are only liked or understood to a certain degree. Lofty ideas are above the reach of ordinary apprehensions: the vulgar allow those who possess them to be in a somewhat higher state of mind than themselves; but of the vast gulf which separates them, they have not the least conception. They acknowledge a superiority, but of its extent they neither know the value,

nor can conceive the reality. It is true, the mind, as well as the eye, can take in objects larger than itself; but this is only true of great minds: for a man of low capacity, who considers a consummate genius, resembles one, who seeing a column for the first time, and standing at too great a distance to take in the whole of it, concludes it to be flat. Or, like one unacquainted with the first principles of philosophy, who, finding the sensible horizon appear a plain surface, can form no idea of the spherical form of the whole, which he does not see, and laughs at the account of antipodes, which he cannot comprehend.

WHATEVER is excellent is also rare; what is useful is more common. How many thousands are born qualified for the coarse employments of life, for  
one



one who is capable of excelling in the fine arts! yet so it ought to be, because our natural wants are more numerous, and more importunate, than the intellectual.

WHENEVER it happens that a man of distinguished talents has been drawn by mistake, or precipitated by passion, into any dangerous indiscretion; it is common for those whose coldness of temper has supplied the place, and usurped the name of prudence, to boast of their own steadier virtue, and triumph in their own superior caution; only because they have never been assailed by a temptation strong enough to surprise them into error. And with what a visible appropriation of the character to themselves, do they constantly conclude, with a cordial compliment to *common sense*! They point out the  
beauty

beauty and usefulness of this quality so forcibly and explicitly, that you cannot possibly mistake whose picture they are drawing with so flattering a pencil. The unhappy man whose conduct has been so feelingly arraigned, perhaps acted from good, though mistaken motives ; at least, from motives of which his censurer has not capacity to judge : but the event was unfavourable, nay the action might be really wrong, and the vulgar maliciously take the opportunity of this single indiscretion, to lift themselves nearer on a level with a character, which, except in this instance, has always thrown them at the most disgraceful and mortifying distance.

THE elegant Biographer of Collins, in his affecting apology for that unfortunate genius, remarks, “ That the  
“ gifts

“ gifts of imagination bring the heaviest  
“ task on the vigilance of reason ; and  
“ to bear those faculties with unerring  
“ rectitude, or invariable propriety,  
“ requires a degree of firmness, and of  
“ cool attention, which does not al-  
“ ways attend the higher gifts of the  
“ mind ; yet difficult as Nature herself  
“ seems to have rendered the task of  
“ regularity to genius, it is the su-  
“ preme consolation of dullness, and  
“ of folly to point with gothic triumph  
“ to those excesses which are the  
“ overflowing of faculties they never  
“ enjoyed.”

WHAT the greater part of the world  
mean by common sense, will be gene-  
rally found, on a closer enquiry, to be  
art, fraud, or selfishness ! That sort of  
saving prudence which makes men ex-  
tremely attentive to their own safety,  
or

or profit; diligent in the pursuit of their own pleasures or interests; and perfectly at their ease as to what becomes of the rest of mankind. Furies, where their own property is concerned, philosophers when nothing but the good of others is at stake, and perfectly resigned under all calamities but their own.

WHEN we see so many accomplished wits of the present age, as remarkable for the decorum of their lives, as for the brilliancy of their writings, we may believe, that, next to principle, it is owing to their *good sense*, which regulates and chastises their imaginations. The vast conceptions which enable a true genius to ascend the sublimest heights, may be so connected with the stronger passions, as to give it a natural tendency to fly off from the strait line

line of regularity ; till good sense, acting on the fancy, makes it gravitate powerfully towards that virtue which is its proper centre.

ADD to this, when it is considered with what imperfection the Divine Wisdom has thought fit to stamp every thing human, it will be found, that excellence and infirmity are so inseparably wound up in each other, that a man derives the soreness of temper, and irritability of nerve, which make him uneasy to others, and unhappy in himself, from those exquisite feelings, and that elevated pitch of thought, by which, as the apostle expresses it on a more serious occasion, he is, as it were, out of the body.

It is not astonishing, therefore, when the spirit is carried away by the magnificence of its own ideas,

Not

Not touch'd but rapt, not waken'd but inspir'd,  
that the frail body, which is the natural victim of pain, disease, and death, should not always be able to follow the mind in its aspiring flights, but should be as imperfect as if it belonged only to an ordinary soul.

BESIDES, might not Providence intend to humble human pride, by presenting to our eyes so mortifying a view of the weakness and infirmity of even his best work? Perhaps man, who is already but a little lower than the angels, might, like the revolted spirits, totally have shaken off obedience and submission to his Creator, had not God wisely tempered human excellence with a certain consciousness of its own imperfection. But though this inevitable alloy of weakness may frequently be  
found

found in the best characters, yet how can that be the source of triumph and exaltation to any, which, if properly weighed, must be the deepest motive of humiliation to all? A good-natured man will be so far from rejoicing, that he will be secretly troubled, whenever he reads that the greatest Roman moralist was tainted with avarice, and the greatest British philosopher with venality.

It is remarked by Pope, in his Essay on Criticism, that,

Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.

But I apprehend it does not therefore follow that to judge, is more difficult than to write. If this were the case, the critic would be superior to the poet, whereas it appears to be directly

the



the contrary. “ The critic, (says the great champion of Shakespeare,) but fashions the body of a work, the poet must add the soul, which gives force and direction to its actions and gestures.” It should seem that the reason why so many more judge wrong, than write ill, is because the number of readers is beyond all proportion greater than the number of writers. Every man who reads, is in some measure a critic, and, with very common abilities, may point out real faults and material errors in a very well written book ; but it by no means follows that he is able to write any thing comparable to the work which he is capable of censuring. And unless the numbers of those who write, and of those who judge, were more equal, the calculation seems not to be quite fair.



A CAPACITY for relishing works of genius is the indubitable sign of a good taste. But if a proper disposition and ability to enjoy the compositions of others, entitle a man to the claim of reputation, it is still a far inferior degree of merit to his who can invent and produce those compositions, the bare disquisition of which gives the critic no small share of fame.

THE president of the royal academy in his admirable *Discourse on imitation*, has set the folly of depending on unassisted genius, in the clearest light; and has shewn the necessity of adding the knowledge of others, to our own native powers, in his usual striking and masterly manner. “The mind, says he, is a  
 “barren soil, is a soil soon exhausted,  
 “and will produce no crop, or only  
 “one, unless it be continually fertiliz-

O

“ed,

“ ed, and enriched with foreign matter.”

YET it has been objected that study is a great enemy to originality; but even if this were true, it would perhaps be as well that an author should give us the ideas of still better writers, mixed and assimilated with the matter in his own mind, as those crude and undigested thoughts which he values under the notion that they are original. The sweetest honey neither tastes of the rose, the honeysuckle, nor the carnation, yet it is compounded of the very essence of them all.

IF in the other fine arts this accumulation of knowledge is necessary, it is indispensably so in poetry. It is a fatal rashness for any one to trust too much to their own stock of ideas.

He

He must invigorate them by exercise, polish them by conversation, and increase them by every species of elegant and virtuous knowledge, and the mind will not fail to reproduce with interest those seeds, which are sown in it by study and observation. Above all, let every one guard against the dangerous opinion that he knows enough: an opinion that will weaken the energy and reduce the powers of the mind, which, though once perhaps vigorous and effectual, will be sunk to a state of literary imbecility, by cherishing vain and presumptuous ideas of its own independence.

For instance, it may not be necessary that a poet should be deeply skilled in the Linnæan system; but it must be allowed that a general acquaintance with plants and flowers will furnish

him with a delightful and profitable species of instruction. He is not obliged to trace Nature in all her nice and varied operations, with the minute accuracy of a Boyle, or the laborious investigation of a Newton; but his *good sense* will point out to him that no inconsiderable portion of philosophical knowledge is requisite to the completion of his literary character. The sciences are more independent, and require little or no assistance from the graces of poetry; but poetry, if she would charm and instruct, must not be so haughty; she must be contented to borrow of the sciences, many of her choicest allusions, and many of her most graceful embellishments; and does it not magnify the character of true poesy, that she includes within herself all the scattered graces of every separate art?

THE

THE rules of the great masters in criticism may not be so necessary to the forming a good taste, as the examination of those original mines from whence they drew their treasures of knowledge.

THE three celebrated Essays on the Art of Poetry do not teach so much by their laws as by their examples; the dead letter of their rules is less instructive than the living spirit of their verse. Yet these rules are to a young poet, what the study of logarithms is to a young mathematician; they do not so much contribute to form his judgment, as afford him the satisfaction of convincing him that he is right. They do not preclude the difficulty of the operation; but at the conclusion of it, furnish him with a fuller demonstration that he has proceeded on pro-

per principles. When he has well studied the masters in whose schools the first critics formed themselves, and fancies he has caught a spark of their divine Flame, it may be a good method to try his own compositions by the test of the critic rules, so far indeed as the mechanism of poetry goes. If the examination be fair and candid, this trial, like the touch of Ithuriel's spear, will detect every latent error, and bring to light every favourite failing.

Good taste always suits the measure of its admiration to the merit of the composition it examines. It accommodates its praises, or its censure, to the excellence of a work, and appropriates it to the nature of it. General applause, or indiscriminate abuse, is the sign of a vulgar understanding. There are certain blemishes which the  
judicious

judicious and good-natured reader will candidly overlook. But the false sublime, the tumour which is intended for greatness, the distorted figure, the puerile conceit, and the incongruous metaphor, these are defects for which scarcely any other kind of merit can atone. And yet there may be more hope of a writer (especially if he be a young one), who is now and then guilty of some of these faults, than of one who avoids them all, not through judgment, but feebleness, and who, instead of deviating into error is continually falling short of excellence. The meer absence of error implies that moderate and inferior degree of merit with which a cold heart and a phlegmatic taste will be better satisfied than with the magnificent irregularities of exalted spirits. It stretches some minds to an uneasy extension to be obliged  
to



to attend to compositions superlatively excellent ; and it contracts liberal souls to a painful narrowness to descend to books of inferior merit. A work of capital genius, to a man of an ordinary mind, is the bed of Procrustes to one of a short stature, the man is too little to fill up the space assigned him, and undergoes the torture in attempting it : and a moderate, or low production to a man of bright talents, is the punishment inflicted by Mezentius ; the living spirit has too much animation to endure patiently to be in contact with a dead body.

TASTE seems to be a sentiment of the soul which gives the bias to opinion, for we feel before we reflect. Without this sentiment, all knowledge, learning and opinion, would be cold, inert materials, whereas they become active principles,



principles when stirred, kindled, and inflamed by this animating quality.

THERE is another feeling which is called *Enthufiasm*. The enthufiasm of fenfible hearts is fo ftrong, that it not only yields to the impulse with which ftriking objects act on it, but fuch hearts help on the effect by their own fenfibility. In a fcene where *Shakefpeare* and *Garrick* give perfection to each other, the feeling heart does not merely accede to the delirium they occafion : it does more, it is enamoured of it, it folicits the delufion, it fues to be deceived, and grudgingly cherifhes the facred treasure of its feelings. The poet and performer concur in carrying us

Beyond this vifible diurnal fphere,  
they bear us aloft in their airy  
courfe with unrefifted rapidity, if  
they meet not with any obftruction  
from

from the coldness of our own feelings. Perhaps, only a few fine spirits can enter into the detail of their writing and acting; but the multitude do not enjoy less acutely, because they are not able philosophically to analyse the sources of their joy or sorrow. If the others have the advantage of judging, these have at least the privilege of feeling: and it is not from complaisance to a few leading judges, that they burst into peals of laughter, or melt into delightful agony; their hearts decide, and that is a decision from which there lies no appeal. It must however be confessed, that the nicer separations of character, and the lighter and almost imperceptible shades which sometimes distinguish them, will not be intimately relished, unless there be a consonancy of taste as well as feeling in the spectator; though where the  
passions

passions are principally concerned, the profane vulgar come in for a larger portion of the universal delight, than critics and connoisseurs are willing to allow them.

YET enthusiasm, though the natural concomitant of genius, is no more genius itself, than drunkenness is cheerfulness; and that enthusiasm which discovers itself on occasions not worthy to excite it, is the mark of a wretched judgment and a false taste.

NATURE produces innumerable objects : to imitate them, is the province of Genius ; to direct those imitations, is the property of Judgment ; to decide on their effects, is the business of Taste. For Taste, who sits as supreme judge on the productions of Genius, is not satisfied when she merely imitates Na-  
 4 ture :

ture: she must also, says an ingenious French writer, imitate *beautiful Nature*. It requires no less judgment to reject than to choose, and Genius might imitate what is vulgar, under pretence that it was natural, if Taste did not carefully point out those objects which are most proper for imitation. It also requires a very nice discernment to distinguish verisimilitude from truth; for there is a truth in Taste nearly as conclusive as demonstration in mathematics.

GENIUS, when in the full impetuosity of its career, often touches on the very brink of error; and is, perhaps, never so near the verge of the precipice, as when indulging its sublimest flights. It is in those great, but dangerous moments, that the curb of vigilant judgment is most wanting:  
while

while safe and sober Dulness observes one tedious and insipid round of tiresome uniformity, and steers equally clear of eccentricity and of beauty. Dulness has few redundancies to retrench, few luxuriances to prune, and few irregularities to smooth. These, though errors, are the errors of Genius, for there is rarely redundancy without plenitude, or irregularity without greatness. The excesses of Genius may easily be retrenched, but the deficiencies of Dulness can never be supplied.

THOSE who copy from others will doubtless be less excellent than those who copy from Nature. To imitate imitators, is the way to depart too far from the great original herself. The latter copies of an engraving retain fainter and fainter traces of the subject,

ject, to which the earlier impressions bore so strong a resemblance.

It seems very extraordinary, that it should be the most difficult thing in the world to be natural; and that it should be harder to hit off the manners of real life, and to delineate such characters as we converse with every day, than to imagine such as do not exist. But caricature is much easier than an exact outline, and the colouring of fancy less difficult than that of truth.

People do not always know what taste they have, till it is awakened by some corresponding object; nay, genius itself is a fire, which in many minds would never blaze, if not kindled by some external cause.

NATURE, that munificent mother, when she bestows the power of judging,  
ing,

ing, accompanies it with the capacity of enjoying. The judgment, which is clear sighted, points out such objects as are calculated to inspire love, and the heart instantaneously attaches itself to whatever is lovely.

IN regard to literary reputation, a great deal depends on the state of learning in the particular age or nation, in which an author lives. In a dark and ignorant period, moderate knowledge will entitle its possessor to a considerable share of fame; whereas, to be distinguished in a polite and lettered age, requires striking parts and deep erudition.

WHEN a nation begins to emerge from a state of mental darkness, and to strike out the first rudiments of improvement, it chalks out a few strong  
but



but incorrect sketches, gives the rude out-lines of general art, and leaves the filling up to the leisure of happier days, and the refinement of more enlightened times. Their drawing is a rude *Stozzo*, and their poetry wild minstrelsy.

PERFECTION of taste is a point which a nation no sooner reaches, than it overshoots; and it is more difficult to return to it, after having passed it, than it was to attain when they fell short of it. Where the arts begin to languish after having flourished, they seldom indeed fall back to their original barbarism, but a certain feebleness of exertion takes place, and it is more difficult to recover them from this dying languor to their proper strength, than it was to polish them from their former rudeness; for it is a less formidable



midable undertaking to refine barbarity, than to stop decay : the first may be laboured into elegance, but the latter will rarely be strengthened into vigour.

TASTE exerts itself at first but feebly and imperfectly : it is repressed and kept back by a crowd of the most discouraging prejudices : like an infant prince, who, though born to reign, yet holds an idle sceptre, which he has not power to use, but is obliged to see with the eyes, and hear through the ears of other men.

A WRITER of correct taste will hardly ever go out of his way, even in search of embellishment : he will study to attain the best end by the most natural means ; for he knows that what is not natural cannot be beautiful, and

P

that

that nothing can be beautiful out of its own place ; for an improper situation will convert the most striking beauty into a glaring defect. When by a well-connected chain of ideas, or a judicious succession of events, the reader is snatched to “ Thebes or “ Athens,” what can be more impertinent than for the poet to obstruct the operation of the passion he has just been kindling, by introducing a conceit which contradicts his purpose, and interrupts his business? Indeed, we cannot be transported, even in idea, to those places, if the poet does not manage so adroitly as not to make us sensible of the journey : the instant we feel we are travelling, the writer’s art fails, and the delirium is at an end.

PROSERPINE, says Ovid, would have been restored to her mother Ceres, had  
not

not Ascalaphus seen her stop to gather a golden apple, when the terms of her restoration were, that she should taste nothing. A story pregnant with instruction for lively writers, who by neglecting the main business, and going out of the way for false gratifications, lose sight of the end they should principally keep in view. It was this false taste that introduced the numberless *concetti*, which disgrace the brightest of the Italian poets; and this is the reason, why the reader only feels short and interrupted snatches of delight in perusing the brilliant but unequal compositions of Ariosto, instead of that unbroken and undiminished pleasure, which he constantly receives from Virgil, from Milton, and generally from Tasso. The first-mentioned Italian is the Atalanta, who will interrupt the most eager career, to pick up the

glittering mischief, while the Mantuan and the British bards, like Hippomenes, press on warm in the pursuit, and unseduced by temptation.

A WRITER of real taste will take great pains in the perfection of his style, to make the reader believe that he took none at all. The writing which appears to be most easy, will be generally found to be least imitable. The most elegant verses are the most easily retained, they fasten themselves on the memory, without its making any effort to preserve them, and we are apt to imagine, that what is remembered with ease, was written without difficulty.

To conclude ; Genius is a rare and precious gem, of which few know the worth ; it is fitter for the cabinet of the connoisseur, than for the commerce

merce of mankind. Good sense is a bank-bill, convenient for change, negotiable at all times, and current in all places. It knows the value of small things, and considers that an aggregate of them makes up the sum of human affairs. It elevates common concerns into matters of importance, by performing them in the best manner, and at the most suitable season. Good sense carries with it the idea of equality, while Genius is always suspected of a design to impose the burden of superiority; and respect is paid to it with that reluctance which always attends other imposts, the lower orders of mankind generally repining most at demands, by which they are least liable to be affected.

As it is the character of Genius to penetrate with a lynx's beam into

unfathomable abyſſes and uncreated worlds, and to ſee what is *not*, ſo it is the property of good ſenſe to diſtinguiſh perfectly, and judge accurately what really *is*. Good ſenſe has not ſo piercing an eye, but it has as clear a ſight : it does not penetrate ſo deeply, but as far as it *does* ſee, it diſcerns diſtinctly. Good ſenſe is a judicious mechanic, who can produce beauty and convenience out of ſuitable means; but Genius (I ſpeak with reverence of the immeaſurable diſtance) bears ſome remote reſemblance to the divine architect, who produced perfection of beauty without any viſible materials, *who ſpoke, and it was created; who ſaid, Let it be, and it was.*

THE END.

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AND DISTINGUISHED QUALITIES  
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AND ADD LUSTRE TO HER RANK,  
HER EXCELLENCE IN THE MATERNAL CHARACTER  
GIVES A PECULIAR PROPRIETY  
TO HER PROTECTION OF THIS LITTLE WORK ;  
WRITTEN WITH AN HUMBLE WISH  
TO PROMOTE THE LOVE OF PIETY AND VIRTUE  
IN YOUNG PERSONS ;

BY HER GRACE'S  
MOST OBEDIENT,  
MOST OBLIGED, AND  
MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

H. MORE.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem.

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3. The third part is devoted to the case of a system of particles.

4. In the fourth part, we discuss the results of our calculations.

5. The fifth part is devoted to a discussion of the experimental results.

6. In the sixth part, we consider the case of a system of particles.

7. The seventh part is devoted to a discussion of the results of our calculations.

8. In the eighth part, we consider the case of a system of particles.

9. The ninth part is devoted to a discussion of the results of our calculations.

10. In the tenth part, we consider the case of a system of particles.

11. The eleventh part is devoted to a discussion of the results of our calculations.

12. In the twelfth part, we consider the case of a system of particles.

13. The thirteenth part is devoted to a discussion of the results of our calculations.

14. In the fourteenth part, we consider the case of a system of particles.

15. The fifteenth part is devoted to a discussion of the results of our calculations.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**I** AM as ready as the most rigid Critic, to confess, that nothing can be more simple and inartificial than the plans of the following Dramas. In the construction of them, I have seldom ventured to introduce any persons \* of my own creation: still less did I imagine myself at liberty to invent circumstances. I reflected, with awe, that *the place whereon I stood was holy ground*. All the latitude I permitted myself, was, to

\* Never, indeed, except in DANIEL, and that of necessity; as the Bible furnishes no more than two persons, Daniel and Darius; and these were not sufficient to carry on the business of the Piece.

make such persons as I selected, act under such circumstances as I found; and express such sentiments as, in my humble judgment, appeared not unnatural to their situations.— Some of the speeches are so long, as to retard the action; for I rather aspired after Moral Instruction, than the purity of Dramatic Composition. The very terms of Act and Scene are avoided; because I was unwilling to awaken the attention of the Reader to my deficiencies in critical exactness.

It will be thought that I have chosen, perhaps, the least important passage in the eventful Life of David, for the foundation of the Drama which bears his name. Yet even in this, his first exploit, the sacred Historian represents him as exhibiting no mean lesson of modesty, humility, courage, and

and piety : virtues not only admirable, but imitable ; and within the reach of every Reader. Many will think, that the introduction of Saul's daughter would have added to the effect of the piece : and I have no doubt, but that it would have made the intrigue more complicated, and more interesting, had this Drama been intended for the Stage. There, all that is tender, and all that is terrible in the passions, find a proper place. But I write for the Young, in whom it will be always time enough to have them awakened ; I write for a class of Readers, to whom it is not easy to accommodate one's subject \*.

A very

\* It would not be easy, I believe, to introduce Sacred Tragedies on the English Stage. The scrupulous would think it profane, while the profane would think it dull.

Yet

A very judicious and learned friend has remarked, that the *Reflections of King Hezekiah* breathe rather too much of the spirit of Christianity; for that it is scarcely probable he had so settled a belief in the General Judgment. I feel the justness of the objection, without having been able to obviate it. I wished to convey a strong idea of this great leading truth; and have, perhaps improperly, ascribed sentiments to a Jewish monarch, merely because I wished to impress them on the Christian Reader.

The Critic and the Scholar, if any such should honour these pages with their atten-

Yet the excellent RACINE, in a dissipated country, and a voluptuous court, ventured to adapt the story of *Athaliah* to the French Theatre; and it remains to us a glorious monument of its Author's courageous piety, and of the perfection of the Dramatic Art.



tion, will find ample matter on which to exercise their candor and their charity ; qualities so natural to genius and to learning, that even the feebleness of my performance will not be able to obstruct the exertion of them in favour of my intention.

The amiable Poet \* from whom I have taken my motto, after shewing the superiority of the Sacred, over the Profane Histories (some instances of which I have noticed in my Introduction), concludes with the following remark, which I may apply to myself with more propriety than it was used by the Author :—“ I am far from assuming  
“ to myself, to have fulfilled the duty of this  
“ weighty undertaking; and I shall be am-

\* Cowley.

“ bitious of no other fruit from this weak  
“ and imperfect attempt of mine, but the  
“ opening of a way to the courage and in-  
“ dustry of some other persons, who may  
“ be better able to perform it thoroughly  
“ and successfully.”

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E R R A T A.

Page 22. line last, for the *Full-point* after God, put  
a *Comma*

Page 32. line 13. *for* weaken'd *read* waken'd

---

T H E

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

O For the sacred energy, which struck  
 The harp of Jesse's son ! or for a spark  
 Of that celestial flame, which touch'd the lips  
 Of blest'd Isaiah \*; when the Seraphim  
 With living fire descended, and his soul  
 From sin's pollution purg'd ! or one faint ray,  
 (If human things to heavenly I may join)  
 Of that pure spirit, which inflam'd the breast  
 Of Milton, God's own poet ! when, retir'd,  
 In fair enthusiastic vision rapt,  
 The *nightly visitant* deign'd blest his couch  
 With inspiration, such as never flow'd

---

\* Isaiah, chap. vi.

From Aganippe's fount, or Acidale !  
Then, when the sacred fire within him burnt,  
He spake, as man or angel might have spoke,  
When man was pure, and angels were his guests.

It will not be.—Nor prophet's burning zeal,  
Nor muse of fire, nor yet to sweep the strings  
With sacred energy to me belongs ;  
Nor with Miltonic hand to touch the chords,  
That wake to ecstasy. From me, alas !  
The secret source of harmony is hid ;  
The magic powers which catch the ravish'd soul  
In melody's sweet maze, and the clear streams  
Which to pure Fancy's yet untasted springs  
Enchanted lead. Of these I nothing know ;  
Yet, all unknowing, dare thy aid invoke,  
Spirit of Truth ! who graciously hast said,  
That none who ask in faith should ask in vain.

You I invoke not now, ye fabled Nine !  
I not invoke you, though you well were fought

In Greece and Latium, by immortal bards,  
Whose syren song enchants; and shall enchant,  
Thro' Time's wide-circling round, tho' false their  
faith,

And less than human were the gods they sung.  
Tho' false their faith, they taught the best they knew;  
And, blush O Christians! liv'd above their faith.  
They wou'd have bless'd the beam, and hail'd the day,  
Which chas'd the moral darkness from their souls.  
Oh! had their minds receiv'd the clearer ray  
Of true devotion; they had learn'd to scorn  
Their deities impure, their senseless gods,  
And wild mythology's fantastic maze.

Pure PLATO! how had thy chaste spirit hail'd  
A faith so fitted to thy moral sense!  
What hadst thou felt, to see the fair romance  
Of high imagination, the bright dream  
Of thy pure fancy more than realiz'd!  
O sweet enthusiast! thou hadst blest a scheme  
Fair, good, and perfect. How had thy rapt soul

Caught fire, and burnt with a diviner flame !  
 For ev'n thy fair idea ne'er conceiv'd  
 Such plenitude of love, such boundless blifs,  
 As Deity made visible to sense.  
 Unhappy BRUTUS ! philosophic mind !  
 Great 'midst the errors of the Stoic school !  
 How had his kindling spirit joy'd to find  
 That his lov'd virtue was no empty name :  
 Nor had he met the vision at Philippi ;  
 Nor had he sheath'd his bloody dagger's point,  
 Or in the breast he lov'd, or in his own.

The Pagan page how far more wise than ours !  
 They with the gods they worshipp'd grac'd their song ;  
 Our song we grace with gods we disbelieve ;  
 The manners we adopt without the creed.  
 Shall Fiction only raise poetic flame,  
 And shall no altars blaze, O TRUTH ! to thee ?  
 Shall falsehood only please, and fable charm ?  
 And shall eternal Truth neglected lie ?  
 Because immortal, slighted or profan'd ?



Truth has our rev'rence only, not our love ;  
Our praise, but not our heart. A deity,  
Confess'd, but shunn'd ; acknowledg'd, not ador'd ;  
She comes too near us, and she shines too bright.  
Her penetrating beam at once betrays  
What we wou'd hide from others and ourselves.

Why shun to make our duty our delight ?  
Let *pleasure* be the motive (and allow  
That immortality be quite forgot) :  
Where shall we trace, thro' all the page profane,  
A livelier pleasure, and a purer source  
Of innocent delight, than the fair book  
Of holy Truth presents ? For ardent youth,  
The sprightly narrative ; for years mature,  
The moral document, in sober robe  
Of grave philosophy array'd : which all  
Had heard with admiration, had embrac'd  
With rapture ; had the shades of Academe,  
Or the learn'd Porch produc'd it. Then, O then,  
How Wisdom's hidden treasures had been couch'd  
Beneath fair Allegory's graceful veil !

Do not the pow'rs of soul-enchancing song,  
 Strong imag'ry, bold figure, every charm  
 Of eastern flight sublime, apt metaphor,  
 And all the graces in thy lovely train,  
 Divine Simplicity ! assemble all  
 In Sion's songs, and bold Isaiah's strain ?

Why shou'd the classic eye delight to trace  
 How Pyrrha and the fam'd Theſſalian \* king  
 Restor'd the ruin'd race of loft mankind ;  
 Yet turn, incurious, from the patriarch fav'd,  
 The righteous remnant of a delug'd world ?  
 Why are we taught, delighted, to recount  
 Alcides' labours, yet neglect to learn  
 How mighty Samson led a life of toil  
 Herculean ? Pain and peril mark'd them both ;  
 A life eventful, and disastrous death.  
 Can all the tales, which Grecian records yield ;  
 Can all the names the Roman page records,  
 Renown'd for friendship and surpassing love ;

---

\* Deucalion.

Can gallant Theseus and his brave compeer ;  
Orestes, and the partner of his toils ;  
Achates and his friend ; Euryalus  
And blooming Nisus, pleasant in their lives,  
And undivided by the stroke of death ;  
Can each, can all, a lovelier picture yield  
Of virtuous friendship : can they all present  
A tenderness more touching than the love  
Of Jonathan and David ?—Speak, ye young !  
You who are undebauch'd by fashion's lore,  
And, unsophisticate, from nature judge,  
Say, is your quick attention stronger drawn,  
By wasted Thebes, than Pharaoh's smitten hosts ?  
Or do the vagrant Trojans yield a theme  
More grateful to the eager appetite  
Of young impatience, than the wand'ring tribes,  
By Moses thro' the thirsty desert led ?  
The beauteous \* Maid (tho' tender is the tale),  
Whose guiltless blood on Aulis' altar stream'd,

---

\* Iphigenia.

Smites not the bosom with a softer pang  
Than Jephthah's daughter, doom'd like her to die.

Such are the lovely themes, which court the Muse  
Scarce yet essay'd in verse. O let me mourn,  
That heav'n-descended song should e'er forget  
Its sacred dignity and high descent;  
Should e'er so far its origin debase,  
To spread corruption's bane, to lull the bad  
With flattery's opiate strain; to taint the heart  
Of innocence, and silently infuse  
Delicious poison, whose insidious charm  
Feeds the sick mind, and fondly ministers  
Unwholesome pleasure to the fever'd taste;  
While its fell venom, with malignant pow'r,  
Strikes at the root of virtue, with'ring all  
Her vital energy. Oh! for some balm  
Of sov'reign power, to raise the drooping Muse  
To all the health of virtue! to infuse  
A gen'rous warmth, to rouse an holy pride,  
And give her high conceptions of herself!

For me, eternal Spirit ! let thy word  
My path illume ! O thou compassionate God !  
Thou know'st our frame, thou know'st we are but dust.  
From dust a Seraph's zeal thou wilt not ask,  
An Angel's purity. Oh ! as I strive,  
Tho' with a feeble voice and flagging wing,  
A glowing heart, but pow'rless hand, to tell  
The faith of favour'd man to heav'n ; to sing  
The ways inscrutable of heav'n to man ;  
May I, by thy celestial guidance led,  
Fix deeper in my heart the truths I sing !  
In my own life transcribe whate'er of good  
To others I propose ! and by thy rule  
Correct th' irregular \*, reform the wrong,  
Exalt the low, and brighten the obscure !  
Still may I note, how all th' agreeing parts  
Of this well-order'd fabric join to frame  
One fair, one finish'd, one harmonious whole !

---

\* What in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and support.

PARADISE LOST.

Trace

Trace the close links, which form the perfect chain  
In beautiful connexion ; mark the scale,  
Whose nice gradations, with progression true,  
For ever rising, end in DEITY !

# MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES:

A

S A C R E D D R A M A.

---

I will assert eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to man.

PARADISE LOST.

---

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

HEBREW WOMEN.

JOCHÈBED, Mother of MOSES.

MIRIAM, his Sister.

EGYPTIANS.

The PRINCESS, King PHARAOH's Daughter; MELI-  
TA; and other Attendants.

SCENE, on the Banks of the NILE.

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☞ The subject is taken from the Second Chapter of  
the Book of Exodus.



# MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES:

## PART I.

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JOCHÈBED, MIRIAM.

JOCHÈBED.

**W**HY was my pray'r accepted? why did heav'n  
In anger hear me, when I ask'd a son?

Ye dames of Egypt! happy, happy mothers!

No tyrant robs you of your fondest hopes;

You are not doom'd to see the babes you bore,

The babes you nurture, bleed before your eyes!

You taste the transports of maternal love,

And never know its anguish! Happy mothers!

How

## 14 MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES:

How diff'rent is the lot of thy sad daughters,  
O wretched Israel! Was it then for this?  
Was it for this the righteous arm of GOD  
Rescued his chosen people from the jaws  
Of cruel want, by pious Joseph's care?  
Joseph! th' elected instrument of heav'n,  
Decreed to save illustrious Abraham's race,  
What time the famine rag'd in Canaan's land.  
Israel, who then was spar'd, must perish now!

Oh thou mysterious pow'r! who hast involv'd  
Thy wise decrees in darkness, to perplex  
The pride of human wisdom, to confound  
The daring scrutiny, and prove the faith  
Of thy presuming creatures! clear this doubt;  
Teach me to trace this maze of Providence:  
Why save the fathers, if the sons must perish?

MIRIAM.

Ah me, my mother! whence these floods of grief?

JOCHÈBED.

## JOCHÈBED.

My son ! my son ! I cannot speak the rest.  
Ye who have sons can only know my fondness !  
Ye who have lost them, or who fear to lose,  
Can only know my pangs ! none else can guess them.  
A mother's sorrows cannot be conceiv'd,  
But by a mother—Wherefore am I one ?

## MIRIAM.

With many pray'rs thou didst request this son,  
And heav'n has granted him.

## JOCHÈBED.

O sad estate  
Of human wretchedness ! so weak is man,  
So ignorant and blind, that did not GOD  
Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,  
We shou'd be ruin'd at our own request.

Too well thou know'st, my child, the stern decree,  
Of Egypt's cruel king, hard-hearted Pharaoh ;

“ That

16 MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES:

“ That ev’ry male, of Hebrew mother born,  
“ Must die.” Oh ! do I live to tell it thee ?  
Must die a bloody death ! My child, my son,  
My youngest born, my darling must be slain !

MIRIAM.

The helpless innocent ! and must he die ?

JOCHÈBED.

No : if a mother’s tears, a mother’s pray’rs,  
A mother’s fond precautions can prevail,  
He shall not die. I have a thought, my Miriam !  
And sure the God of mercies, who inspir’d,  
Will bless the secret purpose of my soul,  
To save his precious life.

MIRIAM.

Hop’st thou that Pharaoh—

JOCHÈBED.

I have no hope in Pharaoh, much in God ;  
Much in the ROCK OF AGES.

MIRIAM.

## MIRIAM.

Think, O think,

What perils thou already hast incurr'd ;

And shun the greater, which may yet remain.

Three months, three dang'rous months thou hast pre-  
serv'd

Thy infant's life, and in thy house conceal'd him !

Shou'd Pharaoh know !

## JOCHÈBED.

Oh ! let the tyrant know,

And feel what he inflicts ! Yes, hear me, Heav'n !

Send thy right aiming thunderbolts——But hush,

My impious murmurs ! Is it not thy will ;

Thou, infinite in mercy ? Thou permitt'st

This seeming evil for some latent good.

Yes, I will laud thy grace, and bless thy goodness

For what I have, and not arraign thy wisdom

For what I fear to lose. O, I will bless thee,

That Aaron will be spar'd ! that my first-born

## 18 MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES:

Lives safe and undisturb'd ! that he was giv'n me  
Before this impious persecution rag'd !

MIRIAM.

And yet who knows, but the fell tyrant's rage  
May reach *his* precious life ?

JOCHÈBED.

I fear for him,  
For thee, for all. A doating parent lives  
In many lives ; thro' many a nerve she feels ;  
From child to child the quick affections spread,  
For ever wand'ring, yet for ever fix'd.  
Nor does division weaken, nor the force  
Of constant operation e'er exhaust  
Parental love. All other passions change,  
With changing circumstances ; rise or fall,  
Dependant on their object ; claim returns ;  
Live on reciprocation, and expire  
Unfed by hope. A mother's fondness reigns  
Without a rival, and without an end.

MIRIAM.

But say what Heav'n inspires, to save thy son ?

JOCHÈBED.

Since the dear fatal morn which gave him birth,  
I have revolv'd in my distracted mind  
Each means to save his life : and many a thought,  
Which fondness prompted, prudence has oppos'd  
As perilous and rash. With these poor hands  
I've fram'd a little ark of slender reeds ;  
With pitch and slime I have secur'd the sides.  
In this frail cradle I intend to lay  
My little helpless infant, and expose him  
Upon the banks of Nile.

MIRIAM.

'Tis full of danger.

JOCHÈBED.

'Tis danger to expose, and death to keep him.

MIRIAM.

Yet, Oh ! reflect. Shou'd the fierce crocodile,  
The native and the tyrant of the NILE,  
Seize the defenceless infant !

JOCHÈBED.

Oh, forbear !

Spare my fond heart. Yet not the crocodile,  
Nor all the deadly monsters of the deep,  
To me are half so terrible as PHARAOH,  
That heathen king, that royal murderer !

MIRIAM.

Shou'd he escape, which yet I dare not hope,  
Each sea-born monster ; yet the winds and waves  
He cannot 'scape.

JOCHÈBED.

Know, God is ev'ry where ;  
Not to one narrow, partial spot confin'd ;

No.



No, not to chosen ISRAEL : He extends  
Thro' all the vast infinitude of space.  
At his command the furious tempests rise,  
The blasting of the breath of his displeasure :  
He tells the world of waters, when to roar ;  
And at his bidding, winds and seas are calm.  
In HIM, not in an arm of flesh, I trust ;  
In HIM, whose promise never yet has fail'd,  
I place my confidence.

## MIRIAM.

What must I do ?  
Command thy daughter, for thy words have wak'd  
An holy boldness in my youthful breast.

## JOCHÈBED.

Go then, my MIRIAM ! go, and take the infant.  
Buried in harmless slumbers there he lies :  
Let me not see him—spare my heart that pang.  
Yet sure, one little look may be indulg'd,  
One kiss—perhaps the last. No more, my soul !

22 MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES:

That fondness wou'd be fatal—I shou'd keep him.  
I cou'd not doom to death the babe I clasp'd :  
Did ever mother kill her sleeping boy ?  
I dare not hazard it—The task be thine.  
Oh ! do not wake my child ; remove him softly ;  
And gently lay him on the river's brink.

MIRIAM.

Did those magicians, whom the sons of EGYPT  
Consult, and think all-potent, join their skill,  
And was it great as EGYPT's sons believe ;  
Yet all their secret wizard arts combin'd,  
To save this little ark of Bulrushes,  
Thus fearfully expos'd, cou'd not effect it.  
Their spells, their incantations, and dire charms  
Cou'd not preserve it.

JOCHÈBED.

Know, this ark is charm'd  
With spells, which impious EGYPT never knew ;  
With invocations to the living God.

I twisted

I twisted every slender reed together,  
And with a pray'r did every ozier weave.

MIRIAM.

I go.

JOCHÈBED.

Yet e'er thou go'st, observe me well.  
When thou hast laid him in his watry bed,  
O leave him not ; but at a distance wait,  
And mark what Heaven's high will determines for him.  
Lay him among the flags on yonder beach,  
Just where the royal gardens meet the Nile.  
I dare not follow him, Suspicion's eye  
Wou'd note my wild demeanor ; MIRIAM, yes,  
The mother's fondness wou'd betray the child.  
Farewell ! GOD of my fathers, Oh protect him !

---

# MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES:

## P A R T II.

---

SCENE, on the Banks of the NILE.

*Enter MIRIAM, after having deposited the child,*

**Y**ES, I have laid him in his watry bed,  
 His watry grave, I fear!—I tremble still;  
 It was a cruel task——still I must weep!  
 But ah! my mother, who shall sooth thy griefs?  
 The flags and sea-weeds will awhile sustain  
 Their precious load, but it must sink ere long!  
 Sweet babe, farewell! Yet think not I will leave  
     thee;  
 No, I will watch thee, till the greedy waves

Devour thy little bark: I'll sit me down,  
And sing to thee, sweet babe! Thou can'st not hear;  
But 'twill amuse me, while I watch thy fate.

*[She sits down on a bank, and sings.]*

---

S O N G.

I.

**T**HOU, who canst make the feeble strong,  
O God of Israel, hear my song!  
Not mine such notes as Egypt's daughters raise;  
'Tis thee, O God of Hosts, I strive to praise.

II.

Ye winds, the servants of the LORD,  
Ye waves, obedient to his word,  
O spare the babe committed to your trust;  
And Israel shall confess, the LORD is just!

III.

## III.

Tho' doom'd to find an early grave,  
 This helpless infant thou canst save;  
 And he, whose death's decreed by Pharaoh's hand,  
 May rise a prophet to redeem the land.

*[She rises, and looks out.*

---

Who moves this way? of royal port she seems;  
 Perhaps sent hither by the hand of Heav'n,  
 To prop the falling house of Levi.—Soft!  
 I'll listen unperceiv'd, these trees will hide me.

*[She stands behind.*

*Enter the PRINCESS of EGYPT, attended by a  
 train of Ladies.*

## PRINCESS.

No farther, Virgins; here I mean to rest,  
 To taste the pleasant coolness of the breeze;

Perhaps

Perhaps to bathe in this translucent stream.  
Did not our holy law \* enjoin th' ablution  
Frequent and regular ; it still were needful,  
To mitigate the fervors of our clime.  
MELITA, stay—the rest at distance wait.

*[They all go out, except one.]*

*The PRINCESS looks out.*

Sure, or I much mistake, or I perceive  
Upon the sedgy margin of the Nile  
A chest ; entangled in the reeds it seems :  
Discern'st thou ought ?

MELITA.

Something, but what I know not,

PRINCESS.

Go and examine, what this sight may mean.

*[Exit Maid.]*

---

\* The ancient Egyptians used to wash their bodies four times every twenty-four hours.

MIRIAM.

MIRIAM, *behind*.

O blest, beyond my hopes ! he is discover'd ;  
 My brother will be sav'd ! who is this stranger ?  
 Ah ! 'tis the Princess, cruel Pharaoh's daughter.  
 If she resemble her inhuman Sire,  
 She must be cruel too ; yet fame reports her  
 Most merciful and mild :—I'll mark th' event,  
 And pray that Heav'n may prompt her to preserve him.

*Re-enter* MELITA.

PRINCESS.

Hast thou discover'd what the vessel is ?

MELITA.

Oh, Princess, I have seen the strangest sight !  
 Within the vessel lies a sleeping babe,  
 A fairer infant have I never seen !

PRINCESS.

Who knows, but some unhappy Hebrew woman  
 Has thus expos'd her infant, to evade

The



The stern decree of my too cruel Sire.  
Unhappy mothers ! oft my heart has bled  
In secret anguish o'er your slaughter'd sons.

MELITA.

Shou'd this be one, my Princess knows the danger.

PRINCESS.

No danger shou'd deter from acts of mercy.

MIRIAM, *behind*.

A thousand blessings on her princely head !

PRINCESS.

Too much the sons of Jacob have endur'd  
From royal Pharaoh's unrelenting hate ;  
Too much our house has crush'd their alien race.  
Is't not enough, that cruel task-masters  
Grind them by hard oppression and stern bondage ?  
Is't not enough, my father owes his greatness,  
His palaces, his fanes magnificent ;  
Those structures which the world with wonder views,  
To

## 30 MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES:

To the hard toils of much insulted Israel?  
To them his growing cities owe their splendor,  
Their labours built fair Rameses and Pythom;  
And now, at length, his still increasing rage  
To iron bondage adds the guilt of murder.  
And shall this little helpless infant perish?  
Forbid it, justice; and forbid it, heav'n!

### MELITA.

I know, thy royal father fears the strength  
Of this still growing race, who flourish more  
The more they are oppress'd; he dreads their numbers.

### PRINCESS.

Apis forbid! Pharaoh afraid of Israel!  
Yet shou'd this outcast race, this hapless people  
E'er grow to such a formidable greatness;  
(Which all the gods avert, whom Egypt worships)  
This infant's life can never serve their cause,  
Nor can his single death prevent their greatness.

MELITA.

## MELITA.

I know not that : by weakest instruments  
Sometimes are great events produc'd ; this child  
Perhaps may live to serve his upstart race  
More than an host.

## PRINCESS.

How ill does it beseem

Thy tender years, and gentle womanhood,  
To steel thy breast to Pity's sacred touch !  
So weak, so unprotected is our sex,  
So constantly expos'd, so very helpless ;  
That did not Heav'n itself enjoin compassion,  
Yet human policy shou'd make us kind,  
Left we shou'd need the pity we refuse.  
Yes, I will save him——lead me to the place ;  
And from the feeble rushes we'll remove  
The little ark, which cradles this poor babe.

*[The PRINCESS and her Maid go out.]*

MIRIAM.

MIRIAM *comes forward.*

How poor were words, to speak my boundless joy !  
The Princess will protect him ; bless her, Heav'n !

*[She looks out after the Princess, and describes  
her action.]*

With what impatient steps she seeks the shore !  
Now she approaches where the ark is laid !  
With what compassion, with what angel-sweetness,  
She bends to look upon the infant's face !  
She takes his little hand in her's—he wakes—  
She smiles upon him—hark ! alas, he cries ;  
Weep on, sweet babe ! weep on, till thou hast touch'd  
Each chord of pity, weaken'd every sense  
Of melting sympathy, and stolen her soul !  
She takes him in her arms—O lovely Princess !  
How goodness heightens beauty ! now she clasps him  
With fondness to her heart, she gives him now  
With tender caution to her damsel's arms :  
She points her to the palace, and again

This

This way the Princess bends her gracious steps;  
The virgin-train retire, and bear the child.

*Re-enter the* PRINCESS.

PRINCESS.

Did ever innocence and infant-beauty  
Plead with such dumb but powerful eloquence?  
If I, a stranger, feel these soft emotions,  
What must the mother who expos'd him feel!  
Go, fetch a woman of the Hebrew race,  
That she may nurse the babe; and, by her garb,  
Lo such a one is here!

MIRIAM.

Princess, all hail!  
Forgive the bold intrusion of thy servant,  
Who stands a charm'd spectator of thy goodness.

PRINCESS.

I have redeem'd an infant from the waves,  
Whom I intend to nurture as mine own.

D

MIRIAM.

MIRIAM.

My transports will betray me ! [*Aside.*] Gen'rous  
Princess !

PRINCESS.

Know'st thou a matron of the Hebrew race,  
To whom I may confide him ?

MIRIAM.

Well I know  
A prudent matron of the house of Levi ;  
Her name Jochèbed is, the wife of Amram ;  
Gentle she is, and fam'd throughout her tribe  
For soft humanity ; full well I know  
That she will rear him with a mother's love.  
[*Aside.*] Oh truly spoke ! a mother's love indeed !  
To her despairing arms I mean to give  
This precious trust ; the nurse shall be the mother !

PRINCESS.

With speed conduct this matron to the palace.  
Yes, I will raise him up to princely greatness,

And he shall be my son ; his name be *Moses*,  
For I have drawn him from the perilous flood.

[*They go out. She kneels.*

Thou Great Unseen ! who causest gentle deeds,  
And smil'st on what thou causest ; thus I bless thee,  
That thou didst deign consult the tender make  
Of yielding human hearts, when thou ordain'd'st  
Humanity a virtue ! Did'st incline  
The nat'ral bias of the soul to mercy,  
Then mad'st that mercy duty ! Gracious Pow'r !  
Mad'st the keen rapture exquisite as right :  
Beyond the joys of sense ; as pleasure sweet ;  
As reason constant, and as instinct strong !

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# MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

## P A R T III.

---

*Enter* JOCHÈBED.

I'VE almost reach'd the place—with cautious steps  
 I must approach to where the ark is laid,  
 Left from the royal gardens any spy me.

—Poor babe! ere this, the pressing calls of hunger  
 Have broke thy short repose; the chilling waves,  
 Perhaps, have drench'd thy little shiv'ring limbs.  
 What—what must he have suffer'd!—No one sees me:  
 But soft, does no one listen?—Ah! how hard,  
 How very hard for fondness to be prudent!  
 Now is the moment, to embrace and feed him.

*[She looks out.*

Where's



Where's Miriam ? she has left her little charge,  
 Perhaps through fear, perhaps she was detected.  
 How wild is thought ! how terrible conjecture !  
 A mother's fondness frames a thousand fears,  
 And shapes unreal evils into being.

*[She looks towards the river.]*

Ah me ! where is he ? soul-distracting sight !  
 He is not there—he's lost, he's gone, he's drown'd !  
 Toss'd by each beating surge my infant floats ;  
 Cold, cold and wat'ry is thy grave, my child !  
 O no—I see the ark—Transporting sight ;

*[She goes towards it.]*

What do I see ? Alas, the ark is empty !  
 The casket's left, the precious gem is gone !  
 You spar'd him, pitying spirits of the deep !  
 But vain your mercy ; some insatiate beast,  
 Cruel as Pharaoh, took the life you spar'd—  
 And I shall never, never see him more !

*Enter* MIRIAM.

JOCHÈBED.

Come, and lament with me thy brother's loss!

MIRIAM.

Come, and adore with me the God of Jacob!

JOCHÈBED.

Miriam—the child is dead!

MIRIAM.

He lives, he lives!

JOCHÈBED.

Impossible: Oh! do not mock my grief!

See'st thou that empty vessel?

MIRIAM.

From that vessel

Th' Egyptian Princess took him.

JOCHÈBED.

JOCHÈBED.

Pharaoh's daughter ?

Then still he will be slain.

MIRIAM.

His life is safe ;

For know, she means to rear him as her own.

JOCHÈBED.

*[Falls on her knees in rapture.*

To GOD, the LORD, the glory be ascrib'd !

Oh magnified for ever be thy might,

Who can't plant mercy in a Heathen's heart,

And from the depth of evil bring forth good !

*[She rises.*

MIRIAM.

O blest event, beyond our warmest hopes :

JOCHÈBED.

What ! shall my son be nurtur'd in a court,

In princely grandeur bred ? taught every art,

And every wond'rous science Egypt knows ?

#### 40. MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES :

Yet ah ! I tremble, Miriam ; shou'd he learn,  
With Egypt's polish'd arts, her baneful faith !  
O worse exchange for death ! Yes, shou'd he learn  
In yon' proud palace to disown *his* hand  
Who thus has sav'd him : shou'd he e'er embrace  
(As sure he will, if bred in Pharaoh's court)  
The gross idolatries which Egypt owns,  
Her graven images, her brutish gods :  
Then shall I wish he had not been preserv'd,  
To shame his fathers, and deny his faith.

#### MIRIAM.

Then, to dispel thy fears, and crown thy joy,  
Hear farther wonders—Know, the gen'rous Princess  
To thine own care thy darling child commits.

#### JOCHÈBED.

Speak, while my joy will give me leave to listen !

#### MIRIAM.

By her commission'd, thou behold'st me here,  
To seek a matron of the Hebrew race

To nurse him ; thou, my mother, art that matron.—  
I said, I knew thee well ; that thou wou'd'st rear him  
Ev'n with a mother's fondness ; she, who bare him,  
(I told the Princess) could not love him more.

## JOCHÈBED.

Fountain of Mercy ! whose pervading eye  
Beholds the heart, and sees what passes there,  
Accept my thoughts for thanks ! I have no words—  
How poor were human language to express  
My gratitude, my wonder, and my joy !

## MIRIAM.

Yes, thou shalt pour into his infant mind  
The purest precepts of the purest faith.

## JOCHÈBED.

O ! I will fill his tender soul with virtue,  
And warm his bosom with devotion's flame !  
Aid me, celestial Spirit ! with thy grace,  
And be my labours with thy influence crown'd :  
Without it they were vain. Then, then, my Miriam,  
When

42 MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES :

When he is furnish'd, 'gainst the evil day,  
With God's whole armour\*, girt with sacred truth,  
And as a breast-plate, wearing righteousness,  
Arm'd with the spirit of God, the shield of Faith,  
And with the helmet of salvation crown'd,  
Inur'd to watching, and dispos'd to pray'r ;  
Then may I send him to a dangerous court,  
And safely trust him in a perilous world,  
Too full of tempting snares and fond delusions !

MIRIAM.

May bounteous Heav'n thy pious cares reward !

JOCHÈBED.

O Amram ! O my husband ! when thou com'st,  
Wearied at night, to rest thee from the toils  
Impos'd by haughty Pharaoh ; what a tale  
Have I to tell thee ! yes—thy darling son  
Was lost, and is restor'd ; was dead, and lives !

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\* 2 Thess. chap. v. Also, Ephes. chap. vi.

MIRIAM.

## MIRIAM.

How joyful shall we spend the live-long night  
In praises to JEHOVAH ; who thus mocks  
All human foresight, and converts the means  
Of seeming ruin into great deliverance !

## JOCHÈBED.

Had not my child been doom'd to such strange perils,  
As a fond mother trembles to recal ;  
He had not been preserv'd.

## MIRIAM.

And mark still farther :

Had he been sav'd by any other hand,  
He had been still expos'd to equal ruin.

## JOCHÈBED.

Then let us join to bless the hand of Heaven,  
That this poor outcast of the house of Israel,  
Condemn'd to die by Pharaoh, kept in secret  
By my advent'rous fondness ; then expos'd

Ev'n

44 MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

Ev'n by that very fondness which conceal'd him,  
Is now, to fill the wondrous round of mercy,  
Preserv'd from perishing by Pharaoh's daughter,  
Sav'd by the very hand which fought to crush him !

Wife and unsearchable are all thy ways,  
Thou GOD of MERCIES !—Lead me to my child !



# DAVID AND GOLIATH:

A

S A C R E D D R A M A.

---

O bienheureux mille fois,  
L'Enfant que le Seigneur aime,  
Qui de bonne heure entend sa voix,  
Et que ce Dieu daigne instruire lui-même !  
Loin du monde élevé ; de tous les dons des Cieux.  
Il est orné dès sa naissance ;  
Et du méchant l'abord contagieux  
N'altère point son innocence.

ATHALIE.

---

## PERSONS of the DRAMA.

SAUL, King of ISRAEL.

ABNER, his General.

JESSE.

ELIAB,

ABINADAB, } Sons of JESSE.

DAVID,

GOLIATH, the PHILISTINE Giant.

PHILISTINES, ISRAELITES, &c. &c.

CHORUS of HEBREW WOMEN.

The SCENE lies in the Camp, in the Valley  
of ELAH, and the adjacent Plain.

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☞ The subject of the Drama is taken from the Seventeenth Chapter of the First Book of Samuel.

# DAVID AND GOLIATH.

## PART I.

---

SCENE, a Shepherd's Tent on a Plain.

DAVID, *under a spreading tree, plays on his harp,  
and sings.*

I.

GREAT Lord of all things ! Pow'r divine !  
Breathe on this erring heart of mine  
Thy grace serene and pure ;  
Defend my frail, my erring youth,  
And teach me this important truth,  
The humble are secure.

II.

## II.

Teach me to blefs my lowly lot  
Confin'd to this paternal cot,  
Remote from regal ftate ;  
Content to court the cooling glade,  
Inhale the breeze, enjoy the fhade,  
And love my humble fate.

## III.

No anxious vigils here I keep,  
No dreams of gold diftract my fleep,  
Nor lead my heart aftray ;  
Nor blafing Envy's tainted gale  
Pollutes the pleasures of the vale,  
To vex my harmlefs day.

## IV.

Yon' tow'r, which rears its head fo high  
And bids defiance to the fky,

Invites

Invites the hostile winds :

Yon' branching oak extending wide,

Provokes destruction by its pride,

And courts the fall it finds.

V.

Then let me shun th' ambitious deed,

And all the dangerous paths which lead

To honours falsely won :

Lord ! in thy sure protection blest,

Submissive will I ever rest,

And may thy will be done !

*[He lays down his harp, and rises.]*

DAVID.

This shepherd's life were dull and tasteless all,

Without the charm of soothing song or harp :

With it, not undelightful is the haunt

Of wood, or lonely grove, or russet plain,

Made vocal by the muse. With this lov'd harp,

This daily solace of my cares, I sooth'd

The melancholy monarch, when he lay,  
Smit by the chill and spirit-quenching hand  
Of blank despair. God of my fathers ! hear me :  
Here I devote my harp, my verse, myself,  
To thy blest service ! gladly to proclaim  
Glory to God on high, on earth good-will  
To man ; to pour my grateful soul before thee ;  
To sing thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy love,  
And every gracious attribute : to paint  
The charms of heav'n-born virtue ! So shall I,  
(Tho' with long interval of worth) aspire  
To imitate the work of saints above,  
Of Cherub and of Seraphim. My heart,  
My talents, all I am, and all I have,  
Is thine, O Father ! Gracious LORD, accept  
The humble dedication ! Offer'd gifts  
Of slaughter'd bulls, and goats sacrificial,  
Thou hast refus'd : but lo ! I come, O LORD,  
To do thy will ! the living sacrifice  
Of an obedient heart I lay before thee !  
This humble offering more shall please Thee, LORD !

Than

Than horned bullocks, ceremonial rites,  
New moons, appointed passovers, and fasts !  
Yet those I too will keep ; but not instead  
Of holiness substantial, inward worth ;  
As commutation cheap for pious deeds,  
And purity of life. But as the types  
Of better things ; as fair external signs  
Of inward holiness and secret truth.

But see, my father, good old Jesse comes !  
To cheer the setting evening of whose life,  
Content, a simple shepherd here I dwell,  
Tho' Israel is in arms ; and royal Saul,  
Encamp'd in yonder field, defies Philistia.

JESSE, DAVID.

JESSE.

Blest be the gracious Pow'r, who gave my age  
To boast a son like thee ! Thou art the staff  
Which props my bending years, and makes me bear

The heavy burthen of declining age  
With fond complacence. How unlike thy fate,  
O venerable Eli ! But two fons,  
But only two, to gild the dim remains  
Of life's departing day, and bless thy age,  
And both were curses to thee ! Witness, Heav'n !  
In all the tedious catalogue of pains  
Humanity turns o'er, if there be one  
So terrible to human tendernefs,  
As an unnatural child !

## DAVID.

O, my lov'd father !

Long may'st thou live, in years and honours rich ;  
To taste, and to communicate the joys,  
The thousand fond, endearing charities  
Of tendernefs domestic ; Nature's best  
And loveliest gift, with which she well atones  
The niggard boon of fortune.

JESSE.



JESSE.

O, my son !

Of all the graces which adorn thy youth,  
I, with a father's fondness, must commend  
Thy tried humility. For tho' the Seer  
Pour'd on thy chosen head the sacred oil,  
In sign of future greatness, in sure pledge  
Of highest dignity ; yet here thou dwell'st,  
Content with toil, and careless of repose ;  
And (harder still for an ingenuous mind)  
Content to be obscure : content to watch,  
With careful eye, thine humble father's flock !  
O, earthly emblem of celestial things !  
So Israel's shepherd watches o'er his fold :  
The weak ones in his fost'ring bosom bears ;  
And gently leads, in his sustaining hand,  
The feeble ones with young.

DAVID.

Know'st thou, my father,  
Ought from the field ? for tho' so near the camp,

Tho' war's proud ensigns stream on yonder plain,  
And all Philistia's swarming hosts encamp,  
Oppos'd to royal Saul, beneath whose banners  
My brothers lift the spear; I have not left  
My fleecy charge, by thee committed to me,  
To learn the present fortune of the war.

## JESSE.

And wisely hast thou done. Thrice happy realm,  
Who shall submit one day to his command  
Who can so well obey! Obedience leads  
To certain honours. Not the tow'ring wing  
Of eagle-plum'd ambition mounts so surely  
To Fortune's highest summit, as obedience.

*[A distant sound of trumpets.]*

But why that sudden ardour, O my son?  
That trumpet's sound (tho' so remote its voice,  
We hardly catch the echo as it dies)  
Has rous'd the mantling crimson in thy cheek:  
Kindled the martial spirit in thine eye,  
And my young shepherd feels an hero's fire!

DAVID,

## DAVID.

Thou hast not told the posture of the war,  
And much my beating bosom pants to hear.

## JESSE.

Uncertain is the fortune of the field.  
I tremble for thy brothers, thus expos'd  
To constant peril; nor for them alone,  
Does the quick feeling agonize my heart.  
I too lament, that desolating war  
Hangs his fell banner o'er my native land,  
Belov'd Jerusalem! O war, what art thou?  
After the brightest conquest, what remains  
Of all thy glories? For the vanquish'd, chains!  
For the proud victor, what? Alas! to reign  
O'er desolated nations! a drear waste,  
By one man's crime, by one man's lust of pow'r,  
Unpeopled! Naked plains and ravag'd fields  
Succeed to smiling harvests, and the fruits  
Of peaceful olive, luscious fig and vine!

Here, rifled temples are the cavern'd dens  
Of savage beasts, or haunt of birds obscene.  
There, populous cities blacken in the sun,  
And, in the gen'ral wreck, proud palaces  
Lie undistinguish'd, save by the dun smoke  
Of recent conflagration. When the song  
Of dear-bought joy, with many a triumph swell'd,  
Salutes the victor's ear, and sooths his pride;  
How is the grateful harmony profan'd  
With the sad dissonance of virgins' cries,  
Who mourn their brothers slain! Of matrons hoar,  
Who clasp their wither'd hands, and fondly ask,  
With iteration shrill, their slaughter'd sons!  
How is the laurel's verdure stain'd with blood,  
And foil'd with widows' tears!

## DAVID.

Thrice mournful truth!

Yet when our country's rights, her sacred laws,  
Her holy faith are scorn'd and trampled on,  
Then, then religion calls; then God himself

Commands

Commands us to defend his injur'd name.  
'Twere then inglorious weakness, mean self-love,  
To lie inactive, when the stirring voice  
Of the shrill trumpet wakes to desp'rate deeds ;  
Nor with heroic valour boldly dare  
Th' idolatrous heathen bands, ev'n to the death.

## JESSE.

GOD and thy country claim the life they gave,  
No other cause can sanctify resentment.

## DAVID.

Sure virtuous friendship is a noble cause !  
O were the princely Jonathan in danger,  
How wou'd I die, well-pleas'd, in his defence !  
When ('twas long since, then but a stripling boy)  
I made short sojourn in his father's palace,  
(At first to sooth his troubled mind with song,  
His armour-bearer next) ; I well remember  
The gracious bounties of the gallant prince.  
How wou'd he sit, attentive to my strain ;

While

While to my harp I sung the harmless joys,  
Which crown a shepherd's life ! How wou'd he cry,  
Bless'd youth ! far happier in thy native worth,  
Far richer in the talent Heav'n has lent thee,  
Than if a crown hung o'er thy anxious brow.  
The jealous monarch mark'd our growing friendship ;  
And as my favour grew with those about him,  
His royal bounty lessen'd, till at length,  
For Beth'hem's safer shades I left the court.  
Nor wou'd these alter'd features now be known,  
Grown into manly strength ; nor this chang'd form,  
Enlarg'd with age, and clad in russet weed.

### JESSE.

I have employment for thee, my lov'd son,  
Will please thy active spirit. Go, my boy !  
Haste to the field of war, to yonder camp,  
Where, in the vale of Elah, mighty Saul  
Commands the hosts of Israel. Greet thy brothers :  
Observe their deeds ; note their demeanor well ;  
And mark if wisdom on their actions waits.

Bear to them too (for well the waste of war  
Will make it needful) such plain healthful viands,  
As furnish out our frugal shepherd's meal.  
And to the valiant captain of their host,  
Present such rural gifts as suit our fortune.  
Heap'd on the board within my tent thou'lt find them.

## DAVID.

With joy I'll bear thy presents to my brothers;  
And to the valiant captain of their host,  
The rural gifts thy gratitude assigns him.  
What transport to behold the tented field,  
The pointed spear, the blaze of shields and arms,  
And all the proud accoutrements of war!  
But, oh! far dearer transport wou'd it yield me,  
Cou'd this right arm alone avenge the cause  
Of injur'd Israel, and preserve the lives  
Of guiltless thousands, doom'd perhaps to bleed!

## JESSE.

Let not thy youth be dazzled, O my son!  
With deeds of bold emprise, as valour only

Were

Were virtue ; and the gentle arts of peace,  
Of truth and justice, were not worth thy care.  
When thou shalt view the splendors of the war,  
The gay caparison, the burnish'd shield,  
The plume-crown'd helmet, and the glitt'ring spear,  
Scorn not the humble virtues of the shade ;  
Nor think that Heav'n views only with applause  
The active merit, and the busy toil  
Of heroes, statesmen, and the bustling sons  
Of public care. These have their just reward  
In wealth, in honours, and the well-earn'd fame  
Their high achievements bring. 'Tis in this view,  
That virtue is her proper recompence.  
Wealth, as its natural consequence, will flow  
From industry ; toil with success is crown'd :  
From splendid actions high renown will spring.  
Such is the usual course of human things.  
For Wisdom Infinite permits, that thus  
Effects to causes be proportionate,  
And nat'ral ends by nat'ral means achiev'd.  
But in the future estimate, which Heav'n

Will



Will make of things terrestrial, know, my son,  
That no inferior blessing is reserv'd  
For the mild *passive* virtues; meek Content,  
Heroic self-denial, nobler far  
Than all th' atchievements noisy Fame reports,  
When her shrill trump proclaims the proud success  
Which desolates the nations. But, on earth,  
These are not always fortunate; because  
Eternal Justice keeps them for the bliss  
Of final recompence, for the dread day  
Of gen'ral retribution. O my son!  
The ostentatious virtues, which still press  
For notice, and for praise; the brilliant deeds,  
Which live but in the eye of observation,  
These have their meed at once. But there's a joy,  
To the fond votaries of Fame unknown;  
To hear the still small voice of conscience speak  
Its whisp'ring plaudit to the silent soul.  
Heav'n notes the sigh afflicted Goodness heaves;  
Hears the low plaint by human ear unheard,

And

And from the cheek of patient Sorrow wipes  
The tear, by mortal eye unseen or scorn'd.

DAVID.

As Hermon's dews their grateful freshness shed,  
And cheer the herbage, and the flow'rs renew;  
So do thy words a quick'ning balm infuse,  
And grateful sink in my delighted soul.

JESSE.

Go then, my child! and may the Gracious God,  
Who blest'd our fathers, blest my much-lov'd son!

DAVID.

Farewell, my father! and of this be sure,  
That not a precept from thy honour'd lips  
Shall fall, by me unnoticed; not one grace,  
One venerable virtue, which adorns  
Thy daily life, but I, with watchful care,  
And due observance, will in mine transplant it.

[Exit DAVID.]

JESSE.

## JESSE.

He's gone ! and still my aching eyes pursue,  
And strain their orbs still longer to behold him.  
Oh ! who can tell, when I may next embrace him ?  
Who can declare the counsels of the Lord ?  
Or when the moment pre-ordain'd by Heav'n  
To fill his great designs may come ? This son,  
This blessing of my age, is set apart  
For high exploits ; the chosen instrument  
Of all-disposing Heav'n for mighty deeds.  
Still I recal the day, and to my mind  
The scene is ever present ; when the Seer,  
Illustrious Samuel, to the humble shades  
Of Bethlehem came, pretending sacrifice,  
To screen his errand from the jealous king.  
He sanctify'd us first, me, and my sons ;  
For sanctity increas'd should still precede  
Increase of dignity. When he declar'd  
He came, commission'd from on High, to find,  
Among the sons of Jesse, Israel's king ;

Astonishment

Astonishment entranc'd my wond'ring soul.  
 Yet was it not a wild tumultuous bliss ;  
 Such rash delight as promis'd honours yield  
 To light, vain minds : no, 'twas a doubtful joy  
 Chastis'd by tim'rous virtue, left a gift  
 So splendid, and so dang'rous, might destroy  
 Him it was meant to raise. My eldest born,  
 Young Eliab, tall of stature, I presented ;  
 But God, who judges not by outward form,  
 But tries the heart, forbad the holy prophet  
 To chuse my eldest born. For Saul, he said,  
 Gave proof, that fair proportion, and the grace  
 Of limb or feature, ill repaid the want  
 Of virtue. All my other sons alike  
 By Samuel were rejected : till, at last,  
 On my young boy, on David's chosen head,  
 The prophet pour'd the consecrated oil.  
 Yet ne'er did pride elate him, ne'er did scorn  
 For his rejected elders swell his heart.  
 Not in such gentle charity to him  
 His haughtier brothers live : but all he pardons.

To meditation, and to humble toil,  
To pray'r, and praise devoted, here he dwells.  
O may the Graces which adorn retreat,  
One day delight a court ! record his name  
With saints and prophets, dignify his race,  
Instruct mankind, and sanctify a world !

# DAVID AND GOLIATH.

## PART II.

---

SCENE, The Camp.

ELIAB, ABINADAB, ABNER,  
ISRAELITES.

ELIAB.

**S**TILL is th' event of this long war uncertain :  
Still do the adverse hosts, on either side,  
Protract, with ling'ring caution, an encounter,  
Which must to one be fatal.

ABINADAB:

This descent,  
Thus to the very confines of our land,

Proclaims

Proclaims the sanguine hope that fires the foe.  
In Ephes-dammim boldly they encamp :  
Th' uncircumcis'd Philistines pitch their tents  
On Judah's hallow'd earth.

## ELIAB.

Full forty days  
Has the insulting giant, proud Goliath,  
The champion of Philistia, fiercely challeng'd  
Some Israelitish foe. But who so vain  
To dare such force unequal ? who so bent  
On sure destruction, to accept his terms ;  
And rush on death, beneath the giant force  
Of his enormous bulk ?

## ABINADAB.

'Tis near the time,  
When, in th' adjacent valley which divides  
Th' opposing armies, he is wont to make  
His daily challenge.

ELIAB.

Much I marvel, brother!

No greetings from our father reach our ears.

With ease and plenty blest'd, he little recks

The daily hardships which his sons endure.

But see! behold his darling son approaches!

ABINADAB.

How, David here? whence this unlook'd-for guest?

ELIAB.

A spy upon our actions; sent, no doubt,

To scan our deeds, with beardless gravity

Affecting wisdom; to observe each word,

To magnify the venial faults of youth,

And construe harmless mirth to foul offence.

*Enter* DAVID.

DAVID.

All hail, my dearest brothers!

ELIAB.



ELIAB.

Means thy greeting

True love, or arrogant scorn?

DAVID.

Oh, most true love!

Sweet as the precious ointment, which bedew'd

The sacred head of Aaron, and descended

Upon his hallow'd vest; so sweet, my brothers,

Is fond fraternal amity; such love

As my touch'd bosom feels at your approach.

ELIAB.

Still that fine glozing speech, those holy saws,

And all that trick of studied sanctity,

Of smooth-turn'd periods, and trim eloquence,

Which charms thy doating father. But confess,

What dost thou here? Is it to soothe thy pride,

And gratify thy vain desire to roam,

In quest of pleasures unallow'd? or com'st thou,

A willing spy, to note thy brother's deeds?

Where hast thou left those few poor straggling sheep?

More suited to thy ignorance and years  
The care of those, than here to wander idly.  
Why cam'st thou hither ?

## DAVID.

Is there not a cause ?  
Why that displeasure kindling in thine eye,  
My angry brother ? why those taunts unkind ?  
Not idly bent on sport ; not to delight  
Mine eye with all this gay parade of war ;  
To gratify a roving appetite,  
Or fondly to indulge a curious ear  
With any tale of rumour, am I come :  
But to approve myself a loving brother.  
I bring the blessing of your aged sire,  
With gifts of such plain cates, and rural viands,  
As suit his frugal fortune. Tell me now,  
Where the bold captain of your host encamps ?

## ELIAB,

Wherefore enquire ? what boots it thee to know ?  
Behold him there : great Abner, fam'd in arms ?

DAVID.

## DAVID.

I bring thee, mighty Abner, from my father,  
(A simple shepherd swain in yonder vale)  
Such humble gifts as shepherd swains bestow.

## ABNER.

Thanks, gentle youth ! with pleasure I receive  
The grateful off'ring. Why does thy quick eye  
Thus wander with unsatisfied delight ?

## DAVID.

New as I am to all the trade of war,  
Each sound has novelty ; each thing I see  
Attracts attention ; every noise I hear  
Awakes confus'd emotions ; indistinct,  
Yet full of charming tumult, sweet distraction,  
'Tis all delightful hurry ! Oh ! the joy  
Of young ideas painted on the mind,  
In the warm glowing colours fancy spreads  
On objects not yet known, when all is new,  
And all is lovely ! Ah ! what warlike sound  
Salutes my ravish'd ear ?

[*Sound of trumpet.*]

ABNER.

'Tis the Philistine,  
Proclaiming, by his herald, through the ranks,  
His near approach. Each morning he repeats  
His challenge to our bands.

DAVID.

Ha! what Philistine?  
Who is he?

ELIAB.

Wherefore ask? for thy raw youth,  
And rustic ignorance, 'twere fitter learn  
Some rural art; some secret to prevent  
Contagion in thy flocks; some better means  
To save their fleece immaculate. These mean arts,  
Of soft inglorious peace, far better suit  
Thy low obscurity, than thus to seek  
High things, pertaining to exploits of arms.

DAVID.

Urg'd as I am, I will not answer thee.  
Who conquers his own spirit, O my brother!

He

He is the only conqueror.—Again  
That shout mysterious ! Pray you, tell me who  
This proud Philistine is, who sends defiance  
To Israel's hardy chieftains ?

ABNER.

Stranger youth !

So lovely and so mild is thy demeanor,  
So gentle, and so patient ; such the air  
Of candor and of courage, which adorns  
Thy blooming features, thou hast won my love ;  
And I will tell thee.

DAVID.

Mighty Abner ! thanks !

ABNER.

Thrice, and no more, he sounds, his daily rule.  
This man of war, this champion of Philistia,  
Is of the sons of Anak's giant-race.  
Goliath is his name. His fearful stature,  
Unparallel'd in Israel, measures more  
Than twice three cubits. On his tow'ring head  
A helm

A helm of burnish'd brass the giant wears,  
So pond'rous, it wou'd crush the stoutest man  
In all our hosts. A coat of mailed armour  
Guards his capacious trunk; compar'd with which  
The amplest oak, that spreads his rugged arms  
In Bashan's groves, were small. About his neck  
A shining corslet hangs. On his vast thigh  
The plaited cuirass firmly jointed stands.  
But who shall tell the wonders of his spear,  
And hope to gain belief? of massive iron  
Its temper'd frame; not less than the broad beam  
To which the busy weaver hangs his loom;  
Not to be wielded by a mortal hand,  
Save by his own. An armour-bearer walks  
Before this mighty champion, in his hand  
Bearing the giant's shield. Thrice, every morn,  
His herald sounds the trumpet of defiance;  
Off'ring at once to end the long-drawn war,  
In single combat, 'gainst that hardy foe  
Who dares encounter him.

DAVID.

Say, mighty Abner !

What are the haughty terms of his defiance ?

ABNER.

Proudly he stalks around th' extremest bounds  
Of Elah's valley. His herald sounds the note  
Of offer'd battle. Then the furious giant,  
With such a voice as from the troubled sky,  
In vollied thunder, breaks, thus sends his challenge:  
“ Why do you set your battle in array,  
Ye men of Israel ? Wherefore waste the lives  
Of needless thousands ? Why protract a war,  
Which may at once be ended ? Are not you  
Servants to Saul your king ? and am not I,  
With triumph let me speak it, a Philistine ?  
Chuse out a man from all your armed hosts,  
Of courage most approv'd ; and I will meet him,  
His single arm to mine. Th' event of this  
Shall fix the fate of Israel and Philistia.

76      DAVID AND GOLIATH:

If victory favour him, then will we live  
Your tributary slaves ; but if my arm  
Be crown'd with conquest, you shall then live ours.  
Give me a man, if your effeminate bands  
A man can boast. Your armies I defy."

DAVID.

What shall be done to him, who shall subdue  
This vile idolater ?

ABNER.

He shall receive  
Such ample bounties, such profuse rewards,  
As might inflame chill age, or cowardice,  
Were not the odds so desperate.

DAVID.

Say, what are they ?

ABNER.

The royal Saul has promis'd that bold hero,  
Who shall encounter and subdue Goliath,  
All dignity and favour ; that his house

Shall



Shall be set free from tribute, and ennobled  
With the first honours Israel has to give.  
And for the gallant conqueror himself,  
No less a recompence than the fair princess,  
Our monarch's peerless daughter.

## DAVID.

Beauteous Michal!

It is indeed a boon which kings might strive for.  
And has none answer'd yet this bold defiance?  
What, all this goodly host of Israelites,  
God's own peculiar people! all afraid  
T' assert God's injur'd honour, and their own?  
The king himself, who in his early youth  
Wrought deeds of fame! the princely Jonathan!  
Not so the gallant youth Philistia fear'd  
At Bozez and at Senh \*; when the earth  
Shook from her deep foundations, to behold  
The wond'rous carnage of his single hand

---

\* 1 Samuel, xiv.

78      DAVID AND GOLIATH:

On the uncircumcis'd. When he exclaim'd,  
 With glorious confidence—" Shall numbers awe me?  
 " God will protect his own: with him to save,  
 " It boots not, friends, by many or by few."  
 This was an hero! Why does he delay  
 To meet this boaster? For thy courtesy,  
 Thrice noble Abner, I am bound to thank thee!  
 Wou'd'st thou complete thy gen'rous offices?  
 I dare not ask it.

ABNER.

Speak thy wishes freely:  
 My soul inclines to serve thee.

DAVID.

Then, O Abner,  
 Conduct me to the king! There is a cause  
 Will justify this boldness.

ELIAB.

Braggard, hold!

ABNER.

## ABNER.

I take thee at thy word ; and will, with speed,  
Conduct thee to my royal master's presence.  
In yonder tent, the anxious monarch waits  
Th' event of this day's challenge.

## DAVID.

Noble Abner !

Accept my thanks. Now to thy private ear,  
If so thy grace permit, I will unfold  
My secret soul ; and ease my lab'ring breast,  
Which pants with high designs, and beats for glory.

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# DAVID AND GOLIATH.

## P A R T III.

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### SCENE, SAUL's Tent.

SAUL.

**W**HY was I made a king? what I have gain'd  
 In envy'd greatness and uneasy pow'r,  
 I've lost in peace of mind, in virtue lost!  
 Why did deceitful transports fire my soul,  
 When Samuel plac'd upon my youthful brow  
 The crown of Israel? I had known content,  
 Nay happiness, if happiness unmix'd

To

To mortal man were known ; had I still liv'd  
Among the humble tents of Benjamin.  
A shepherd's occupation was my joy,  
And ev'ry guiltless day was crown'd with peace.  
But now, a fullen cloud for ever hangs  
O'er the faint sunshine of my brightest hours,  
Dark'ning the golden promise of the morn.  
I ne'er shall taste the dear domestic joys  
My meanest subjects know. True, I have sons,  
Whose virtues wou'd have charm'd a private man,  
And drawn down blessings on their humble fire.  
I love their virtues too ; but 'tis a love,  
Which jealousy has poison'd. Jonathan  
Is all a father's fondness cou'd conceive  
Of amiable and good—Of that no more !  
He is too popular ; the people doat  
Upon th' ingenuous graces of his youth.  
Curs'd popularity ! which makes a father  
Detest the merit of a son he loves.  
How did their fond idolatry perforce,  
Rescue his sentenc'd life, when doom'd by lot

To perish at Beth-aven \*, for the breach  
 Of strict injunction, that of all my bands,  
 Not one that day shou'd taste of food, and live.  
 My subjects clamour at this tedious war,  
 Yet of my num'rous armed chiefs, not one  
 Has courage to engage this man of Gath.  
 O for a champion bold enough to face  
 This giant-boaster, whose repeated threats  
 Strike thro' my inmost soul ! There was a time—  
 Of that no more !——I am not what I was.  
 Shou'd valiant Jonathan accept the challenge,  
 'Twould but increase his favour with the people,  
 And make the crown sit loosely on my brow.  
 Ill cou'd my wounded spirit brook the voice  
 Of harsh comparison 'twixt fire and son.

SAUL, ABNER.

ABNER.

What meditation holds thee thus engag'd,  
 O king ! and keeps thine active spirit bound ;

---

\* 1 Samuel, xiv.

When busy war far other cares demands  
Than ruminating thought, and pale despair?

SAUL.

Abner, draw near. My weary soul sinks down  
Beneath the heavy pressure of misfortune.  
O for that spirit, which inflam'd my breast  
With sudden fervor; when, among the seers,  
And holy fages, my prophetic voice  
Was heard attentive, and th' astonish'd throng,  
Wond'ring, exclaim'd, "Is Saul among the prophets?"  
Where's that bold arm which quell'd th' Amalekite,  
And nobly spar'd fierce Agag and his flocks?  
'Tis past; the light of Israel now is quench'd:  
Shorn of his beams, my sun of glory sets!  
Rise Moab, Edom, angry Ammon, rise!  
Come Gaza, Ashdod come! let Ekron boast,  
And Askelon rejoice, for Saul——is nothing.

ABNER.

I bring thee news, O king!

G 2

SAUL.

S A U L.

My valiant uncle!

What can avail thy news? A soul oppress'd,  
Refuses still to hear the charmer's voice,  
Howe'er enticingly he charm. What news  
Can sooth my sickly soul, while Gath's fell giant  
Repeats each morning to my frighten'd hosts  
His daring challenge—none accepting it?

A B N E R.

It is accepted.

S A U L.

Ha! by whom? how? when?

What prince, what gen'ral, what illustrious hero,  
What vet'ran chief, what warrior of renown,  
Will dare to meet the haughty foe's defiance?  
Speak, my brave gen'ral! noble Abner, speak!

A B N E R.



## A B N E R.

No prince, no warrior, no illustrious chief,  
No vet'ran hero dares accept the challenge;  
But what will move thy wonder, mighty king!  
One train'd to peaceful deeds, and new to arms,  
A simple shepherd swain.

## S A U L.

O mockery!

No more of this light tale, it suits but ill  
Thy bearded gravity: or rather tell it  
To credulous age, or weak believing women;  
They love whate'er is marvellous, and doat  
On deeds prodigious and incredible,  
Which sober sense rejects. I laugh to think  
Of thy extravagance. A shepherd's boy  
Encounter him, whom nations dread to meet!

## A B N E R.

Is valour, then, peculiar to high birth?  
If Heav'n had so decreed, know, scornful king,

85      DAVID AND GOLIATH:

That Saul the Benjamite had never reign'd.  
 No:—Glory darts her soul-pervading ray,  
 On thrones and cottages, regardless still  
 Of all the false, chimerical distinctions  
 Vain human customs make.

SAUL.

Where is this youth?

ABNER.

Without thy tent he waits. Such humble sweetness,  
 Fir'd with the secret conscience of desert;  
 Such manly bearing, tempered with such softness,  
 And so adorn'd with every outward charm  
 Of graceful form and feature, saw I never.

SAUL.

Bring me the youth.

ABNER.

He waits thy royal pleasure.

[*Exit* ABNER.]

SAUL.

SAUL.

What must I think ? Abner himself is brave,  
And skill'd in human kind : nor does he judge  
So lightly, to be caught by specious words,  
And fraud's smooth artifice, without the marks  
Of worth intrinsic. But behold he comes !  
The youth too with him ! Justly did he praise  
The candor, which adorns his open brow.

*Re-enter ABNER and DAVID.*

DAVID.

Hail, mighty king !

ABNER.

Behold thy proffer'd champion.

SAUL.

Art thou the youth, whose high heroic zeal  
Aspires to meet the giant son of Anak ?

DAVID.

If so the king permit.

G 4

SAUL.

## SAUL.

Impossible !

Why, what experience has thy youth of arms ?  
Where didst thou learn the dreadful trade of war ?  
Beneath what hoary vet'ran hast thou serv'd ?  
What feats atchiev'd, what deeds of bold emprise ?  
What well-rang'd phalanx, and what charging hosts,  
What hard campaigns, what sieges hast thou seen ?  
Hast thou e'er scal'd the city's rampir'd wall,  
Or hurl'd the missile dart, or learn'd to poise  
The warrior's deathful spear ? The use of targe,  
Of helm, and buckler, is to thee unknown.

## DAVID.

Arms I have seldom seen. I little know  
Of war's proud discipline. The trumpet's clang,  
The shock of charging hosts, the rampir'd wall,  
Th' embattled phalanx, and the warrior spear,  
The use of targe and helm to me is new.  
My zeal for GOD, my patriot love of Israel,  
And reverence for my king, these are my claims.

## SAUL.

But, gentle youth, thou hast no fame in arms.  
Renown, with her shrill clarion, never bore  
Thy honour'd name to many a land remote.  
From the fair regions, where Euphrates laves  
Assyria's borders, to the distant Nile.

## DAVID.

True, mighty king ! I am indeed alike  
Unblest'd by Fortune, and to Fame unknown ;  
A lowly shepherd-swain of Judah's tribe.  
But greatness ever springs from low beginnings.  
That very Nile thou mention'st, whose broad stream  
Bears fruitfulness and health thro' many a clime,  
From an unknown, penurious, scanty source,  
Took its first rise. The forest oak, which shades  
Thy sultry troops in many a toilsome march,  
Once an unheeded acorn lay. O king !  
Who ne'er begins, can never ought achieve  
Of glorious. Thou thyself wast once unknown,  
'Till

'Till fair occasion brought thy worth to light.  
 Sublimèr views inspire my youthful heart,  
 Than human praise : I seek to vindicate  
 Th' insulted honour of the God thou serv'st.

ABNER.

'Tis nobly said.

SAUL.

I love thy spirit, youth !  
 But dare not trust thy inexperience'd arm  
 Against a giant's might. The sight of blood,  
 Tho' brave thou feel'st when peril is not nigh,  
 Will pale thy ardent cheek.

DAVID.

Not so, O king !  
 This youthful arm has been imbru'd in blood,  
 Tho' yet no blood of man has ever stain'd it.  
 Thy servant's occupation is a shepherd.  
 With jealous care I watch'd my father's flock :  
 A brindled lion, and a furious bear,

Forth from the thicket rush'd upon the fold,  
Seiz'd a young lamb, and tore their bleating spoil.  
Urg'd by compassion for my helpless charge,  
I felt a new-born vigour nerve my arm,  
And, eager, on the foaming monsters rush'd.  
The famish'd lion by his grisly beard,  
Enrag'd, I caught, and smote him to the ground.  
The panting monster struggling in my gripe,  
Shook terribly his bristling mane, and lash'd  
His own gaunt, goary sides; fiercely he ground  
His gnashing teeth, and roll'd his starting eyes,  
Bloodshot with agony: then with a groan,  
That wak'd the echoes of the mountain, dy'd.  
Nor did his grim associate 'scape my arm;  
Thy servant slew the lion and the bear,  
I kill'd them both, and bore their shaggy spoils  
In triumph home. And shall I fear to meet  
Th' uncircumcis'd Philistine? No: that God,  
Who sav'd me from the bear's destructive fang,  
And hungry lion's jaw, will not he save me  
From this Idolater?

SAUL.

SAUL.

He will, he will !

Go, noble youth ! be valiant, and be blest'd !  
The God thou serv'st will shield thee in the fight,  
And nerve thy arm with more than mortal strength.

ABNER.

So the bold Nazarite\* a lion flew,  
An earnest of his victories o'er Philistia.

SAUL.

Go, Abner ! see the youth be well equipp'd  
With shield and spear. Be it thy care to grace him  
With all the fit accoutrements of war.  
The choicest mail from my rich armory take,  
And gird upon his thigh my own try'd sword,  
Of noblest temper'd steel.

ABNER.

I shall obey.

---

\* Samson. See Judges, chap. xiv.



## DAVID.

Pardon, O king ! the coat of plaited mail,  
These limbs have never known ; it wou'd not shield,  
'Twou'd but encumber one, who never felt  
The weight of armour.

## SAUL.

Take thy wish, my son.  
Thy sword then, and the GOD of Jacob guard thee !

# DAVID AND GOLIATH.

## PART IV.

---

SCENE, another Part of the Camp.

DAVID.

**E**TERNAL Justice, in whose awful scale  
Th' event of battle hangs ! Eternal Mercy,  
Whose universal beam illumines all !  
If, by thy attributes I may, unblam'd,  
Address thee ; Lord of glory, hear me now !  
O teach these hands to war, these arms to fight !  
Thou ever present help in time of need !

Let

Let thy broad mercy, as a shield, defend ;  
And let thine everlasting arms support me !  
Then, tho' the heathen rage, I shall not fear.  
JEHOVAH ! be my buckler. Mighty LORD !  
Thou, who hast deign'd by humble instruments,  
To manifest the marvels of thy might,  
Be present with me now ! 'tis thy own cause !  
Thy wisdom will foresee, thy goodness chuse,  
And thy omnipotence will execute  
Thy high designs, tho' by a feeble arm !  
I feel a secret impulse drive me on,  
And my soul springs impatient for the fight.  
'Tis not the heated spirits, or warm blood  
Of sanguine youth ; and yet I pant, I burn  
To meet th' insulting foe. I thirst for glory ;  
Yet not the fading glory of renown,  
The perishable praise of mortal man,

DAVID.

DAVID, ELIAB, ISRAELITES.

ELIAB.

What do I hear, thou truant? thou hast dar'd,  
Ev'n to the awful presence of the king,  
Bear thy presumption!

DAVID.

He, who fears the LORD,  
Shall boldly stand before the face of kings,  
And shall not be ashamed.

ELIAB.

But what wild dream  
Has urg'd thee to this deed of desperate rashness?  
Thou mean'st, so have I learn'd, to meet Goliath,  
His single arm to thine.

DAVID.

DAVID.

'Tis what I mean,  
Ev'n on this spot; each moment I expect  
His wish'd approach.

ELIAB.

Go home; return, for shame!  
Nor madly pull destruction on thy head,  
Thy doating father, when thy shepherd's coat,  
Drench'd in thy blood is brought him, will lament,  
And rend his furrow'd cheek, and silver hair,  
As if some mighty loss had touch'd his age;  
And mourn, even as the partial patriarch mourn'd,  
When Joseph's bloody garment he receiv'd,  
From his less dear, not less deserving, sons.  
But whence that glitt'ring ornament, which hangs  
Useless upon thy thigh?

DAVID.

'Tis the king's gift.  
But thou art right; it suits not me, my brother.

H

Nor

Nor sword I mean to wear, nor spear to poize,  
Lest men shou'd say I put my trust in ought,  
Save an eternal shield.

ELIAB.

Then thou indeed  
Art bent to seek thy death.

DAVID.

And what is death?  
Is it so terrible to die, my brother?  
Or grant it terrible, say is it not  
Inevitable too? If, by eluding death,  
When some high duty calls us forth to die,  
We cou'd for ever shun it, and escape  
The universal lot; then fond self-love,  
Then human prudence, boldly might produce  
Their fine-spun arguments, their learn'd harangues,  
Their cobweb arts, their phrase sophistical,  
Their subtile doubts, and all the specious trick,  
Of eloquent cunning lab'ring for its end.

I.

But,

But since, howe'er protracted, death will come,  
Why fondly study, with ingenious pains,  
To put it off?—To breathe a little longer,  
Is to defer our fate, but not to shun it :  
Small gain ! which Wisdom with indiff'rent eye  
Beholds. Why wish to drink the bitter dregs  
Of life's exhausted chalice, whose last runnings,  
Ev'n at the best, are vapid ? Why not die,  
(If Heav'n so will) in manhood's op'ning bloom,  
When all the flush of life is gay about us,  
When sprightly youth, with many a new-born joy,  
Solicits every sense ? So may we then,  
Present a sacrifice, unmeet, indeed,  
(Ah, how unmeet !) but more acceptable  
Than the world's leavings ; than a worn-out heart,  
By vice enfeebled, and by vain desires  
Sunk and exhausted !

ELIAB.

Hark ! I hear a sound  
Of multitudes approaching !

DAVID.

'Tis the giant !

I see him not, but hear his measur'd pace.

ELIAB.

Look, where his pond'rous shield is borne before him !

DAVID.

Like a broad moon its ample disk protends.

But soft, what unknown prodigy appears ?

A moving mountain cas'd in polish'd brass !

ELIAB. [*Getting behind DAVID.*]

How's this ? thou dost not tremble. Thy firm joints

Betray no fear : Thy accents are not broken :

Thy cheek retains its red, thine eye its lustre.

He comes more near. Dost thou not fear him now ?

DAVID.



DAVID.

No.

The vast colossal statue nor inspires  
Respect nor fear. ' Mere magnitude of form,  
Without proportion'd intellect and valour,  
Strikes not my soul with rev'rence nor with awe.

ELIAB.

Near, and more near, he comes. I hold it rash  
To stay so near him, and expose a life,  
Which may hereafter serve the state. Farewell !

[Exit.

[GOLIATH advances, clad in complete armour.  
One bearing his shield precedes him. The opposing armies are seen at a distance, drawn up on each side of the valley. GOLIATH begins to speak, before he comes on. DAVID stands in the same place, with an air of indifference.]

## GOLIATH.

Where is the mighty man of war, who dares  
 Accept the challenge of Philistia's chief?  
 What victor-king, what gen'ral drench'd in blood,  
 Claims this high privilege? What are his rights?  
 What proud credentials does the boaster bring,  
 To prove his claim! What cities laid in ashes?  
 What ruin'd provinces? What slaughter'd realms?  
 What heads of heroes, and what hearts of kings,  
 In battle kill'd, or at his altars slain,  
 Has he to boast? Is his bright armoury  
 Thick set with spears, and swords and coats of mail,  
 Of vanquish'd nations, by his single arm  
 Subdued? Where is the mortal man so bold,  
 So much a wretch, so out of love with life,  
 To dare the weight of this uplifted spear,  
 Which never fell innoxious? Yet I swear,  
 I grudge the glory to his parting soul  
 To fall by this right-hand. 'Twill sweeten death,  
 To know he had the honour to contend

With

With the dread son of Anak. Latest time  
From blank oblivion shall retrieve *his* name,  
Who dar'd to perish in unequal fight  
With Gath's triumphant champion. Come, advance!  
Philistia's Gods to Israel's. Sound, my herald—  
Sound for the battle strait!

*[Herald sounds the trumpet.]*

DAVID.

Behold thy foe!

GOLIATH.

I see him not.

DAVID.

Behold him here!

GOLIATH.

Say, where?

Direct my fight. I do not war with boys.

DAVID.

I stand prepar'd, thy single arm to mine.

## GOLIATH.

Why, this is mockery, Minion ! it may chance  
 To cost thee dear. Sport not with things above thee :  
 But tell me who, of all this num'rous host,  
 Expects his death from me ? Which is the man,  
 Whom Israel sends to meet my bold defiance ?

## DAVID.

'Th' election of my sov'reign falls on me.

## GOLIATH.

On thee ? on thee ? by Dagon 'tis too much !  
 Thou curled Minion ! thou a nation's champion !  
 'Twou'd move my mirth at any other time ;  
 But trifling's out of tune. Begone, light boy !  
 And tempt me not too far.

## DAVID.

I do defy thee ;  
 Thou foul idolater ! hast thou not scorn'd

The armies of the living God I serve ?  
By me he will avenge upon thy head  
Thy nation's sins and thine. Arm'd with his name,  
Unshrinking, I dare meet the stoutest foe  
That ever bath'd his hostile spear in blood.

GOLIATH, *ironically.*

Indeed ! 'tis wond'rous well ! Now, by my Gods,  
The stripling plays the orator ! Vain boy !  
Keep close to that same bloodless war of words,  
And thou shalt still be safe. Tongue-valiant warrior !  
Where is thy sylvan crook, with garlands hung,  
Of idle field-flowers ? Where thy wanton harp,  
Thou dainty-finger'd hero ? better strike  
Its note lascivious, or the lulling lute  
Touch softly, than provoke the trumpet's rage.  
I will not stain the honour of my spear  
With thy inglorious blood. Shall that fair cheek  
Be scarr'd with wounds unseemly ? Rather go,  
And hold fond dalliance with the Syrian maids ;  
To wanton measures dance, and let them braid

The

The bright luxuriance of thy golden hair ;  
 They, for their lost Adonis, may mistake  
 Thy dainty form.

## DAVID.

Peace, thou unhallow'd railer !  
 O tell it not in Gath, nor let the sound  
 Reach Askelon, how once your slaughter'd Lords,  
 By mighty \* Samson found one common grave :  
 When his broad shoulder the firm pillars heav'd,  
 And to its base the tott'ring fabric shook.

## GOLIATH.

Insulting boy ! perhaps thou hast not heard  
 The infamy of that inglorious day,  
 When your weak hosts at † Eben-ezer pitch'd  
 Their quick-abandon'd tents ? Then, when your ark,  
 Your talisman, your charm, your boasted pledge

---

\* Judges, chap. xvi.

† 1 Samuel, chap. v.

Of safety and success, was tamely lost !  
And yet not tamely, since by me 'twas won.  
When with this good right-arm I thinn'd your ranks,  
And bravely crush'd, beneath a single blow,  
The chosen guardians of this vaunted shrine,  
Hophni \* and Phineas. The fam'd ark itself,  
I bore to Ashdod.

## D A V I D.

I remember too,  
Since thou provok'st th' unwelcome truth, how all  
Your blushing priests beheld their idol's shame ;  
When prostrate Dagon fell before the ark,  
And your frail God was shiver'd. Then Philistia,  
Idolatrous Philistia flew for succour  
To Israel's help, and all her smitten nobles  
Confess'd the LORD was GOD, and the bless'd ark,  
Gladly, with reverential awe restor'd !

---

\* Commentators say, that the Chaldee Paraphrase makes Goliath boast, that he had killed Hophni and Phineas, and taken the ark prisoner.

G O L I -

## GOLIATH.

By Ashdod's fane thou ly'st. Now will I meet  
thee,

Thou insect-warrior ! since thou dar'st me thus !  
Already I behold thy mangled limbs,  
Dissever'd each from each, ere long to feed  
The fierce, blood-snuffing vulture. Mark me well !  
Around my spear I'll twist thy shining locks,  
And toss in air thy head all gash'd with wounds ;  
Thy lips, yet quiv'ring with the dire convulsion  
Of recent death ! Art thou not terrified ?

## DAVID.

No.

True courage is not mov'd by breath of words.  
But the rash bravery of boiling blood,  
Impetuous, knows no settled principle.  
A fev'rish tide, it has its ebbs and flows,  
As spirits rise or fall, as wine inflames,  
Or circumstances change. But inborn courage,  
The gen'rous child of Fortitude and Faith,

Holds



Holds its firm empire in the constant soul ;  
And, like the steadfast pole-star, never once  
From the same fix'd and faithful point declines.

## GOLIATH.

The curses of Philistia's gods be on thee !  
This fine-drawn speech is meant to lengthen out  
That little life thy words pretend to scorn.

## DAVID.

Ha ! say'st thou so ? come on then ! Mark us well.  
Thou com'st to me with sword, and spear, and shield !  
In the dread name of Israel's God, I come ;  
The living LORD of Hosts, whom thou defy'st !  
Yet tho' no shield I bring, no arms, except  
These five smooth stones I gather'd from the brook,  
With such a simple sling as shepherds use ;  
Yet all expos'd, defenceless as I am,  
The God I serve shall give thee up a prey  
To my victorious arm. This day, I mean  
To make th' uncircumcised tribes confess

There

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There is a God in Israel. I will give thee,  
Spite of thy vaunted strength, and giant bulk,  
To glut the carrion kites. Nor thee alone ;  
The mangled carcases of your thick hosts,  
Shall spread the plains of Elah : till Philistia,  
Thro' all her trembling tents and flying bands,  
Shall own that Judah's God is God indeed !  
I dare thee to the trial !

### GOLIATH.

Follow me.

In this good spear I trust.

### DAVID.

I trust in Heaven !

The God of battles stimulates my arm,  
And fires my soul with ardor not its own.

# DAVID AND GOLIATH.

## PART V.

---

SCENE, The Tent of SAUL.

SAUL, *rising from his couch.*

**O**H ! that I knew the black and midnight arts  
Of wizard forcery ! that I cou'd call  
The slumb'ring spirit from the shades of hell !  
Or, like Chaldean sages, cou'd foreknow  
Th' event of things unacted ! I might then  
Anticipate my fortune. How I'm fall'n !  
The sport of vain chimeras, the weak slave

Of

Of Fear, and sickly Fancy; coveting  
 To know the arts, which foul diviners use.  
 Thick blood, and moping melancholy, lead  
 To baleful Superstition; that fell fiend,  
 Whose with'ring charms blast the fair bloom of virtue.  
 Why did my wounded pride with scorn reject  
 The wholesome truths, which holy Samuel told me?  
 Why drive him from my presence? he might now  
 Raise my sunk soul, and my benighted mind  
 Enlighten with religion's cheering ray.  
 He dar'd to menace me with loss of empire;  
 And I, for that bold honesty, dismiss'd him.  
 "Another shall possess thy throne, he cry'd,  
 "A stranger!" This unwelcome prophecy  
 Has lin'd my crown, and strew'd my couch, with  
                   thorns.

Each ray of op'ning merit I discern  
 In friend or foe, distracts my troubled soul,  
 Lest he shou'd prove my rival. But this morn,  
 Ev'n my young champion, lovely as he look'd

In blooming valour, struck me to the soul  
With jealousy's barb'd dart. O Jealousy!  
Thou ugliest fiend of hell! thy deadly venom  
Preys on my vitals, turns the healthful hue  
Of my fresh cheek to haggard fallowness,  
And drinks my spirit up!

[ *A flourish of trumpets, shouting, &c. &c.*

What sounds are those?

The combat is decided. Hark! again,  
Those shouts proclaim it! Now, O God of Jacob,  
If yet thou hast not quite withdrawn from Saul  
Thy light and favour, prosper me this once!  
But Abner comes! I dread to hear his tale.  
Fair Hope, with smiling face, but ling'ring foot,  
Has long deceiv'd me.

ABNER.

King of Israel, hail!

Now thou art king indeed. The youth has conquer'd,  
Goliath's dead.

I

SAUL.

SAUL.

Oh, speak thy tale again,  
Left my fond ears deceive me !

ABNER.

Thy young champion  
Has slain the Giant.

SAUL.

Then God is gracious still,  
In spite of my offences ! But, good Abner,  
How was it ? tell me all ! Where is my champion ?  
Quick let me press him to my grateful heart,  
And pay him a king's thanks. And yet, who knows ?  
This forward friend may prove an active foe.  
No more of that.—Tell me the whole, brave Abner !  
And paint the glorious acts of my young hero !

ABNER.

Full in the centre of the camp they stood ;  
Th' opposing armies rang'd on either side,

In proud array. The haughty Giant stalk'd,  
Stately, across the valley. Next the youth  
With modest confidence advanc'd. Nor pomp,  
Nor gay parade, nor martial ornament,  
His graceful form adorn'd. Goliath strait,  
With solemn state, began the busy work  
Of dreadful preparation. In one place,  
His closely jointed mail an op'ning left,  
For air, and only one: the watchful youth  
Mark'd that the beaver of his helm was up.  
Meanwhile the Giant such a blow devis'd,  
As wou'd have crush'd him; this the youth perceiv'd,  
And from his well-directed sling, he hurl'd,  
With dextrous aim, a stone, which sunk, deep lodg'd,  
In the capacious forehead of the foe.  
Then with a cry, as loud and terrible,  
As Lybian lions roaring for their young,  
Quite stunn'd, the furious Giant stagger'd, reel'd,  
And fell: the mighty mass of man fell prone.  
With its own weight his shatter'd bulk was bruis'd.  
His clattering arms rung dreadful thro' the field,

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And the firm basis of the solid earth  
Shook. Chok'd with blood and dust, he curs'd his  
          gods,

And dy'd blaspheming! Strait the victor youth  
Drew from its sheath the Giant's pond'rous sword,  
And from th' enormous trunk, the goary head,  
Furious in death, he sever'd. The grim visage  
Look'd threat'ning still, and still frown'd horribly.

SAUL.

O glorious deed! O valiant conqueror!

ABNER.

The youth so calm appear'd, so nobly firm;  
So cool, yet so intrepid; that these eyes  
Ne'er saw such temperate valour, so chafis'd  
By modesty.

SAUL.

Thou dwell'st upon his praise  
With needless circumstance. 'Twas nobly done;  
But others too have fought!

ABNER.



ABNER.

None, none so bravely.

SAUL.

What follow'd next?

ABNER.

The shouting Israelites  
On the Philistines rush'd, and still pursue  
Their routed remnants. In dismay, their bands  
Disorder'd fly. While shouts of loud acclaim  
Pursue their brave deliverer. Lo, he comes!  
Bearing the Giant's head, and shining sword,  
His well-earn'd trophies.

SAUL, ABNER, DAVID.

[DAVID, bearing GOLIATH's head and sword. He  
kneels, and lays both at SAUL's feet.]

SAUL.

Welcome to my heart,  
My glorious champion! my deliverer, welcome!

118      DAVID AND GOLIATH:

How shall I speak the swelling gratitude  
Of my full heart? or give thee the high praise  
Thy gallant deeds deserve?

DAVID.

O mighty king!  
Sweet is the breath of praise, when giv'n by those  
Whose own high merit claims the praise they give,  
But let not this one fortunate event,  
By Heav'n directed, be ascrib'd to me.  
I might have fought with equal skill and courage,  
And not have gain'd this conquest; then had shame,  
Harsh obloquy, and foul disgrace, befall'n me.  
But prosp'rous fortune gains the praise of valour.

SAUL.

I like not this. In every thing superior!  
He soars above me (*Aside.*) Modest youth, thou'rt  
right.

And

And fortune, as thou say'st, deserves the praise  
We give to human valour.

DAVID.

Rather say,  
The GOD OF HOSTS deserves it.

SAUL.

Tell me, youth!  
What is thy name, and what thy father's house?

DAVID.

My name is David, Jesse is my fire,  
An humble Bethle'mite of Judah's tribe.

SAUL.

David, the son of Jesse! Sure that name  
Has been familiar to me! Nay, thy voice,  
Thy form and features, I remember too,  
Tho' faint, and indistinctly.

ABNER.

In this Hero  
Behold thy sweet musician; he, whose harp  
Expell'd the melancholy fiend, whose pow'r  
Enslav'd thy spirit.

SAUL.

This the modest youth,  
Whom, for his skill and virtues, I preferr'd  
To bear my armour?

DAVID.

I am he, O king!

SAUL.

Why this concealment? tell me, valiant David!  
Why didst thou hide thy birth and name till now?

DAVID.

O king! I wou'd not ought from favour claim,  
Or on remember'd services presume:

But

But on the strength of my own actions stand,  
Ungrac'd and unsupported.

ABNER.

Well he merits  
The honours, which await him. Why, O king!  
Dost thou delay to bless his doubting heart  
With his well-earn'd rewards? Thy lovely daughter,  
By right of conquest his!

SAUL, to DAVID.

True—thou hast won her.  
She shall be thine—Yes, a king's word is past.

DAVID.

O boundless blessing! What, shall she be mine,  
For whom contending monarchs might renounce  
Their flighted crowns?

*[Sounds of musical instruments heard at a distance.  
Shouting and singing. A grand procession. CHO-  
RUS of HEBREW WOMEN.]*

SAUL.

SAUL.

How's this? what sounds of joy  
Salute my ears? what means this pageantry?  
This merry sound of tabret and of harp?  
What mean these idle instruments of triumph?  
These women, who in fair procession move,  
Making sweet melody?

ABNER.

To pay due honour  
To David, are they come.

SAUL.

[*Aside.*

A rival's praise  
Is discord to the ear of jealousy!

[*Martial symphony. After which CHORUS of  
WOMEN sing.*]

I.

PREPARE! your festal rites prepare!  
Let your triumphs rend the air!

Idol

Idol gods shall reign no more,

We the living LORD adore !

Let heathen hosts on human helps repose,

Since Israel's GOD has routed Israel's foes,

## II.

Let remotest nations know,

Proud Goliath's overthrow :

Fall'n, Philistia ! is thy trust,

Dagon's honour laid in dust !

Who fears the LORD of Glory, need not fear

The brazen armour, or the lifted spear.

## III.

See, the routed squadrons fly !

Hark ! their clamours rend the sky !

Blood and carnage stain the field !

See, the vanquish'd nations yield !

Dismay and terror fill the frighten'd land ;

While conq'ring David routs the trembling band.

## IV.

## IV.

Lo ! upon the tented field,

Royal Saul has thousands kill'd !

Lo ! upon th' ensanguin'd plain,

David has ten thousand slain !

Let mighty Saul his vanquish'd thousands tell,

While tenfold triumphs David's victories swell.

T H E   E N D.



# B E L S H A Z Z A R :

A

S A C R E D D R A M A.

---

How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, Son of the Morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, who didst weaken the nations!

ISAIAH.

---

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

BELSHAZZAR, King of Babylon.

NİTOCRIS, the Queen-mother.

COURTIERS, ASTROLOGERS, PARASITES:

DANIEL, the JEWISH Prophet.

Captive JEWS, &c. &c.

SCENE, BABYLON. Time; Night.

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☞ The subject of this Drama is taken from the Fifth Chapter of the Prophet DANIEL.

B E L S H A Z Z A R,

P A R T I.

---

SCENE, Near the Palace of BABYLON.

DANIEL, *and captive* JEWS.

DANIEL.

PARENT of life and light ! sole source of good !

Whose tender mercies thro' the tide of time,

In long successive order, have sustain'd,

And sav'd the sons of Israel ! Thou, whose pow'r

Deliver'd righteous Noah from the flood,

The whelming flood, the grave of human kind !

Oh

Oh Thou ! whose guardian care, and out-stretch'd  
hand,

Rescued young Isaac from the lifted arm,

Rais'd, at thy bidding, to devote a son,

An only son, doom'd by his fire to die.

(Oh, saving Faith, by such obedience prov'd !

Oh blest Obedience, hallow'd thus by faith !)

Thou, who in mercy sav'dst the chosen race,

In the wild desert ; and did'st there sustain them,

By wonder-working love, tho' they rebell'd,

And murmur'd at the miracles that sav'd them !

Oh, hear thy servant Daniel ! hear, and help !

Thou ! whose almighty pow'r did after raise

Successive leaders to defend our race :

Who sentest valiant Joshua to the field,

Thy people's champion, to the conq'ring field ;

Where the revolving planet of the night,

Suspended in her radiant round, was stay'd ;

And the bright sun, arrested in his course,

Stupendously stood still !

CHORUS *of* JEWS.

## I.

What ailed thee, that thou stood'st still,  
O sun ! nor did thy flaming orb decline ?  
And thou, O moon ! in Ajalon's dark vale,  
Why didst thou long beyond thy period shine ?

## II.

Was it at Joshua's dread command,  
The leader of the Israelitish band ?  
Yes—at a mortal bidding both stood still ;  
'Twas Joshua's word, but 'twas JEHOVAH's will.

## III.

What all-controuling hand had force  
To stop eternal Nature's constant course ?  
The wand'ring moon to one fix'd spot confine,  
But He, whose fiat bade the planets shine ?

## DANIEL.

O Thou ! who, when thy discontented host,  
Tir'd of JEHOVAH's rule, desir'd a king,  
In anger gav'st them Saul ; and then again  
Didst wrest the regal sceptre from his hand,  
To give it David—David, best belov'd !  
Illustrious David ! Poet, prophet, king !  
Thou, who didst suffer Solomon his son,  
To build a glorious temple to thy name !  
Oh hear thy servants, and forgive them too,  
If, by severe necessity compell'd,  
We worship here—we have no temple now ;  
Altar or sanctuary, none is left.

## CHORUS of JEWS.

O Judah ! let thy captive sons deplore,  
Thy far-fam'd temple's now no more !  
Fall'n is thy sacred fane, thy glory gone,  
Fall'n is thy temple, Solomon.

Ne'er did Barbaric kings behold,  
With all their shining gems, their burnish'd gold,  
A fane so perfect, bright and fair;  
For GOD himself was wont t' inhabit there:  
Between the Cherubim his glory stood,  
While the high-priest alone the dazzling splendor  
view'd.

How fondly did the Tyrian artist strive,  
His name to latest time shou'd live!  
Such wealth the stranger wonder'd to behold:  
Gold were the tablets, and the vases gold.

Of cedar such an ample store,  
Exhausted Lebanon cou'd yield no more.  
Bending before the Ruler of the sky,

Well might the royal founder cry,  
Fill'd with an holy dread, a rev'rend fear,  
Will GOD in very deed inhabit here?

The heav'n of heav'ns beneath his feet,  
Is for the bright inhabitant unmeet:

Archangels prostrate wait his high commands,  
And will he deign to dwell in temples made with  
hands ?

## DANIEL.

Yes, thou art ever present, Pow'r supreme !  
Not circumscrib'd by time, nor fix'd to space,  
Confin'd to altars, nor to temples bound.  
In wealth, in want, in freedom, or in chains,  
In dungeons or on thrones, the faithful find thee !  
Ev'n in the burning cauldron thou wast near  
To Shadrach and the holy brotherhood :  
The unhurt martyrs blest'd thee in the flames ;  
They fought, and found thee ; call'd, and thou wast  
there.

*First* J E W.

How chang'd our state ! Judah ! thy glory's fall'n.  
Thy joys for hard captivity exchange'd ;  
And thy sad sons breathe the polluted air  
Of Babylon, where deities obscene

Insult



Insult the living God ; and to his servants,  
The priests of wretched idols, made with hands,  
Shew contumelious scorn.

DANIEL.

'Tis Heav'n's high will.

*Second* JEW.

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem !  
If I not fondly cherish thy lov'd image,  
Ev'n in the giddy hour of thoughtless mirth ;  
If I not rather view thy prostrate walls  
Than haughty Babylon's imperial tow'rs ;  
Then may my tongue refuse to frame the strains  
Of sweetest harmony ; my rude right hand  
Forget, with sounds symphonious, to accord  
The harp of Jesse's son, to Sion's songs.

*First* JEW.

Oft, on Euphrates' ever verdant banks,  
Where drooping willows form a mournful shade ;  
With all the pride which prosp'rous fortunes give,

And all th' unfeeling mirth of happy men,  
Th' insulting Babylonians ask a song ;  
Such songs as erst, in better days, were sung  
By Korah's sons, or heav'n-taught Asaph set  
To loftiest measures ; then our bursting hearts  
Feel all their woes afresh ; the galling chain  
Of bondage crushes then the free-born soul  
With wringing anguish ; from the trembling lip  
Th' unfinish'd cadence falls, and the big tear,  
While it relieves, betrays the woe-fraught soul,  
For who can view Euphrates' pleasant stream,  
Its drooping willows, and its verdant banks,  
And not to wounded memory recal  
The piny groves of fertile Palæstine,  
The vales of Solyma, and Jordan's stream ?

## DANIEL.

Firm faith, and deep submission to high Heav'n,  
Will teach us to endure, without a murmur,  
What seems so hard. Think what the holy host  
Of patriarchs, saints, and prophets, have sustain'd

In the blest cause of Truth ! And shall not we,  
O men of Judah ! dare what these have dar'd,  
And boldly pass thro' the refining fire  
Of fierce affliction ? Yes, be witness, Heav'n !  
Old as I am, I will not shrink at death,  
Come in what shape it may, if God so will,  
By peril to confirm and prove my faith.  
Oh ! I wou'd dare yon' den of hungry lions,  
Rather than pause to fill the task assign'd,  
By wisdom infinite. Nor think I boast,  
Not in myself, but in thy strength I trust,  
Spirit of God !

*First* J E W.

Prophet ! thy words support,  
And raise our sinking souls.

D A N I E L.

Behold yon' palace,  
Where proud Belsazzar keeps his wanton court !  
I knew it once beneath another lord,

His grandfire \*, who subdued Jehoiachin,  
 And hither brought sad Judah's captive tribes ;  
 Together with the rich and sacred relics  
 Of our fam'd temple ; all the holy treasure,  
 The golden vases, and the sacred cups,  
 Which grac'd, in happier times, the sanctuary,

*Second* J E W.

May HE, to whose blest use they were devoted,  
 Preserve them from pollution ; and once more,  
 In his own gracious time, restore the temple !

D A N I E L.

I, with some favour'd youths of Jewish race,  
 Was lodg'd in his own palace, and instructed  
 In all the various learning of the east :  
 But HE, on whose great name our fathers call'd,  
 Preserv'd us from the perils of a court ;  
 And warn'd us to avoid the tempting cates

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\* Nebuchadnezzar.

Pernicious lux'ry offer'd to our taste.  
Fell luxury ! more perilous to youth  
Than storms or quicksands, poverty or chains.

*Second JEW.*

He, who can guard 'gainst the low baits of sense,  
Will find Temptation's arrows hurtless strike  
Against the brazen shield of Temperance.  
For 'tis th' inferior appetites enthrall  
The man, and quench th' immortal light within him ;  
The senses take the soul an easy prey,  
And sink th' imprison'd spirit into brute.

DANIEL.

Twice \*, by the Spirit of God, did I expound  
The visions of the king ; his soul was touch'd,  
And twice did he repent, and prostrate fall  
Before the God of Daniel : yet again,  
Pow'r, flatt'ry, and prosperity, undid him.  
When from the lofty ramparts of his palace,  
He view'd the splendors of the royal city,

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\* Daniel, chap. ii. and iv.

That magazine of wealth, which proud Euphrates  
Wafts from each distant corner of the earth ;  
When he beheld the adamantine towers,  
The brazen gates, the bulwarks of his strength,  
The pendent gardens, art's stupendous work,  
The wonder of the world !—The proud Chaldean,  
Mad with the insolence of boundless wealth,  
And pow'r supreme, conceiv'd himself a God.  
“ This mighty Babylon is mine,” he cried,  
“ *My* wondrous pow'r, *my* godlike arm atchiev'd it.  
“ I scorn submission, own no deity  
“ Above my own.”—While the blasphemer spoke,  
The wrath of Heav'n inflicted instant vengeance ;  
Stripp'd him of that bright reason he abus'd,  
And drove him from the chearful haunts of men,  
A naked, wretched, helpless, senseless thing ;  
Companion of the brutes, his equals now.

*First* J E W.

Nor does his impious grandson, proud Belshazzar,  
Fall short of his offences ; nay, he wants

The valiant spirit, and the active soul,  
Of his progenitor: for Pleasure's slave,  
Though bound in flow'ry fetters, silky-soft,  
Is more subdued, than is the casual victim  
Of furious rage, and violent ambition.  
Ambition is a fierce, but short-liv'd fire ;  
But Pleasure with a constant flame consumes.  
War slays her thousands ; but destructive Pleasure,  
More fell, more fatal, her ten thousands slays :  
The young, luxurious king she fondly wooes  
In every shape of am'rous blandishment ;  
With adulation smooth ensnares his soul,  
With love betrays him, and with wine inflames.  
She strews her magic poppies o'er his couch ;  
And with delicious opiates charms him down,  
In fatal slumbers bound. Though Babylon  
Is now invested by the warlike troops  
Of the young Cyrus, Persia's valiant prince ;  
Who, in conjunction with the Median king,  
Darius, fam'd for conquest, now prepares



To storm the city : not th' impending horrors  
Which ever wait a siege, have power to wake  
To thought, or sense, th' intoxicated king.

## DANIEL.

Ev'n in this night of universal dread,  
A mighty army threat'ning at the gates ;  
This very night, as if in scorn of danger,  
The dissolute Belshazzar holds a feast  
Magnificently impious, meant to honour  
Belus, the fav'rite Babylonish idol.  
Lewd parasites compose his wanton court,  
Whose impious flatt'ries soothe his monstrous crimes :  
They justify his vices, and extol  
His boastful phrase, as if he were some god.  
Whate'er he says, they say ; what he commands,  
Implicitly they do ; they echo back  
His blasphemies, with shouts of loud acclaim ;  
And when he wounds the tortur'd ear of Virtue,  
They cry, All hail ! Belshazzar live for ever !  
To-night a thousand nobles fill his hall,



Princes, and all the dames who grace the court ;  
All but the virtuous queen, sage Nitocris ;  
Ah ! how unlike the impious king her son !  
She never mingles in the midnight fray,  
Nor crowns the guilty banquet with her presence.  
The royal fair is rich in every virtue  
Which can adorn the queen, or grace the woman.  
But for the wisdom of her prudent counsels  
This wretched empire had been long undone.  
Not fam'd Semiramis, Assyria's pride,  
Cou'd boast a brighter mind, or firmer soul ;  
Beneath the gentle reign of \* Merodach,  
Her royal lord, our nation tasted peace.  
Our captive monarch, sad Jehoiachin,  
Grown grey in a close prison's horrid gloom,  
He freed from bondage ; brought the hoary king  
To taste once more the long-forgotten sweets  
Of precious liberty, and chearful light ;

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\* 2 Kings, chap. xxv.

Pour'd in his wounds the lenient balm of kindness,  
And bless'd his setting hour of life with peace.

*[Sound of trumpets is heard at a distance.]*

*First* J E W.

That sound proclaims the banquet is begun.

*Second* J E W.

Hark ! the licentious uproar grows more loud.  
The vaulted roof resounds with shouts of mirth,  
And the firm palace shakes ! Retire, my friends ;  
This madness is not meet for sober ears.  
If any of our race were found so near,  
'Twou'd but expose us to the rude attack  
Of ribaldry obscene, and impious jests,  
From these mad sons of Belial, now inflam'd  
To deeds of riot from the wanton feast.

D A N I E L.

Here part we then ! but when again to meet,  
Who knows save Heav'n ? Yet, O, my friends ! I  
feel

An impulse more than human stir my breast.  
Rapt in prophetic \* vision, I behold  
Things hid as yet from mortal sight. I see  
The dart of vengeance tremble in the air,  
Ere long to pierce the impious king. Ev'n now  
The fierce, destroying angel stalks abroad,  
And brandishes aloft the two-edg'd sword  
Of retribution keen ; he soon will strike,  
And Babylon shall weep as Sion wept.  
Pass but a little while, and you shall see  
This queen of cities prostrate on the earth.  
This haughty mistress of the kneeling world,  
How shall she sit dishonour'd in the dust,  
In tarnish'd pomp and solitary woe !  
How shall she shroud her glories in the dark,  
And in opprobrious silence hide her head !  
Lament, O virgin daughter of Chaldea !  
For thou shalt fall, imperial queen ! shalt fall !

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\* See the Prophecies of Isaiah, chap. xlvii. and others.

No more Sidonian robes shall grace thy limbs.  
To purple garments, sackcloth shall succeed ;  
And fordid dust and ashes shall supply  
The od'rous nard and cassia. Thou, who said'st,  
I am, and there is none beside me : thou,  
Ev'n thou, imperial Babylon ! shalt fall :  
Thy glory quite eclips'd ! The pleasant sound  
Of viol, and of harp, shall charm no more ;  
Nor song of Syrian damsels shall be heard,  
Responsive to the lute's luxurious note.  
But the loud bittern's cry, the raven's croak,  
The bat's fell scream, the lonely owl's dull plaint,  
And every hideous bird with ominous shriek,  
Shall scare affrighted Silence from thy walls.  
While DESOLATION, snatching from the hand  
Of Time the scythe of ruin, sits aloft,  
In dreadful majesty and horrid pomp ;  
Glancing with sullen pride thy crumbling tow'rs,  
Thy broken battlements, thy columns fall'n :  
Then, pointing to the mischiefs she has made,  
The fiend exclaims, This once was Babylon !

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B E L S H A Z Z A R.

P A R T II.

---

SCENE, *The Court of BELSHAZZAR. The King seated on a magnificent throne. Princes, Nobles, and Attendants. Ladies of the Court. Music—A superb Banquet.*

*First* COURTIER. *Rises, and kneels.*

**H**AI, mighty king !

*Second* COURTIER.

Belshazzar, live for ever !

*Third* COURTIER.

Sun of the world, and light of kings, all hail !

L

*Fourth*

*Fourth* COURTIER.

With lowest reverence, such as best becomes  
The humblest creatures of imperial power,  
Behold a thousand nobles bend before thee !  
Princes far fam'd, and dames of high descent :  
Yet all this pride of wealth, this boast of beauty,  
Shrinks into nought before thine awful eye ;  
And lives, or dies, as the king frowns, or smiles !

## BELSHAZZAR.

This is such homage, as becomes your love ;  
And suits the mighty monarch of mankind.

*Fifth* COURTIER.

The bending world shou'd prostrate thus before thee ;  
And pay, not only praise, but adoration !

BELSHAZZAR. *Rises, and comes forward.*

Let dull philosophy preach self-denial ;  
Let envious poverty, and snarling age,  
Proudly declaim against the joys they know not.

Let

Let the deluded Jews, who fondly hope  
Some fancied heav'n hereafter, mortify ;  
And lose the actual blessings of this world,  
To purchase others which may never come.  
*Our* Gods may promise less, but give us more.  
Ill cou'd my ardent spirit be content  
With meagre abstinence, and hungry hope.  
Let those misjudging Israelites, who want  
The nimble spirits, and the active soul,  
Call their blunt feelings virtue : let them drudge,  
In regular progression, thro' the round  
Of formal duty, and of daily toil ;  
And, when they want the genius to be blest,  
Believe their harsh austerity is goodness.  
If there be Gods, they meant we shou'd be happy ;  
Why give us else these appetites to be so ?  
And why, the means to crown them with indulgence ?  
To burst the feeble bonds, which hold the vulgar,  
Is noble daring.

*First* COURTIER.

And is therefore worthy  
The high imperial spirit of Belshazzar.

*Second* COURTIER.

Behold a banquet, which the gods might share.

## B E L S H A Z Z A R.

To-night, my friends! your monarch shall be blest  
With ev'ry various joy; to-night is ours;  
Nor shall the envious gods, who view our bliss,  
And sicken as they view, to-night disturb us.  
Bring all the richest spices of the East,  
The od'rous cassia, and the dropping myrrh;  
The liquid amber, and the fragrant gums;  
Rob Gilead of its balms, Belshazzar bids,  
And leave the Arabian groves without an odour.  
Bring freshest flow'rs, exhaust the blooming spring,  
Twine the green myrtle with the short-liv'd rose;  
And ever, as the blushing garland fades,  
We'll learn to snatch the fugitive delight,

And



And grasp the flying joy ere it escape us.  
Come—fill the smiling goblet for the king ;  
Belshazzar will not let a moment pass,  
Unmark'd by some enjoyment ! The full bowl  
Let every guest partake !

*[Courtiers kneel, and drink.]*

*First* COURTIER.

Here's to the king !  
Light of the world, and glory of the earth,  
Whose word is fate !

BELSHAZZAR.

Yes, we are likest gods,  
When we have pow'r, and use it. What is wealth,  
But the blest means to gratify desire ?  
I will not have a wish, a hope, a thought,  
That shall not know fruition. What is empire ?  
The privilege to punish and enjoy ;  
To feel our pow'r in making others fear it ;  
To taste of pleasure's cup till we grow giddy,  
And think ourselves immortal. This is empire !

My ancestors scarce tasted of its joys :  
Shut from the sprightly world, and all its charms,  
In cumbrous majesty, in fullen state,  
And dull unsocial dignity they liv'd ;  
Far from the sight of an admiring world,  
That world, whose gaze makes half the charms of  
greatness ;

They nothing knew of empire but the name,  
Or saw it in the looks of trembling slaves ;  
And all they felt of royalty was care.  
But I will see, and know it of myself ;  
Youth, wealth, and greatness court me to be blest,  
And Pow'r and Pleasure draw with equal force  
And sweet attraction : both I will embrace  
With fond delight ; but this is Pleasure's day ;  
Ambition will have time to reign hereafter ;  
It is the proper appetite of age.  
The lust of pow'r shall lord it uncontroll'd,  
When all the gen'rous feelings grow obtuse,  
And stern dominion holds, with rigid hand,  
His iron rein, and sits and sways alone.  
But youth is Pleasure's hour !

*First* COURTIER.

Perish the slave

Who, with officious counsel, wou'd oppose  
The king's desire, whose slightest wish is law !

## BELSHAZZAR.

Now strike the loud-ton'd lyre, and softer lute ;  
Let me have music, with the nobler aid  
Of poesy ! Where are those cunning men,  
Who boast, by chosen sounds, and measur'd sweetness,  
To set the busy spirits in a flame,  
And cool them at their will ? who know the art  
To call the hidden pow'rs of numbers forth,  
And make that pliant instrument, the mind,  
Yield to the pow'rful sympathy of sound,  
Obedient to the master's artful hand ?  
Such magic is in song ! Then give me song ;  
Yet not at first such soul-dissolving strains,

As melt the soften'd sense ; but such bold measures,  
As may inflame my spirit to despise  
The ambitious Persian, that presumptuous boy,  
Who rashly dares ev'n now invest our city,  
And menaces th' invincible Belshazzar.

*A grand CONCERT of MUSIC, after which*  
*an ODE.*

In vain shall Persian Cyrus dare  
With great Belshazzar wage unequal war :  
In vain Darius shall combine,  
Darius, leader of the Median line ;  
While fair Euphrates' stream our walls protects,  
And great Belshazzar's self our fate directs.  
War and famine threat in vain,  
While this demi-god shall reign !  
Let Persia's prostrate king confess his pow'r,  
And Media's monarch dread his vengeful hour.

On Dura's \* ample plain behold  
 Immortal Belus †, whom the nations own;  
 Sublime he stands in burnish'd gold,  
 And richest offerings his bright altars crown.  
 To-night his deity we here adore,  
 And due libations speak his mighty pow'r.  
 Yet Belus' self not more we own,  
 Than great Belshazzar on Chaldea's throne.  
 Great Belshazzar, like a god,  
 Rules the nations with a nod!  
 To great Belshazzar be the goblet crown'd!  
 Belshazzar's name the échoing roofs rebound!

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\* Daniel, chap. iii.

† See a very fine description of the Temple of this Idol.

———The tow'ring fane  
 Of Bel, Chaldean Jove, surpassing far  
 That Doric Temple, which the Elean chiefs  
 Rais'd to their thunderer from the spoils of war;  
 Or that Ionic, where th' Ephesian bow'd  
 To Dian, queen of heaven. Eight towers arise,  
 Each above each, immeasurable height,  
 A monument at once of Eastern pride,  
 And slavish superstition, &c. &c.

JUDAH RESTORED, Book I.

B E L-

## B E L S H A Z Z A R.

Enough ! the kindling rapture fires my brain,  
And my heart dances to the flatt'ring sounds.  
I feel myself a god ! Why not a god ?  
What were the deities our fathers worshipp'd ?  
What was great Nimrod, our imperial founder ?  
What, greater Belus, to whose pow'r divine,  
We raise to-night the banquet and the song ;  
But youthful heroes, mortal, like myself,  
Who by their daring earn'd divinity ?  
They were but men : nay, some were less than men,  
Tho' now rever'd as Gods. What was Anubis,  
Whom Egypt's sapient sons adore ? A dog !  
And shall not I, young, valiant, and a king,  
Dare more ? do more ? be greater than the rest ?  
I will indulge the thought.—Fill me more wine,  
To cherish and exalt the young idea !      [*He drinks.*]  
Ne'er did Olympian Jupiter himself  
Quaff such immortal draughts.

*First* COURTIER.

What cou'd that Canaan,  
 That heaven in hope, that nothing in possession,  
 That air-built blifs of the deluded Jews,  
 That promis'd land of milk, and flowing honey;  
 What cou'd that fancied Paradise bestow  
 To match these generous juices?

## BELSHAZZAR.

Hold—enough!

Thou hast rous'd a thought; by Heav'n I will enjoy it;  
 A glorious thought! which will exalt to rapture  
 The pleasures of the banquet, and bestow  
 A yet untasted relish of delight.

*First* COURTIER.

What means the king?

## BELSHAZZAR.

The Jews! saidst thou the Jews?

*First*

*First* COURTIER.

I spoke of that undone, that outcast people,  
 The tributary creatures of thy pow'r,  
 The captives of thy will, whose very breath  
 Hangs on the sov'reign pleasure of the king.

## B E L S H A Z Z A R.

When that abandon'd race was hither brought,  
 Were not the choicest treasures of their temple,  
 (Devoted to their God, and held most precious)  
 Among the spoils which grac'd \* Nebassar's triumph,  
 And lodg'd in Babylon ?

*First* COURTIER.

O king ! they were.

---

\* The name of Nebuchadnezzar not being reducible to verse, I have adopted that of Nebassar, on the authority of the ingenious and learned Author of *Judah Restored*.



*Second* COURTIER.

The Jews, with superstitious awe, behold  
These sacred symbols of their ancient faith :  
Nor has captivity abated ought  
The rev'rend love they bear these holy reliques.  
Tho' we deride their law, and scorn their persons,  
Yet never have we yet to human use  
Devoted these rich vessels, set apart  
To sacred purposes.

## BELSHAZZAR.

I joy to hear it !

Go—fetch them hither. They shall grace our banquet.

Does no one stir ? Belshazzar disobey'd ?

And yet you live ! Whence comes this strange reluctance ?

This new-born rev'rence for the helpless Jews ?

This fear to injure those, who can't revenge it ?

Send

Send to the sacred treasury in haste,  
Let all be hither brought ;—who answers, dies.

*[They go out.]*

The mantling wine a higher joy will yield,  
Pour'd from the precious flaggons which adorn'd  
Their far-fam'd temple, now in ashes laid.  
Oh ! 'twill exalt the pleasure into transport,  
To gall those whining, praying Israelites !  
I laugh to think what wild dismay will seize them,  
When they shall learn the use that has been made  
Of all their holy trumpery !

*[The vessels are brought in.]*

*Second* COURTIER.

It comes !

A goodly shew ! how bright with gold and gems !  
Far fitter for a youthful monarch's board,  
Than the cold shrine of an unheeding god.

## BELSHAZZAR.

Fill me that massy goblet to the brim.  
Now, Abraham ! let thy wretched race expect  
The fable of their faith to be fulfill'd ;  
Their second temple, and their promis'd king !  
Now will they see, he's impotent to save ;  
For had he pow'r to help, he wou'd have hinder'd  
This profanation.

*[As the king is going to drink, thunder is heard ; he starts from the throne, spies a hand, which writes on the wall these words ; MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. He lets fall the goblet, and stands in an attitude of speechless horror. All start, and are terrified.]*

*First* COURTIER, *after a long pause.*

Oh, transcendent horror !

*Second* COURTIER.

What may this mean ! The king is greatly mov'd !

*Third* COURTIER.

Nor is it strange—who unappall'd can view it?  
Those sacred cups! I doubt we've gone too far.

*First* COURTIER.

Observe the fear-struck king! his starting eyes  
Roll horribly. Thrice he essay'd to speak,  
And thrice his tongue refus'd.

B E L S H A Z Z A R, *in a low trembling voice.*

Ye mystic words!

Thou semblance of an hand! illusive forms!

Ye dire fantastic images, what are ye?

Dread shadows, speak! Explain your horrible mean-  
ing!

Ye will not answer me.—Yes, yes, I feel

I am a mortal now—My failing limbs

Refuse to bear me up. I am no god!

Gods do not tremble thus.—Support me, hold me,

These loosen'd joints, these knees which finite each other,

Betray I'm but a man—a weak one too!

*First* COURTIER.

In truth, 'tis passing strange, and full of horror !

## BELSHAZZAR.

Send for the learn'd magicians, every sage  
Who deals in wizard spells and magic charms.

[*Some go out.*]

*First* COURTIER.

How fares my lord the king ?

## BELSHAZZAR.

Am I a king ?

What pow'r have I ? Ye lying slaves, I am not.

Oh, soul-distracting sight ! but is it real ?

Perhaps 'tis fancy all, or the wild dream

Of mad distemperature, the fumes of wine !

I'll look upon't no more !—So—now I'm well !

I am a king again, and know not fear.

And yet my eyes will seek that fatal spot ;

And fondly dwell upon the sight, that blasts them !

M

Again,

Again, 'tis there ! it is not fancy's work.

I see it still ! 'tis written on the wall.

I see the writing, but the viewless writer,

Who, what is he ? Oh, horror ! horror ! horror !

It cannot be the God of these poor Jews ;

For what is He, that He can thus afflict ?

*Second* COURTIER.

Let not my lord the king be thus dismay'd.

*Third* COURTIER.

Let not a phantom, an illusive shade,

Disturb the peace of him, who rules the world.

B E L S H A Z Z A R.

No more, ye wretched sycophants ! no more !

The sweetest note, which flatt'ry now can strike,

Harsh and discordant grates upon my soul.

Talk not of power to one so full of fear,

So weak, so impotent ! Look on that wall ;

If thou wou'dst soothe my soul, explain the writing,

And thou shalt be my oracle, my God !

Tell

Tell me from whence it came, and what it means,  
And I'll believe I am again a king !  
Friends ! princes ! ease my troubled breast ; and say,  
What do the mystic characters portend ?

*First* COURTIER.

'Tis not in us, O king ! to ease thy spirit ;  
We are not skill'd in those mysterious arts,  
Which wait the midnight studies of the sage :  
But of the deep diviners thou shalt learn,  
The wise astrologers, the sage magicians ;  
Who, of events unborn, take secret note,  
And hold deep commerce with the unseen world.

*Enter* ASTROLOGERS, MAGICIANS,  
    &c. &c.

BELSHAZZAR.

Approach, ye sages, 'tis the king commands !

*[They kneel.*

## A S T R O L O G E R S .

Hail, mighty king of Babylon !

## B E L S H A Z Z A R .

Nay, rise :

I do not need your homage, but your help ;  
The world may worship, you must counsel me.  
He, who declares the secret of the king,  
No common honours shall await his skill ;  
Our empire shall be tax'd for his reward,  
And he himself shall name the gift he wishes.  
A splendid scarlet robe shall grace his limbs,  
His neck a princely chain of gold adorn,  
Meet honours for such wisdom : He shall rule  
The third in rank throughout our Babylon.

*Second* A S T R O L O G E R .

Such recompence becomes Belshazzar's bounty.  
Let the king speak the secret of his soul ;  
Which heard, his humble creatures shall unfold.

B E L -



BELSHAZZAR, *points to the wall.*

Be't so—Look there—behold these characters !  
Nay, do not start, for I will know their meaning !  
Ha ! answer ; speak, or instant death awaits you !  
What, dumb ! all dumb ! where is your boasted skill ?

*[They confer together.*

Keep them asunder—No confed'racy—  
No secret plots to make your tales agree.  
Speak, slaves, and dare to let me know the worst !

*First* ASTROLOGER.

*[They kneel.*

O, let the king forgive his faithful servants !

*Second* ASTROLOGER.

O mitigate our threaten'd doom of death ;  
If we declare, with mingled grief and shame,  
We cannot tell the secret of the king,  
Nor what these mystic characters portend !

## B E L S H A Z Z A R.

Off with their heads ! Ye shall not live an hour !  
 Curse on your shallow arts, your lying science !  
 'Tis thus you practise on the credulous world,  
 Who think you wise, because themselves are weak !  
 But, miscreants, ye shall die ! the pow'r to punish  
 Is all that I have left me of a king.

*First* C O U R T I E R.

Great Sir ! suspend their punishment awhile.  
 Behold sage Nîtocris, thy royal mother !

## B E L S H A Z Z A R,

My mother here !

*Enter* Q U E E N.

## Q U E E N.

O my misguided son !  
 Well may'st thou wonder to behold me here :  
 For I have ever shunn'd this scene of riot,

Where

Where wild Intemperance and dishonour'd Mirth  
Hold festival impure. Yet, O Belshazzar!  
I cou'd not hear the wonders which befel,  
And leave thee to the workings of despair:  
For, spite of all the anguish of my soul  
At thy offences, I'm thy mother still!  
Against the solemn purpose I had form'd  
Never to mix in this unhallow'd crowd,  
The wond'rous story of the mystic writing,  
Of strange and awful import, brings me here;  
If haply I may shew some likely means  
To fathom this dark mystery.

BELSHAZZAR.

Speak, O queen!

My list'ning soul shall hang upon thy words,  
And prompt obedience follow them!

QUEEN.

Then hear me.

Among the captive tribes, which hither came

To grace Nebassar's triumph, there was brought  
A youth nam'd Daniel, favour'd by high Heav'n  
With pow'r to look into the secret page  
Of dim futurity's mysterious volume.  
The spirit of the holy Gods is in him ;  
No vision so obscure, no fate so dark,  
No sentence so perplex'd, but he can solve it :  
Can trace each crooked labyrinth of thought,  
Each winding maze of doubt, and make it clear,  
And palpable to sense. He twice explain'd  
The monarch's mystic dreams. The holy seer  
Saw, with prophetic spirit, what befel  
The king long after. For his wond'rous skill  
He was rewarded, honour'd, and caress'd,  
And with the rulers of Chaldea rank'd :  
Tho' now, alas ! thrown by ; his services  
Forgotten or neglected ; such the meed  
Which virtue finds in courts.

BELSHAZZAR.

Dispatch with speed

A message, to command the holy man  
To meet us on the instant.

NITOCRIS.

I already

Have sent to ask his presence at the palace;  
And, lo! he comes.

*Enter* DANIEL,

BELSHAZZAR.

Welcome, thrice venerable sage! approach,  
Art thou that Daniel, whom my great forefather  
Brought hither with the captive tribes of Judah?

DANIEL.

I am that Daniel.

BEL-

## B E L S H A Z Z A R .

Pardon, holy Prophet ;  
Nor let a just resentment of thy wrongs,  
And long neglected merit, shut thy heart  
Against a king's request, a suppliant king !

## D A N I E L .

The GOD I worship teaches to forgive.

## B E L S H A Z Z A R .

Then let thy words bring comfort to my soul.  
I've heard the spirit of the Gods is in thee ;  
That thou can'st look into the fates of men,  
With prescience more than human !

## D A N I E L .

Hold, O king !  
Wisdom is from above, 'tis GOD's own gift.  
I of myself am nothing ; but from Him  
The little knowledge I possess, I hold :  
To Him be all the glory !

## BELSHAZZAR.

Then, O Daniel !

If thou indeed dost boast that wond'rous gift,  
That faculty divine ; look there, and tell me !  
O say, what mean those mystic characters ?  
Remove this load of terror from my soul ;  
And honours, such as kings can give, await thee :  
Thou shalt be great beyond thy soul's ambition,  
And rich above thy wildest dream of wealth :  
Clad in the scarlet robe our nobles wear,  
And grac'd with princely ensigns, thou shalt stand  
Near our own throne, and third within our empire.

## DANIEL.

O mighty king ! thy gifts with thee remain,  
And let thy high rewards on others fall.  
The princely ensign, nor the scarlet robe,  
Nor yet to be the third within thy realm,  
Can touch the soul of Daniel. Honour, fame,  
All that the world calls great, thy crown itself,  
Cou'd

Cou'd never satisfy the vast ambition  
 Of an immortal spirit, which aspires  
 To an eternal crown, a crown of glory !

*First* COURTIER.

[*Aside.*

Our priests teach no such notions.

DANIEL.

Yet, O king !

Tho' all unmov'd by grandeur or by gift,  
 I will unfold the high decrees of Heav'n,  
 And strait declare the mystery.

BELSHAZZAR.

Speak, O Prophet !

DANIEL.

Prepare to hear, what kings have seldom heard ;  
 Prepare to hear, what these have never told thee :  
 Prepare to hear the TRUTH. The mighty God,  
 Who rules the sceptres and the hearts of kings,



Gave thy renown'd \* forefather here to reign,  
With such extent of empire, weight of pow'r,  
And greatness of dominion, the wide earth  
Trembled beneath the terror of his name,  
And kingdoms stood or fell as he decreed.  
Oh ! dangerous pinnacle of pow'r supreme !  
Who can stand safe upon its treach'rous top,  
Behold the gazing prostrate world below,  
Whom depth and distance into pigmies shrink,  
And not grow giddy ? Babylon's great king  
Forgot he was a man, a helpless man,  
Subject to pain, and sin, and death, like others !  
But who shall fight against Omnipotence ?  
Or who hath harden'd his obdurate heart  
Against the Majesty of Heav'n, and prosper'd ?  
The God he had insulted was aveng'd ;  
From empire, from the joys of social life,  
He drove him forth ; extinguish'd reason's lamp,

---

\* Nebuchadnezzar.

Quench'd that bright spark of deity within ;  
 Compell'd him, with the forest brutes, to roam  
 For scanty pasture ; and the mountain dews  
 Fell, cold and wet, on his defenceless head :  
 Till he confess'd—Let men, let monarchs hear !—  
 Till he confess'd, PRIDE WAS NOT MADE FOR MAN !

## N I T O C R I S.

O, awful instance of divine displeasure !

## B E L S H A Z Z A R.

Proceed ! My soul is wrapt in fix'd attention !

## D A N I E L.

O king ! thy grandfire not in vain had sinn'd ;  
 If, from his error, thou had'st learnt the truth.  
 The story of his fall thou oft hast heard,  
 But has it taught thee wisdom ? Thou, like him,  
 Hast been elate with pow'r, and mad with pride.  
 Like him, thou hast defy'd the Living God.  
 Nay, to bold thoughts hast added deeds more bold.

Thou hast out-wrought the pattern he bequeath'd thee,  
 And quite outgone example ; hast prophan'd,  
 With impious hand, the vessels of the Temple :  
 Those vessels, sanctified to holiest use,  
 Thou hast polluted with unhallow'd lips,  
 And made the instruments of foul debauch.  
 Thou hast ador'd the gods of wood and stone,  
 Vile, senseless deities, the work of hands ;  
 But HE, THE KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS,  
 In whom exists thy life, thy soul, thy breath,  
 On whom thy being hangs, thou hast deny'd.

*First* COURTIER.

[*Aside to the others.*]

With what an holy boldness he reproves him !

*Second* COURTIER.

Such is the fearless confidence of virtue !  
 And such the righteous courage those maintain,  
 Who plead the cause of truth ! The smallest word,  
 He utters, had been death to half the court.

BEL-

## BELSHAZZAR.

Now let the mystic writing be explain'd,  
Thrice venerable sage!

## DANIEL.

O mighty king!

Hear then its awful import: *God has number'd  
Thy days of royalty, and soon will end them.  
The All-wise has weigh'd thee in the even balance  
Of his own holy law, and finds thee wanting:  
And last, Thy kingdom shall be wrested from thee;  
And know, the Mede and Persian shall possess it.*

## BELSHAZZAR.

[*He starts up.*]

Prophet, when shall this be?

## DANIEL.

In GOD's own time!

Here my commission ends; I may not utter  
More than thou hast heard; but O! remember, king!  
Thy days are number'd; hear, repent, and live!

BEL-

## BELSHAZZAR.

Say, Prophet, what can penitence avail ?  
If Heav'n's decrees immutably are fix'd,  
Can pray'rs avert our fate ?

## DANIEL.

They change our hearts,

And thus dispose Omnipotence to mercy.  
'Tis man that alters, GOD is still the same.  
*Conditional* are all Heav'n's covenants :  
And when th' uplifted thunder is with-held,  
'Tis pray'r that deprecates th' impending bolt.  
Good \* Hezekiah's days were number'd too ;  
But penitence and tears were mighty pleas :  
At Mercy's throne they never plead in vain.

[*He is going.*

## BELSHAZZAR.

Stay, Prophet, and receive thy promis'd gift :  
The scarlet robe, and princely chain, are thine ;

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\* 2 Chron. chap. xxxii. Also, Isaiah, chap. xxxviii.

And let my heralds publish through the land,  
That Daniel stands, in dignity and pow'r,  
The third in Babylon. These just rewards  
Thou well may'st claim, though sad thy prophecy !

## Q U E E N.

Be not deceiv'd, my son ! nor let thy soul  
Snatch an uncertain moment's treach'rous rest,  
On the dread brink of that tremendous gulf  
Which yawns beneath thee.

## D A N I E L.

O unhappy king !  
Know what *must* happen once, *may* happen soon.  
Remember, that 'tis terrible to meet  
Great evils unprepar'd ! and, O Belshazzar !  
In the wild moment of dismay and death,  
Remember thou wast warn'd ! and, O ! remember,  
Warnings despis'd are condemnations then !

[*Exeunt Daniel and Queen.*]

## BELSHAZZAR.

'Tis well—my soul shakes off its load of care :

'Tis only the obscure is terrible.

Imagination frames events unknown,

In wild fantastic shapes of hideous ruin ;

And what it fears, creates !—I know the worst ;

And awful is that worst, as fear could feign :

But distant are the ills, I have to dread !

What is remote may be uncertain too !

Ha ! Princes ! hope breaks in !—This may not be !

*First* COURTIER.

Perhaps this Daniel is in league with Persia ;

And brib'd by Cyrus to report these horrors,

To weaken and impede the mighty plans

Of thy imperial mind !

## BELSHAZZAR.

'Tis very like.

*Second* COURTIER.

Return we to the banquet.

## BELSHAZZAR.

Dare we venture ?

*Third* COURTIER.

Let not this dreaming Seer disturb the king.  
 Against the pow'r of Cyrus, and the Mede,  
 Is Babylon secure. Her brazen gates  
 Mock all attempts to force them. Proud Euphrates,  
 A watry bulwark, guards our ample city  
 From all assailants. And within the walls  
 Of this stupendous capital are lodg'd  
 Such vast provisions, such exhaustless stores,  
 As a twice ten years siege could never waste !

## BELSHAZZAR.

[*Embraces him.*

My better genius ! To the banquet then !

[*As they are going to resume their places at the banquet, a dreadful uproar is heard, tumultuous cries, and warlike sounds. All stand terrified. Enter soldiers, with their swords drawn, and wounded.*



## SOLDIER.

Oh, helpless Babylon ! Oh, wretched king !  
Chaldea is no more, the Mede has conquer'd !  
The victor Cyrus, like a mighty torrent,  
Comes rushing on, and marks his way with ruin !

## BELSHAZZAR.

Impossible ! Villain and slave thou ly'st !  
Euphrates and the brazen gates secure us.  
While those remain, Belshazzar laughs at danger.

## SOLDIER.

Euphrates is diverted from its course,  
The brazen gates are burst, the city's taken,  
Thyself a pris'ner, and thy empire lost.

## BELSHAZZAR.

Oh, Prophet ! I remember thee too soon !

*[He runs out. They follow, in the utmost confusion.]*

*Enter several* J E W S, M E D E S, *and* B A B Y -  
L O N I A N S,

*First* J E W.

He comes, he comes ! the long predicted prince,  
Cyrus ! the destin'd instrument of Heav'n,  
To free our captive nation, and restore  
J E H O V A H's Temple ! Carnage marks his way,  
And conquest fits upon his plume-crown'd helm !

*Second* J E W.

What noise is that ?

*First* J E W.

Hark ! 'tis Belsazzar's voice !

B E L S H A Z Z A R.      [*Without.*

O Soldier ! spare my life, and aid my flight ;  
Such treasures shall reward the gentle deed,  
As Persia never saw ! I'll be thy slave ;  
I'll yield my crown to Cyrus, I'll adore  
His Gods and thine—I'll kneel and kiss thy feet,

And worship thee—It is not much I ask—  
I'll live in bondage, beggary, and pain,  
So thou but let me live !

SOLDIER.

Die, tyrant, die !

BELSHAZZAR.

O Daniel ! Daniel ! Daniel !

*Enter* SOLDIER.

SOLDIER.

Belshazzar's dead !

The wretched king breath'd out his furious soul  
In that tremendous groan.

*First* JEW.

Belshazzar's dead !

Then, Judah ! art thou free ! The tyrant's fall'n !  
Jerusalem, Jerusalem is free !

B E L S H A Z Z A R.

P A R T III.

---

*Enter DANIEL and JEWS.*

DANIEL.

**B**EL boweth down \*, and haughty Nebo stoops!  
The idols fall; the God and worshipper  
Together fall! together they bow down!  
Each other, or themselves, they cannot save.  
O, Babylon! where is thy refuge now?  
Thy wisdom and thy knowledge, meant to save,

---

\* Isaiah, chap. xlvi.

Pervert thee ; and thy blessing is thy bane !  
Where are thy brutish deities, Chaldea ?  
Where are thy gods of gold ?—Oh, Lord of life !  
Thou very GOD ! so fall thy foes before thee !

*First* J E W.

So fell beneath the terrors of thy name  
The idol Chemosh, Moab's empty trust ;  
So Ammonitish Moloch sunk before thee ;  
So fell Philistine Dagon : so shall fall,  
To time's remotest period, all thy foes !

D A N I E L.

Not for myself, O Judah ! but for thee,  
I shed these tears of joy. For I no more  
Must view the cedars which adorn the brow  
Of Syrian Lebanon ; no more shall see  
Thy pleasant stream, O Jordan ! nor the flocks,  
Which whiten all the mountains of Judea ;  
Nor Carmel's heights, nor Sharon's flow'ry vales.  
I must remain in Babylon ! So Heav'n,

To

To whose awards I bow me, has decreed.  
I ne'er shall see thee, Salem ! I am old ;  
And few, and toilsome, are my days to come.  
But we shall meet in those celestial climes,  
Compar'd with which created glories sink :  
Where finners shall have pow'r to harm no more,  
And martyr'd Virtue rests her weary head.  
'Tho' ere my day of promis'd grace shall come,  
I shall be try'd by perils strange and new ;  
Nor shall I taste of death, so have I learn'd,  
'Till I have seen the captive tribes restor'd.

*First* J E W.

And shall we view, once more, thy hallow'd tow'rs,  
Imperial Salem ?

D A N I E L.

Yes, my youthful friends !  
You shall behold the second \* temple rise,  
With grateful ecstacy : but we, your fires,

---

\* Ezra, chap. i.

Now bent with hoary age ; we, whose charm'd eyes  
Beheld the matchless glories of the first,  
Shou'd weep, rememb'ring what we once had seen,  
That model of perfection !

*Second* JEW.

Never more  
Shall such another structure grace the earth !

DANIEL.

Well have you borne affliction, men of Judah !  
Well have sustain'd your portion of distress ;  
And, unrepining, drank the bitter dregs  
Of adverse fortune ! Happier days await you.  
O guard against the perils of success !  
Prosperity dissolves the yielding soul,  
And the bright Sun of shining fortune melts  
The firmest virtue down. Beware, my friends,  
Be greatly cautious of prosperity !  
Defend your sliding hearts ; and, trembling, think  
How those, who buffeted affliction's waves

With

With vig'rous virtue, sunk in Pleasure's calm.  
He \*, who of special grace had been allow'd  
To rear the hallow'd fane to Israel's GOD,  
By wealth corrupted, and by ease debauch'd,  
Forsook the GOD to whom he rais'd the fane ;  
And, sunk in sensual sloth, consum'd his days,  
In vile idolatrous rites !——Nor think, my sons,  
That virtue in sequester'd *solitude*  
Is always found. Within the inmost soul  
The hidden tempter lurks ; nor less betrays,  
In the still, seeming safety of retreat,  
Than where the treach'rous world delusive smiles.  
Who thinks himself secure, is half undone ;  
For sin, unwatch'd, may reach the sanctuary :  
No place preserves us from it. Righteous Lot  
Stemm'd the strong current of corruption's tide,  
Ev'n in polluted Sodom ; safe he liv'd,  
While circumspective Virtue's watchful eye  
Was anxiously awake : but in the shade,

---

\* Solomon.



Far from the threat'ning perils which alarm  
With visible temptation, secret sin  
Ensnar'd him ; in security he fell.

*Second* J E W.

Thy prudent counsels in our hearts shall live,  
As if a pen of adamant had grav'd them.

*First* J E W.

The dawn approaches ; let us part, my friends,  
Secure of peace, since tyranny is fall'n !

D A N I E L.

So perish all thine enemies, O LORD !  
So, mighty GOD ! shall perish all, who seek  
Corrupted pleasures in the turbid waves  
Of life's polluted stream ; and madly quit  
The living fountain of perennial grace !

T H E   E N D.



# D A N I E L:

A

## S A C R E D D R A M A.

---

The Righteous is delivered out of trouble, and the  
Wicked cometh in his stead. PROVERBS of SOLOMON.

On peut des plus grands rois surprendre la justice.  
Incapable de tromper,  
Ils ont peine a s'échapper  
Des pieges de l'artifice.  
Un cœur noble ne peut soupçonner en autrui  
La bassesse et la malice  
Qu'il ne sent point en lui.

ESTHER. TRAGÉDIE de RACINE.

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## PERSONS of the DRAMA.

DARIUS, King of MEDIA and BABYLON.

PHARNACES, }  
SORANUS, } Courtiers, enemies to DANIEL.

ARASPE S, a young MEDIAN Lord, friend and  
convert of DANIEL.

DANIEL.

SCENE, The City of BABYLON.

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☞ The subject of this Drama is taken from the Sixth  
Chapter of the Book of the Prophet Daniel.

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D A N I E L.

P A R T I.

---

PHARNACES, SORANUS.

PHARNACES.

**Y**ES!—I have noted, with a jealous eye,  
 The pow'r of this new fav'rite ! Daniel reigns,  
 And not Darius ! Daniel guides the springs  
 Which move this mighty empire ! High he sits,  
 Supreme in favour both with prince and people !  
 Where is the spirit of our Median lords,  
 Tamely to crouch and bend the supple knee

O

To

To this new god ? By Mithras, 'tis too much !  
 Shall great Arbaces' race to Daniel bow ?  
 A foreigner, a captive, and a Jew ?  
 Something must be devis'd, and that right soon,  
 To shake his credit.

## S O R A N U S.

Rather hope to shake  
 The mountain pine, whose twisting fibres clasp  
 The earth, deep rooted ! Rather hope to shake  
 The Scythian Taurus from his central base !  
 No—Daniel sits too absolute in pow'r,  
 Too firm in favour, for the keenest shaft  
 Of nicely-aiming jealousy to reach him.

## P H A R N A C E S.

Rather he sits too high to sit securely.  
 Hast thou then liv'd in courts ? hast thou grown grey,  
 Beneath the mask a subtil statesman wears  
 To hide his secret soul, and dost not know  
 That, of all fickle Fortune's transient gifts,

Favour is most deceitful ? 'Tis a beam,  
Which darts uncertain brightness for a moment !  
The faint, precarious, sickly shine of pow'r ;  
Giv'n without merit, by caprice withdrawn.  
No trifle is so small as what obtains,  
Save that which loses it. It is a breath,  
Which hangs upon a smile ! A look, a word,  
A frown, the air-built tow'r of favour shakes,  
And down the unsubstantial fabric falls !  
Darius, just and clement as he is,  
If I mistake not, may be wrought upon  
By prudent wiles, by Flattery's pleasant cup,  
Administer'd with caution.

## S O R A N U S.

But the means ?

For Daniel's life (a foe must grant him that)  
Is so replete with goodness, so adorn'd  
With every virtue, so exactly squar'd  
By wisdom's nicest rules, that 'twere most hard  
To charge him with the shadow of offence.

Pure is his fame, as Scythia's mountain snows,  
 When not a breath pollutes them ! O Pharnaces !  
 I've scann'd the actions of his daily life  
 With all th' industrious malice of a foe ;  
 And nothing meets mine eye but deeds of honour !  
 In office pure ; for equitable acts  
 Renown'd : in justice and impartial truth,  
 The Grecian Themis is not more severe.

## P H A R N A C E S.

By yon' bright sun, thou blazon'ft forth his praise ;  
 As if with rapture thou didst read the page,  
 Where these fair deeds are written !

## S O R A N U S.

Thou mistak'ft.

I only meant to shew, what cause we have  
 To hate and fear him. I but meant to paint  
 His popular virtues, and his dang'rous merit.  
 Then for devotion, and religious zeal,  
 Who so renown'd as Daniel ? Of his law



Observant in th' extreme. Thrice ev'ry day,  
With prostrate rev'rence, he adores his God :  
With superstitious awe his face he turns  
Tow'rds his belov'd Jerusalem ; as if  
Some local, partial God might there be found  
To hear his supplication. No affair  
Of state ; no business so importunate ;  
No pleasure so alluring ; no employ  
Of such high import, to seduce his zeal  
From this observance due !

## PHARNACES.

There, there he falls !

Enough, my friend ! His piety destroys him.  
There, at the very footstool of his God,  
Where he implores protection, there I'll crush him !

## SORANUS.

What means Pharnaces ?

## P H A R N A C E S.

Ask not what I mean !

The new idea floating in my brain,  
Has yet receiv'd no form. 'Tis yet too soon  
To give it body, circumstance, or breath.  
The seeds of mighty deeds are lab'ring here,  
And struggling for a birth ! 'Tis near the hour  
The king is wont to summon us to council.  
Ere that, this big conception of my mind  
I'll shape to form and being. Thou, meanwhile,  
Convene our chosen friends ; for I shall need  
The aid of all your counsels, and the weight  
Of grave authority.

## S O R A N U S.

Who shall be trusted ?

## P H A R N A C E S.

With our immediate motive, none, except  
A chosen band of friends, who most repine  
At Daniel's exaltation. But the scheme

I medi-

I meditate, must be disclos'd to all  
Who bear high office ; all our Median rulers,  
Princes and captains, presidents and lords ;  
All must assemble ! 'Tis a common cause ;  
All but the young Araspes, he inclines  
To Daniel and his God. He sits attent,  
With ravisht ears, to listen to his lore :  
With rev'rence names Jerusalem, and reads  
The volume of the law ! No more he bows,  
To hail the golden Ruler of the Day ;  
But looks for some great Prophet, greater far,  
So they pretend, than Mithras ! From him, therefore,  
Conceal whate'er of injury is devis'd  
'Gainst Daniel. Be it too thy care to-day,  
To keep him from the council.

S O R A N U S.

'Tis well thought.

'Tis now about the hour of Daniel's pray'r,  
Araspes too is with him ; and to-day  
They will not sit in council. Haste we then !

Designs of high importance, once conceiv'd,  
Shou'd be accomplish'd. Genius to discern,  
And courage to atchieve, despise the aid  
Of ling'ring circumspection. The keen spirit  
Seizes the prompt occasion, and at once  
Plans and performs, resolves and executes !

D A N I E L.

P A R T II.

---

SCENE, DANIEL'S House.

DANIEL, ARASPES.

ARASPES.

**P**ROCEED, proceed, thrice venerable sage!  
Enlighten my dark mind with this new ray,  
This dawning of salvation ! Tell me more  
Of this expected King ! this Prince of peace !  
This Promise of the nations ! this great Hope  
Of anxious Israël ! This mighty Prophet !

This

This Balm of Gilead, which shall heal the wounds  
Of universal nature ! this MESSIAH !

Redeemer, saviour, sufferer, victim, GOD !

### D A N I E L.

Enough to animate our faith, we know,  
But not enough to soothe the curious pride  
Of vain philosophy ! Were all reveal'd,  
Hope wou'd have then no object, GOD no fear,  
And faith no exercise ! Enough to cheer  
Our path we see, the rest is hid in clouds ;  
And Heav'n's own shadows rest upon the view !

### A R A S P E S.

Go on, blest Sage ! I cou'd for ever hear,  
Untir'd, thy admonition ! Tell me, how  
I shall obtain the favour of that GOD  
I but begin to know.

## DANIEL.

By holy deeds,

By deep humility, by faith unfeign'd.

O Faith\*, thou wonder-working principle!

Eternal substance of our present hope,

Thou evidence of things invifible!

What cannot man fustain, fustain'd by thee?

The time wou'd fail, and the bright ftar of day

Wou'd quench his beams in ocean, and refign

His empire to the filver queen of night;

And fhe again defcend the fteep of heav'n,

If I fhould tell what wonders Faith atchiev'd,

By Gideon, Barak, and the fapient feer,

Elkanah's fon; the pious Gileadite,

Ill-fated Jephthah! He of † Zorah too,

In ftrength unequall'd; and the fhepherd-king,

---

\* Hebrews, chap. xi.

† Samfon.

Who slew the giant of Gath ! Why shou'd I tell  
 Of holy Prophets, who, by conquering Faith,  
 Wrought deeds incredible to mortal sense ;  
 Vanquish'd contending kingdoms, quell'd the rage  
 Of furious pestilence, extinguish'd fire ?  
 Victorious Faith ! others by thee endur'd  
 Exile, disgrace, captivity, and death !  
 Some, uncomplaining, bore (nor be it deem'd  
 The meanest exercise of well-try'd Faith)  
 The bitter taunts of undeserv'd reproach ;  
 Despising shame, that death to human pride !

## A R A S P E S.

How shall this faith be fought ?

## D A N I E L.

By earnest pray'r.

Solicit first the wisdom from above ;  
 Wisdom \*, whose fruits are purity and peace !

---

\* Wisdom of Solomon, chap. vii.



Wisdom ! that bright intelligence, which sat  
Supreme, when with his golden \* compasses  
Th' Eternal plann'd the fabric of the world,  
Produc'd his fair idea into light,  
And said, That all was good ! Wisdom, blest beam !  
The brightness of the everlasting light !  
The spotless mirror of the pow'r of God !  
The reflex image of th' all-perfect mind !  
A stream translucent, flowing from the source  
Of glory infinite ; a cloudless light !  
Defilement cannot touch, nor sin pollute  
Her unstain'd purity ! Not Ophir's gold,  
Nor Ethiopia's gems can match her price !  
The diamond of the mine is pale before her !  
And, like the oil Elisha's bounty bless'd,  
She is a treasure which doth grow by use,  
And multiply by spending ! She contains,  
Within herself, the sum of excellence,

---

\* See Paradise Lost, book vii. l. 225 ; also Proverbs,  
chap. viii. ver. 27.

If riches are desir'd, wisdom is wealth !  
If prudence, where shall keen invention find  
Artificer more cunning ? If renown,  
In her right-hand it comes ! If piety,  
Are not her labours virtues ? If the lore  
Which sage experience teaches, lo ! she scans  
Antiquity's dark truths ; the past she knows,  
Anticipates the future ; not by arts  
Forbidden, of Chaldean forcerer ;  
But from the piercing ken of deep foreknowledge ;  
From her sure science of the human heart ;  
Weighing effects with causes, ends with means ;  
And from the probable the certain forms,  
With palpable conjecture !

## A R A S P E S.

Now, O Prophet !

Explain the secret doubts which rack my mind,  
And my weak sense confound. Give me some line  
To sound the depths of Providence ! O say,  
Why the ungodly prosper ? why their root

Shoots

Shoots deep, and their thick branches flourish fair,  
Like the green bay tree? why the righteous man,  
Like tender plants, to shiv'ring winds expos'd,  
Is stripp'd and torn, in naked virtue bare,  
And nipp'd by cruel sorrow's biting blast?  
Explain, O Daniel! these mysterious ways,  
To my faint apprehension! For as yet  
I've much to learn. Fair Truth's immortal sun  
Is sometimes hid in clouds; not that her light  
Is in itself defective; but obscur'd  
By my weak prejudice, imperfect Faith,  
And all the thousand causes which obstruct  
The growth of virtue.

## DANIEL.

Follow me, Araspes!

Within, thou shalt peruse the sacred page,  
The book of Life eternal! there thou wilt see  
The END of the ungodly; thou wilt own  
How short their longest period; wilt perceive  
How black a night succeeds their brightest day!

Weigh

Weigh well this book ; and may the Spirit of Grace,  
Who stamp'd the seal of truth on the blest'd page,  
Descend into thy soul, remove thy doubts,  
Clear the perplex'd, and solve the intricate,  
'Till Faith be lost in sight, and Hope in joy !

D A N I E L.

P A R T III.

---

DARIUS *on his throne.* PHARNACES, SO-  
RANUS, PRINCES, PRESIDENTS,  
*and* COURTIER S.

PHARNACES.

O King Darius, live for ever !

DARIUS.

Welcome !

Welcome, my princes, presidents and friends !

P

Now

Now tell me, has your wisdom ought devis'd  
 To serve the common weal? In our new empire,  
 Subdued Chaldea, is there ought remains  
 Your prudence can suggest, to serve the state,  
 To benefit the subject, to redress  
 And raise the injur'd? to assist th' oppress'd,  
 And humble the oppressor? If you know,  
 Speak freely, princes! Wherefore am I king,  
 Except to poise the awful scale of justice  
 With even hand; to minister to want,  
 To bless the nations with a lib'ral rule,  
 Vicegerent of th' eternal Oromasdes!

### PHARNACES.

So absolute thy wisdom, mighty king!  
 All counsel were superfluous.

### DARIUS.

Hold, Pharnaces!  
 No flatt'ry, prince, it is the death of virtue;  
 Who gives it is of all mankind the lowest,

Save he who takes it. Monarchs are but men ;  
As feeble and as frail as those they rule,  
And born, like them, to die. The Lydian king,  
Unhappy Cræsus ! lately fat aloft,  
Almost above mortality ; now see him,  
Sunk to the vile condition of a slave,  
He swells the train of Cyrus ! I, like him,  
To mis'ry am obnoxious. See this throne ;  
This very throne the great \* Nebassar fill'd ;  
Yet hence his pride expell'd him ! Yonder wall,  
The dread terrific writing to the eyes  
Of proud Belshazzar shew'd ; sad monuments  
Of Heav'n's tremendous vengeance ! and shall I,  
Unwarn'd by such examples, cherish pride ?  
Yet to their dire calamities I owe  
The brightest gem that glistens in my crown,  
Sage Daniel. If my speech have ought of worth,  
Or if my life with ought of good be grac'd,  
To him alone I owe it.

---

\* Nebuchadnezzar.

SORANUS. [*Aside to Pharnaces,*

Now, Pharnaces,

Will he run o'er, and dwell upon his praise,  
As if we ne'er had heard it; nay, will swell  
The nauseous catalogue with many a virtue  
His own fond fancy coins.

PHARNACES.

O, great Darius!

Let thine unworthy servant's words find grace;  
And meet acceptance in his royal ear,  
Who subjugates the East! Let not the king  
With anger hear my pray'r.

DARIUS.

Pharnaces, speak!

I know thou lov'st me; I but meant to chide  
Thy flatt'ry, not reprove thee for thy zeal.  
Speak boldly, friends, as man shou'd speak to man,  
Perish the barb'rous maxims of the East,  
Which basely wou'd enslave the free-born mind,

And



And plunder it of the best gift of Heav'n,  
Its liberty !

## PHARNACES.

Then, O Darius, hear me !

Thy princes, and the captains of thy bands,  
Thy presidents, the governors who rule  
Thy provinces, and I, thine humble creature  
(Less than the least in merit, but in love,  
In zeal, and duty, equal with the first) ;  
We have devis'd a measure to confirm  
Thy infant empire ; to establish here  
Thy pow'r with firm dominion, and secure  
Thy growing greatness past the pow'r of change.

## DARIUS.

I am prepar'd to hear thee. Speak, Pharnaces !

## PHARNACES.

The wretched Babylonians long have groan'd  
Beneath the rule of princes, weak or rash.  
The rod of pow'r was falsely sway'd alike,  
By feeble Merodach, and fierce Belshazzar.  
One let the slacken'd reins too loosely float

Upon the people's neck, and lost his pow'r  
 By nerveless relaxation. He, who follow'd,  
 Held with a tyrant's hand the cruel curb,  
 And check'd the groaning nation till it bled.  
 On diff'rent rocks they met one common ruin.  
 Their edicts were irresolute, their laws  
 Were feebly plann'd, their councils ill-advis'd ;  
 Now so relax'd, and now so overstrain'd,  
 That the tir'd people, wearied with the weight  
 They long have borne, will soon disdain controul,  
 Tread on all rule, and spurn the hand that guides 'em.

## D A R I U S.

But say what remedy ?

## P H A R N A C E S.

That too, O king !

Thy servants have provided. Hitherto  
 They bear the yoke submissive. But to fix  
 Thy pow'r, and their obedience ; to reduce  
 All hearts to thy dominion, yet avoid

Those

Those deeds of cruelty thy nature starts at—  
Thou shou'd'st begin by some imperial act  
Of absolute dominion, yet unstain'd  
By ought of barbarous. For know, O king!  
Wholesome severity, if wisely rul'd  
With sober discipline, procures respect  
More than the lenient counsels and weak measures  
Of frail irresolution.

DARIUS.

Now proceed

To thy request.

PHARNACES.

Not I, but all request it.

Be thy imperial edict issued strait,  
And let a firm decree be this day pass'd,  
Irrevocable, as our Median laws  
Ordain, that for the space of thirty days,  
No subject in thy realm shall ought request  
Of God, or man, except of thee, O king!

P 4

DARIUS.

## DARIUS.

Wherefore this strange decree ?

## PHARNACES.

'Twill fix the crown

With lasting safety on thy royal brow ;  
And by a bloodless means preserve th' obedience  
Of this new empire. Think how much 'twill raise  
Thy high renown ! 'Twill make thy name rever'd,  
And popular beyond example. What !  
To be as Heav'n, dispensing good and ill  
For thirty days ! With thine own ears to hear  
Thy people's wants, with thine own lib'ral hands  
To bless thy suppliant subjects ! O, Darius !  
Thou'lt seem as bounteous as a giving God !  
And reign in ev'ry heart in Babylon,  
As well as Media. What a glorious state,  
To be the blessed arbiter of good ;  
The first efficient cause of happiness !

To

To scatter mercies with a plenteous hand,  
And to be blest thyself in blessing others !

DARIUS.

Is this the gen'ral wish ?

*[The Princes and Courtiers kneel.]*

Chief PRESIDENT.

Of one, of all.

Behold thy princes, presidents, and lords,  
Thy counsellors, and captains ! See, O king !

*[Presenting the Edict.]*

Behold the instrument our zeal has drawn :  
The edict is prepar'd. We only wait  
The confirmation of thy gracious word,  
And thy imperial signet.

DARIUS.

Say, Pharnaces,  
What penalty awaits the man who dares  
Transgress our mandate ?

PHAR-

## P H A R N A C E S.

Instant death, O king!

This statute says, "Shou'd any subject dare  
 "Petition, for the space of thirty days,  
 "Of God, or man, except of thee, O king!  
 "He shall be thrown into yon' dreadful den  
 "Of hungry lions!"

## D A R I U S.

Hold! Methinks a deed  
 Of such importance shou'd be wisely weigh'd.

## P H A R N A C E S.

We have revolv'd it, mighty king, with care,  
 With closest scrutiny.

## D A R I U S.

I'm satisfy'd.

Then to your wisdom I commit me, princes!  
 Behold the royal signet, see, 'tis done!

P H A R -

PHARNACES.

[*Aside.*

There Daniel fell ! That signet seal'd his doom !

DARIUS.

[*After a pause.*

Let me reflect !—Sure I have been too rash !  
Why such intemperate haste ? But you are wise ;  
And wou'd not counsel this severe decree  
But for the wisest purpose. Yet, methinks,  
I might have weigh'd, and in my mind revolv'd  
This statute, ere, the royal signet stamp'd,  
It had been past repeal ! Sage Daniel too !  
My counsellor, my venerable friend,  
He shou'd have been consulted ; for his wisdom  
I still have found oracular.

PHARNACES.

Mighty king !

'Tis as it shou'd be ! The decree is past

Irrevocable,

Irrevocable, as the stedfast law  
Of Mede and Persian, which can never change.  
Those who observe it live, as is most meet,  
High in thy grace ; who violate it, die.



D A N I E L.

P A R T IV.

---

SCENE, DANIEL'S House.

DANIEL, ARASPES.

ARASPES.

O H, holy Daniel ! prophet, father, friend !  
I come, the wretched messenger of ill !  
Thy foes complot thy death. For what can mean  
This new-made law, extorted from the king,  
Almost by force ? What can it mean, O Daniel !

But

But to involve thee in the toils they spread  
To snare thy precious life ?

DANIEL.

How! was the king  
Consenting to this edict ?

A R A S P E S.

They surpris'd  
His easy nature ; took him when his heart  
Was soften'd by their blandishments ! They wore  
The mask of public virtue to deceive him.  
Beneath the specious name of gen'ral good,  
They wrought him to their purposes : no time  
Allow'd him to delib'rate. One short hour,  
Another moment, and his soul had gain'd  
Her natural tone of virtue.

DANIEL.

That great Pow'r  
Who suffers evil, only to produce  
Some unseen good, permits that this shou'd be :

And,

And, He permitting, I, well pleas'd, resign !  
Retire, my friend ! This is my second hour  
Of daily pray'r. Anon we'll meet again !  
Here, in the open face of that bright sun  
Thy fathers worshipp'd, will I offer up,  
As is my rule, petition to our God,  
For thee, for me, for Solyma, for all !

## A R A S P E S.

Oh, stay ! what mean'st thou ! sure thou hast not  
heard

The edict of the king ? I thought, but now,  
Thou knew'st its purport. It expressly says,  
That no petition henceforth shall be made,  
For thirty days, save only to the king ;  
Nor pray'r nor intercession shall be heard  
Of any God, or man, but of Darius.

## D A N I E L.

And think'st thou then my rev'rence for the king,  
Good as he is, shall tempt me to renounce  
My sworn allegiance to the King of kings ?

Hast

Haft thou commanded legions, tempted death  
 In various shapes, and shrink'ft at danger now?  
 Come, learn of me ; I'll teach thee to be bold,  
 Tho' sword I never drew ! Fear not, Araspes,  
 The feeble vengeance of a mortal man,  
 Whose breath is in his nostrils ; for wherein  
 Is he to be accounted of ? but fear  
 The awaken'd vengeance of the living LORD ;  
 He who can plunge the everlasting soul  
 In infinite perdition !

ARASPES.

Then, O Daniel !

If thou persist to disobey the edict,  
 Retire, and hide thee from the prying eyes  
 Of busy malice !

DANIEL.

He who is ashamed  
 To vindicate the honour of his God,  
 Of him the living LORD shall be ashamed,  
 When he shall judge the tribes !

## ARASPES.

Yet, O remember,

Oft have I heard thee say, the secret heart  
Is fair Devotion's Temple ; there the saint,  
Ev'n on that living altar, lights the flame  
Of purest sacrifice, which burns unseen,  
Not unaccepted.—I remember too,  
When Syrian Naaman \*, by Elisha's hand,  
Was cleans'd from foul pollution, and his mind,  
Enlighten'd by the miracle, confess'd  
The Almighty God of Jacob, that he deem'd it  
No flagrant violation of his faith,  
To bend at Rimmon's shrine ; nor did the Seer  
Forbid the rite external.

## DANIEL.

Know, Araspes,  
Heav'n deigns to suit our trials to our strength !

---

\* 2 Kings, chap. v.

A recent convert, feeble in his faith,  
Naaman, perhaps, had sunk beneath the weight  
Of so severe a duty. But shall I,  
Shall Daniel, shall the servant of the Lord,  
A vet'ran in his cause ; one train'd to know,  
And do his will ; one exercis'd in woe,  
Bred in captivity, and born to suffer ;  
Shall I, from known, from certain duty shrink  
To shun a threaten'd danger ? O, Araspes !  
Shall I, advanc'd in age, in zeal decline ?  
Grow careless as I reach my journey's end ?  
And slacken in my pace, the goal in view !  
Perish discretion, when it interferes  
With duty ! Perish the safe policy  
Of human wit, where God's eternal name  
Is put in competition ! Shall his law  
Be set at nought, that I may live at ease ?  
How wou'd the heathen triumph, shou'd I fall  
Thro' coward fear ! How wou'd God's enemies  
Insultingly blaspheme !

ARASPE S.

Yet think a moment.

DANIEL.

No!——

Where evil may be *done*, 'tis right to ponder ;  
Where only *suffer'd*, know, the shortest pause  
Is much too long. Had great Darius paus'd,  
This ill had been prevented. But for me,  
Araspes ! to deliberate is to sin.

ARASPE S.

Think of thy pow'r, thy favour with Darius :  
Think of thy life's importance to the tribes,  
Scarce yet return'd in safety. Live ! O, live !  
To serve the cause of God !

DANIEL.

God will sustain  
Himself his righteous cause. He knows to raise  
Fit instruments to serve him. As for me,

The spacious earth holds not a bait to tempt me.  
What wou'd it profit me, if I shou'd gain  
Imperial Ecbatan, th' extended land  
Of fruitful Media, nay, the world's wide round,  
If my eternal soul must be the price?  
Farewell, my friend ! time presses. I have stol'n  
Some moments from my duty, to confirm,  
And strengthen thy young faith ! Let us fulfil  
What Heav'n enjoins, and leave to Heav'n th' event !



D A N I E L.

P A R T V.

---

SCENE, The Palace.

PHARNACES, SORANUS.

PHARNACES.

'TIS done—success has crown'd our scheme,  
Soranus;

And Daniel falls into the deep-laid toils  
Our prudence spread.

SORANUS.

That he shou'd fall so soon,  
Astonishes ev'n me ! What ! not a day,

No, not a single moment to defer  
His rash devotions? Madly thus to rush  
On certain peril quite transcends belief!  
When happen'd it, Pharnaces?

## P H A R N A C Æ S.

On the instant:

Scarce is the deed accomplish'd. As he made  
His ostentatious pray'r, ev'n in the face  
Of the bright God of day, all Babylon  
Beheld the insult offered to Darius.  
For, as in bold defiance of the law,  
His windows were not clos'd. Our chosen bands,  
Whom we had plac'd to note him, strait rush'd in,  
And seiz'd him in the warmth of his blind zeal,  
Ere half his pray'r was finish'd. Young Araspes,  
With all the wild extravagance of grief,  
Prays, weeps, and threatens. Daniel silent stands,  
With patient resignation, and prepares  
To follow them.—But see! the king approaches!

## SORANUS.

How's this ? deep sorrow sits upon his brow !  
And stern repentment fires his angry eye !

DARIUS, PHARNACES, SORANUS.

## DARIUS.

O, deep-laid stratagem ! O, artful wile !  
To take me unprepar'd ! to wound my heart,  
Ev'n where it feels most tenderly, in friendship !  
To stab my fame ! to hold me up a mark  
To future ages, for the perjur'd prince,  
Who slew the friend he lov'd ! O Daniel ! Daniel !  
Who now shall trust Darius ? Not a slave  
Within my empire, from the Indian main  
To the cold Caspian, but is more at ease  
Than I, his monarch ! I have done a deed  
Will blot my honour with eternal stain !  
Pharnaces ! O, thou hoary sycophant !  
Thou wily politician ! thou hast snar'd  
Thy unsuspecting master !

## PHARNACES.

Great Darius !

Let not resentment blind thy royal eyes.

In what am I to blame ? who cou'd foresee

This obstinate resistance to the law ?

Who cou'd foresee that Daniel wou'd, perforce,

Oppose the king's decree ?

## DARIUS.

Thou, thou foresaw'st it !

Thou knew'st his righteous soul wou'd ne'er endure

So long an interval of pray'r. But I,

Deluded king ! 'Twas I shou'd have foreseen

His stedfast piety. I shou'd have thought,

Your earnest warmth had some more selfish source,

Something that touch'd you nearer, than your love,

Your counterfeited zeal for me.—Thou knew'st

How dear I held him ; how I priz'd his truth !

Did I not chuse him from a subject world,

Unblest'd by fortune, and by birth ungrac'd,

A captive and a Jew? and yet I lov'd him!  
Was he not rich in independent worth?  
There, there he fell! If he had been less great,  
He had been safe. Thou cou'dst not bear his bright-  
ness;

The lustre of his virtues quite obscur'd,  
And dimm'd thy fainter merit. Rash old man!  
Go, and devise some means to set me free  
From this dread load of guilt! Go, set at work  
Thy plotting genius to redeem the life  
Of venerable Daniel!

## PHARNACES.

'Tis too late.

He has offended 'gainst the new decree;  
Has dar'd to make petition to his God,  
Altho' the dreadful sentence of the act  
Full well he knew. And by th' establish'd law  
Of Media, by that law irrevocable,  
Which he has dar'd to violate, he dies!

DARIUS.

## DARIUS.

Impiety ! presumption ! monstrous pride !—  
 Irrevocable ? Is there ought on earth  
 Deserves that name ? Th' eternal laws alone  
 Of Oromasdes claim it. But, alas !  
 All human projects are so faintly fram'd,  
 So feebly plann'd, so liable to change,  
 So mix'd with error in their very form,  
 That mutable and mortal are the same.  
 But where is Daniel ? Wherefore comes he not  
 To load me with reproaches ? to upbraid me  
 With all the wrongs my barb'rous haste has done him !  
 Where is he ?

## PHARNACES.

He prepares to meet his fate.  
 This hour he dies, for so the act decrees.

## DARIUS.

Suspend the bloody sentence ! Bring him hither !  
Or rather let me seek him, and implore/  
His dying pardon, and his parting pray'r.

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D A N I E L.

P A R T VI.

---

SCENE, DANIEL'S House.

DANIEL, ARASPES.

ARASPES.

**S**TILL let me follow thee ; still let me hear  
The voice of Wisdom, ere the silver cord  
By Death's cold hand be loosen'd.

DANIEL.

Now I'm ready !

No grief ; no woman's weakness, good Araspes !

Thou



Thou shou'dst rejoice my pilgrimage is o'er,  
And the blest haven of repose in view.

## A R A S P E S.

And must I lose thee, Daniel? must thou die?

## D A N I E L.

And what is death, my friend, that I shou'd fear it?  
To die! why 'tis to triumph; 'tis to join  
The great assembly of the good and just;  
Immortal worthies, heroes, prophets, saints!  
Oh! 'tis to join the band of holy men,  
Made perfect by their suff'rings! 'Tis to meet  
My great progenitors! 'tis to behold  
Th' illustrious Patriarchs; they, with whom the Lord  
Deign'd hold familiar converse! 'Tis to see  
Bless'd Noah and his children, once a world!  
'Tis to behold (oh! rapture to conceive!)  
Those we have known, and lov'd, and lost, below!  
Bold Azariah, and the band of brothers,  
Who fought, in bloom of youth, the scorching flames!  
Nor

Nor is it to behold heroic men  
Alone, who fought the fight of faith on earth;  
But heav'nly conquerors, angelic hosts,  
Michael and his bright legions, who subdued  
The foes of Truth! To join their blest employ  
Of love and praise! To the high melodies  
Of choirs celestial to attune my voice,  
Accordant to the golden harps of saints!  
To join in bless'd hosannahs to their King!  
Whose face to see, whose glory to behold,  
Alone were heav'n, tho' faint or seraph none  
There were beside, and only HE were there!  
This is to die! Who wou'd not die for this?  
Who wou'd not die, that he might live for ever?

DARIUS, DANIEL, ARASPES.

DARIUS.

Where is he? where is Daniel? Let me see him!  
Let me embrace that venerable form,  
Which I have doom'd to glut the greedy maw  
Of furious lions!

DANIEL,

DANIEL.

King Darius, hail !

DARIUS.

O, injur'd Daniel ! can I see thee thus ?  
Thus uncomplaining ? can I bear to hear  
That when the ruffian ministers of death  
Stopp'd thy unfinish'd pray'r, thy pious lips  
Had just invok'd a blessing on Darius,  
On him who fought thy life ? Thy murd'ers dropt  
Tears of strange pity. Look not on me thus,  
With mild benignity ! Oh ! I cou'd bear  
The voice of keen reproach, or the strong flash  
Of fierce resentment ; but I cannot stand  
That touching silence, nor that patient eye  
Of meek respect !

DANIEL.

Thou art my master still.

DARIUS.

I am thy murd'rer ! I have sign'd thy death !

DANIEL.

## DANIEL.

I know thy bent of soul is honourable :  
Thou hast been gracious still ! Had it been otherwise,  
I wou'd have met th' appointment of high Heav'n  
With humble acquiescence ; but to know,  
Thy will concurr'd not with thy servant's fate,  
Adds joy to resignation.

## DARIUS.

Here I swear,  
By him who sits inthron'd in yon bright sun,  
Thy blood shall be aton'd ! On these, thy foes,  
Thou shalt have ample vengeance.

## DANIEL.

Hold, O king !  
Vengeance is mine, th' eternal LORD has said ;  
And I will recompence, with even hand,  
The sinner for the sin. The wrath of man  
Works not the righteousness of GOD.

## DARIUS.

## DARIUS.

I had hop'd

We shou'd have trod this busy stage together,  
A little longer ; then have sunk to rest,  
In honourable age ! Who now shall guide  
My shatter'd bark in safety ? who shall now  
Direct me ? O, unhappy state of kings !  
'Tis well the robe of majesty is gay,  
Or who wou'd put it on ? A crown ! what is it ?  
It is to bear the mis'ries of a people !  
To hear their murmurs, feel their discontents,  
And sink beneath a load of splendid care !  
To have your best success ascrib'd to Fortune,  
And Fortune's failures all ascrib'd to you !  
It is to sit upon a joyless height,  
To every blast of changing fate expos'd !  
Too high for hope ! too great for happiness !  
For friendship too much fear'd ! To all the joys  
Of social freedom, and th' endearing charm  
Of lib'ral interchange of soul unknown !

R

Fate

Fate meant me an exception to the rest,  
 And, tho' a monarch, blest'd me with a friend;  
 And I—have murder'd him !

## D A N I E L.

My hour approaches !

Hate not my mem'ry, king, protect Araspes.  
 Encourage Cyrus in the holy work  
 Of building ruin'd Solyma. Farewell !

## D A R I U S.

With most religious strictness I'll fulfil  
 Thy last request. Araspes shall be next  
 My throne and heart. Farewell ! *[They embrace.*  
 Hear, future kings !

Ye unborn rulers of the nations, hear !  
 Learn from my crime, from my misfortune learn,  
 Never to trust to weak, or wicked hands,  
 That delegated pow'r, which Oromasdes  
 Invests in monarchs for the public good.

D A N I E L.

P A R T VII.

---

SCENE, The Court of the Palace.

*[The sun rising.]*

DARIUS, ARASPES.

DARIUS.

**O**H, good Araspes ! what a night of horror !  
To me the dawning day brings no return  
Of cheerfulness or peace ! No balmy sleep  
Has seal'd these eyes, no nourishment has past  
These loathing lips, since Daniel's fate was sign'd !

R 2

Hear

Hear what my fruitless penitence resolves—  
 The thirty days my rashness had decreed  
 The edict's force thou'd last, I will devote  
 To mourning and repentance, fasting, pray'r,  
 And all due rites of grief. For thirty days,  
 No pleasant sound of dulcimer or harp,  
 Sackbut, or flute, or psaltry shall charm  
 My ear, now dead to ev'ry note of joy!

## A R A S P E S.

My grief can know no period!

## D A R I U S.

See that den!

There Daniel met the furious lions' rage!  
 There were the patient martyr's mangled limbs  
 Torn piece-meal! Never hide thy tears, Araspes;  
 'Tis virtuous sorrow, unallay'd like mine  
 By guilt and fell remorse! Let us approach.  
 Who knows but that dread Pow'r, to whom he pray'd  
 So often and so fervently, has heard him!

[*He goes to the mouth of the den.*]

O, Da-



O, Daniel, servant of the living God !

HE whom thou hast serv'd so long, and lov'd so well,  
From the devouring lions' famish'd jaw,  
Can he deliver thee ?

DANIEL. [*From the bottom of the den.*

He can, he has !

DARIUS.

Methought, I heard him speak !

ARASPE S.

O, wond'rous force  
Of strong imagination ! were thy voice  
Loud as the trumpet's blast, it cou'd not wake him  
From that eternal sleep !

DANIEL. [*In the den.*

Hail ! king Darius !

The God I serve has shut the lions' mouth,  
To vindicate my innocence.

D A R I U S.

He speaks !

He lives !

A R A S P E S.

'Tis no illufion : 'tis the found  
Of his known voice.

D A R I U S.

Where are my fervants ? hafte,  
Fly fwift as light'ning, free him from the den,  
Release him, bring him hither ! Break the feal  
Which keeps him from me ! See, Araspes ! look !  
See the charm'd lions !—Mark their mild demeanor ;  
Araspes, mark !—they have no pow'r to hurt him !  
See how they hang their heads, and fmooth their  
fiercenefs,  
At his mild afpect !

A R A S P E S.

Who that fees this fight,  
Who that in after-times fhall hear this told,  
Can doubt if Daniel's God be God indeed ?

DARIUS.

None, none, Araspes !

ARASPES.

Ah ! he comes ; he comes !

*Enter DANIEL, followed by multitudes.*

DANIEL.

Hail, great Darius !

DARIUS.

Dost thou live indeed ?

And live unhurt ?

ARASPES.

O, miracle of joy !

DARIUS.

I scarce can trust my eyes ! How didst thou 'scape ?

R 4

DANIEL.

## DANIEL.

That bright and glorious Being, who vouchsaf'd  
 Presence divine, when the three martyr'd brothers  
 Essay'd the caldron's flame, supported me !  
 Ev'n in the furious lions' dreadful den,  
 The prisoner of hope, even there I turn'd  
 To the strong hold, the bulwark of my strength,  
 Ready to hear, and mighty to redeem !

DARIUS. *[To Araspes.*

Where is Pharnaces ? Take the hoary traitor ;  
 Take too Soranus, and the chief abettors  
 Of this dire edict. Let not one escape.  
 The punishment their deep-laid hate devis'd  
 For holy Daniel, on their heads shall fall  
 With tenfold vengeance. To the lions' den  
 I doom his vile accusers ! All their wives,  
 Their children too, shall share one common fate !  
 Take care that none escape.—Go, good Araspes.

DANIEL.

DANIEL. [*Araspes goes out.*]

Not so, Darius.

O spare the guiltless; spare the guilty too!  
Where sin is not, to punish were unjust;  
And where sin is, O king! there fell remorse  
Supplies the place of punishment!

DARIUS.

No more!

My word is past! Not one request, save this,  
Shalt thou e'er make in vain. Approach, my friends.  
Araspes has already spread the tale,  
And see, what crowds advance.

PEOPLE.

Long live Darius!

Long live great Daniel too, the people's friend!

DARIUS.

Draw near, my subjects. See this holy man!  
Death had no pow'r to harm him. Yon' fell band

Of famish'd lions, soften'd at his sight,  
 Forgot their nature, and grew tame before him.  
 The mighty GOD protects his servants thus !  
 The righteous thus he rescues from the snare  
 Of death ; while fraud's artificer shall fall  
 In the deep gulf his wily arts devise,  
 To snare the innocent !

## A COURTIER.

To the same den  
 Araspes bears Pharnaces and his friends ;  
 Fall'n is their insolence ! With pray'rs and tears,  
 And all the meanness of high-crested pride,  
 When adverse fortune frowns, they beg for life.  
 Araspes will not hear. “ You heard not me,  
 He cries, when I for Daniel's life implor'd ;  
 His God protected him ! see now, if yours  
 Will listen to your cries ?”

## DARIUS.

Now hear,  
 People and nations ! languages and realms,

O'er

O'er whom I rule ! Peace be within your walls !  
That I may banish from the minds of men  
The rash decree gone out ; hear me resolve  
To counteract its force by one more just.  
In ev'ry kingdom of my wide-stretch'd realm,  
From fair Chaldea to the extremeſt bound  
Of northern Media, be my edict ſent,  
And this my ſtatute known. My heralds haſte,  
And ſpread my royal mandate thro' the land,  
That all my ſubjects bow the ready knee  
To Daniel's GOD—for he alone is LORD.  
Let all adore, and tremble at his name,  
Who ſits in glory unapproachable  
Above the heav'ns—above the heav'n of heavens !  
His pow'r is everlaſting ; and his throne,  
Founded in equity and truth, ſhall laſt  
Beyond the bounded reign of time and ſpace,  
Thro' wide eternity ! With his right-arm  
He ſaves, and who oppoſes ? He defends,  
And who ſhall injure ? In the perilous den

He

He rescued Daniel from the lions' mouth !  
His common deeds are wonders, and his works  
One ever-during chain of miracles !

*Enter* A R A S P E S.

A R A S P E S.

All hail, O king ! Darius live for ever !  
May all thy foes be as Pharnaces is !

D A R I U S.

Araspes, speak !

A R A S P E S.

O, let me spare the tale !—  
'Tis full of horror ! Dreadful was the fight !  
The hungry lions, greedy for their prey,  
Devour'd the wretched princes, ere they reach'd  
The bottom of the den.

D A R I U S.



DARIUS.

Now, now confess,

'Twas some superior hand restrain'd their rage,  
And tam'd their furious appetites.

PEOPLE.

'Tis true!

The God of Daniel is a mighty God!

He saves, and he destroys.

ARASPE.

O, friend! O, Daniel!

No wav'ring doubts can ever more disturb

My settled faith.

DANIEL.

To God be all the glory!

THE END.



REFLECTIONS  
OF  
KING HEZEKIAH,  
IN HIS SICKNESS.

---

Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die.

ISAIAH, xxxviii.

---



---

REFLECTIONS  
OF  
KING HEZEKIAH,  
IN HIS SICKNESS.

---

WHAT, and no more?—Is this my soul, said I,  
My whole of being?—Must I surely die?  
Be robb'd at once of health, of strength, of time,  
Of youth's fair promise, and of pleasure's prime?  
Shall I no more behold the face of morn,  
The cheerful day-light, and the spring's return?  
Must I the festive bow'r, the banquet leave,  
For the dull chambers of the darksome grave?

Have I consider'd what it is to die ?  
In native dust with kindred worms to lie ;  
To sleep in cheerless cold neglect ; to rot ;  
My body loath'd, my very name forgot !  
Not one of all those parasites, who bend  
The supple knee, their monarch to attend !  
What, not one friend ! No, not an hireling slave,  
Shall hail GREAT HEZEKIAH in the grave !  
Where's he, who falsely claim'd the name of *Great* ?  
Whose eye was terror, and whose frown was fate ;  
Who aw'd an hundred nations from the throne ?  
See where he lies, dumb, friendless, and alone !  
Which grain of dust proclaims the noble birth ?  
Which is the royal particle of earth ?  
Where are the marks, the princely ensigns where ?  
Which is the slave, and which great David's heir ?  
Alas ! the beggar's ashes are not known  
From his, who lately sat on Israel's throne !

How stands my great account ? My soul, survey  
The debt ETERNAL JUSTICE bids thee pay !

Shou'd I frail Memory's records strive to blot,  
Will Heav'n's tremendous reck'ning be forgot?  
Can I, alas! the awful volume tear?  
Or raze one page of the dread register?

“ *Prepare thy house, thy heart in order set;*  
“ *Prepare, the Judge of Heaven and Earth to meet.*”  
So spake the warning Prophet.—Awful words!  
Which fearfully my troubled soul records.  
*Am* I prepar'd? and *can* I meet my doom,  
Nor shudder at the dreaded wrath to come?  
*Is* all in order set, my house, my heart?  
Does no besetting sin still claim a part?  
Does no one cherish'd vice, with ling'ring pace,  
Reluctant leave me to the work of grace?  
Did I each day for this great day prepare,  
By righteous deeds, by sin-subduing pray'r?  
Did I each night, each day's offence repent,  
And each unholy thought and word lament?  
Still have these ready hands th' afflicted fed,  
And minist'ed to Want her daily bread?

The cause, I knew not, did I well explore?  
Friend, advocate, and parent of the poor?  
Did I, to gratify some sudden gust  
Of thoughtless appetite; some impious lust  
Of pleasure or of power, such sums employ  
As wou'd have crown'd pale penury with joy?  
Did I in groves forbidden altars raise,  
Or molten Gods adore, or idols praise?  
Did my firm faith to Heav'n still point the way?  
Did charity to man my actions sway?  
Did meek-ey'd Patience all my steps attend?  
Did gen'rous Candour mark me for her friend?  
Did I unjustly seek to build my name  
On the pil'd ruins of another's fame?  
Did I, like hell, abhor th' insidious lie,  
The low deceit, th' unmanly calumny?  
Did my fix'd soul the impious wit detest?  
Did my firm virtue scorn th' unhallow'd jest;  
The sneer profane, and the poor ridicule  
Of shallow Infidelity's dull school?



Did I still live as born one day to die,  
And view th' eternal world with constant eye?

If so I liv'd, if so I kept thy word,  
In mercy view, in mercy hear me, LORD!  
My holiest deeds *indulgence* will require,  
The best but to *forgiveness* will aspire;  
If Thou my purest services regard,  
'Twill be with pardon only, not reward!

How imperfection's stamp'd on all below!  
How sin intrudes on all we say or do!  
How late in all the insolence of health,  
I charm'd th' Assyrian \* by my boast of wealth!  
How fondly, with elab'rate pomp, display'd  
My glitt'ring treasures! with what triumph laid  
My gold and gems before his dazzled eyes,  
And found a rich reward in his surprise!

---

\* This is an anachronism. Hezekiah did not shew his treasures to the Assyrian till after his recovery from his sickness.

O, mean of soul ! can wealth elate the heart,  
Which of the man himself is not a part ?  
O, poverty of pride ! O, foul disgrace !  
Disgusted Reason, blushing, hides her face.  
Mortal, and proud ! strange contradicting terms !  
Pride for Death's victim, for the prey of worms !  
Of all the wonders which th' eventful life  
Of man presents ; of all the mental strife  
Of warring passions ; all the raging fires  
Of furious appetites, and mad desires,  
Not one so strange appears as this alone,  
That man is proud of what is not his own.

How short is human life ! the very breath,  
Which frames my words, accelerates my death.  
Of this short life how large a portion's fled !  
To what is gone I am already dead ;  
As dead to all my years and minutes past,  
As I, to what remains, shall be at last.  
Can I my cares and pains so far forget,  
To view my vanish'd years with fond regret ?

Can I again my worn-out fancy cheat ?  
Indulge fresh hope ? solicit new deceit ?  
Of all the vanities weak man admires,  
Which greatness gives, or sanguine youth desires,  
Of these, my soul, which hast thou not enjoy'd ?  
With each, with all, thy fated pow'rs are cloy'd.  
What can I then expect from length of days ?  
More wealth, more wisdom, pleasure, health, or praise ?  
More pleasure ! hope not that, deluded king !  
For when did age increase of pleasure bring ?  
Is health, of years prolong'd the common boast ?  
And dear-earn'd praise, is it not cheaply lost ?  
More wisdom ! that indeed were happiness ;  
That were a wish a king might well confess :  
But when did Wisdom covet length of days ;  
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise ?  
No :—Wisdom views with an indifferent eye  
All finite joys, all blessings born to die.  
The soul on earth is an immortal guest,  
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast :

A spark, which upward tends by nature's force ;  
A stream, diverted from its parent source ;  
A drop, dissever'd from the boundless sea ;  
A moment, parted from eternity ;  
A pilgrim panting for the rest to come ;  
An exile, anxious for his native home.

Why shou'd I ask my forfeit life to save ?  
Is Heav'n unjust, which dooms me to the grave ?  
Was I with hope of endless days deceiv'd ?  
Or of lov'd life am I alone bereav'd ?  
Let all the great, the rich, the learn'd, the wise,  
Let all the shades of Judah's monarchs rise ;  
And say, if genius, learning, empire, wealth,  
Youth, beauty, virtue, strength, renown, or health,  
Has once revers'd th' immutable decree  
On Adam pass'd, of man's mortality ?  
What—have these eyes ne'er seen the felon worm  
The damask cheek devour, the finish'd form ?  
On the pale rose of blasted beauty feed,  
And riot on the lip so lately red ?

Where

Where are our fathers? Where th' illustrious line  
Of holy prophets, and of men divine?  
Live they for ever? Do they shun the grave?  
Or when did Wisdom its professor save?  
When did the brave escape? When did the breath  
Of Eloquence charm the dull ear of Death?  
When did the cunning argument avail,  
The polish'd period, or the varnish'd tale;  
The eye of lightning, or the soul of fire,  
Which thronging thousands crowded to admire?  
Ev'n while we praise the verse, the poet dies;  
And silent as his lyre great David lies.  
Thou, blest Isaiah! who, at God's command,  
Now speak'st repentance to a guilty land,  
Must die! as wise and good thou hadst not been,  
As Nebat's son, who taught the land to sin!

And shall *I* then be spar'd? O monstrous pride!  
Shall I escape, when Solomon has died?  
If all the worth of all the saints was vain—  
Peace, peace, my troubled soul, nor dare complain!

LORD!

LORD ! I submit. Complete thy gracious will !  
For if Thou slay me\*, I will trust Thee still.  
O be my will so swallow'd up in thine,  
That I may do *thy* will in doing *mine*.

---

\* Job.

THE END.

S E N S I B I L I T Y :

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO THE

H O N. M R S. B O S C A W E N.

---

Spirits are not finely touch'd  
But to fine issues—— SHAKESPEARE.

---

The following little Poem was sent several years ago, as an Epistle, to the honoured Friend to whom it is inscribed. It has since been enlarged; and several passages have been added, or altered, as circumstances required.



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S E N S I B I L I T Y :

A

P O E T I C A L E P I S T L E

T O T H E

H O N. M R S. B O S C A W E N.

---

A CCEPT, BOSCAWEN ! these unpolish'd lays,  
 Nor blame too much the verse you cannot praise.  
 For you far other bards have wak'd the string;  
 Far other bards for you were wont to sing.  
 Yet on the gale their parting music steals,  
 Yet, your chann'd ear the lov'd impression feels.  
 You heard the lyres of LYTTTELTON and YOUNG ;  
 And this a Grace, and that a Seraph strung.

These

These are no more !—But not with these decline  
 The Attic chasteness, and the flame divine.  
 Still, *sad* \* *Elfrida's Poet* shall complain,  
 And either WARTON breathe his classic strain.  
 Nor fear lest genuine poetry expire,  
 While tuneful BEATTIE wakes old Spenser's lyre.  
 His sympathetic lay his soul reveals,  
 And paints the perfect *Bard* from what he feels.

Illustrious LOWTH † ! for him the muses wove,  
 The fairest garland from their greenest grove.  
 Tho' Latian bards had gloried in his name,  
 When in full brightness burnt the Latian flame ;  
 Yet, fir'd with nobler hopes than transient Bays,  
 He scorn'd the meed of perishable praise ;  
 Spurn'd the cheap wreath by human science won,  
 Borne on the wing sublime of Amos' son :  
 He seiz'd his mantle as the Prophet flew,  
 And with his mantle caught his spirit too.

---

\* Milton calls Euripides—*Sad Electra's Poet*.

† The Bishop of London.

To snatch bright beauty from devouring fate,  
 And bid it boast with him a deathless date ;  
 To shew how Genius fires, how 'Taste restrains,  
 While what both are his pencil best explains,  
 Have we not REYNOLDS \* ? Lives not JENYNS yet,  
 To prove his lowest title was a Wit ?  
 Tho' purer flames thy hallow'd zeal inspire  
 Than e'er were kindled at the Muse's fire ;  
 Thee, mitred † CHESTER ! all the Nine shall boast :  
 And is not JOHNSON theirs, himself an host ?

Yes :—still for you your gentle stars dispense  
 The charm of friendship, and the feast of sense.  
 Yours is the bliss, and Heav'n no dearer sends,  
 To call the wisest, brightest, best—your friends.

With CARTER trace the wit to Athens known,  
 Or find in MONTAGU that wit our own.

---

\* See his Discourses to the Academy.

† See the Bishop's admirable Poem on Death.

Or, pleas'd, attend CHAPONE's instructive page ;  
 Which charms her own, and forms the rising age :  
 Or boast in WALSINGHAM the various pow'r,  
 To soothe the lonely, grace the letter'd hour ;  
 To polish'd life its highest charm she gives,  
 Whose song is music, and whose canvass lives.  
 DELANY shines, in worth serenely bright,  
 Wisdom's strong ray, and Virtue's milder light ;  
 And she who blest'd the friend, and grac'd the page  
 Of Swift, still lends her lustre to our age :  
 Long, long protract thy light, O star benign !  
 Whose setting beams with added brightness shine !

O, much-lov'd BARBAULD ! shall my heart refuse  
 Its tribute to thy Virtues and thy Muse ?  
 While round thy brow the Poet's wreath I twine,  
 This humble merit shall at least be mine,  
 In all thy praise to take a gen'rous part ;  
 Thy laurels bind thee closer to my heart :  
 My verse thy merits to the world shall teach,  
 And love the genius it despairs to reach.

Yet

Yet, what is wit, and what the Poet's art?  
 Can Genius shield the vulnerable heart?  
 Ah, no! where bright imagination reigns,  
 The fine-wrought spirit feels acuter pains:  
 Where glow exalted sense, and taste refin'd,  
 There keener anguish rankles in the mind:  
 There feeling is diffus'd thro' ev'ry part,  
 Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart:  
 And those, whose gen'rous souls each tear wou'd keep  
 From others' eyes, are born themselves to weep.

Say, can the boasted pow'rs of wit and song,  
 Of life one pang remove, one hour prolong?  
 Presumptuous hope! which daily truth deride;  
 For you, alas! have wept—and GARRICK dy'd!  
 Ne'er shall my heart his lov'd remembrance lose,  
 Guide, critic, guardian, glory of my muse!  
 Oh, shades of Hampton! witness as I mourn,  
 Cou'd wit or song elude *his* destin'd urn?  
 Tho' living virtue still your haunts endears,  
 Yet bury'd worth shall justify my tears!

T

GARRICK!

GARRICK! those pow'rs which form a friend were thine ;  
And let me add, with pride, that friend was mine :  
With pride ! at once the vain emotion's fled ;  
Far other thoughts are sacred to the dead.

Who now with spirit keen, yet judgment cool,  
Th' unequal wand'rings of my muse shall rule ?  
Whose partial praise my worthless verse ensure ?  
For Candor smil'd, when GARRICK wou'd endure.  
If harsher critics were compell'd to blame,  
I gain'd in friendship what I lost in fame ;  
And friendship's soft'ring smiles can well repay  
What critic rigour justly takes away.  
With keen acumen how his piercing eye  
The fault, conceal'd from vulgar view, wou'd spy !  
While with a gen'rous warmth he strove to hide,  
Nay vindicate, the fault his judgment spied.  
So pleas'd, cou'd he detect a happy line,  
That he wou'd fancy merit ev'n in mine.  
Oh gen'rous error, when by friendship bred !  
His praises flatter'd me, but not misled.

No narrow views cou'd bound his lib'ral mind ;  
 His friend was man, his party human kind.  
 Agreed in this, opposing statesmen strove  
 Who most shou'd gain his praise, or court his love;  
 His worth all hearts as to one centre drew ;  
 Thus Tully's Atticus was Cæsar's too.

His wit so keen, it never mis'd its end ;  
 So blameless too, it never lost a friend ;  
 So chaste, that Modesty ne'er learn'd to fear ;  
 So pure, Religion might unwounded hear.

How his quick mind, strong pow'rs, and ardent  
     heart,  
 Impoverish'd nature, and exhausted art,  
 A brighter bard records \*, a deathless muse !—  
 But I his talents in his virtues lose :  
 Great parts are Nature's gift ; but that he shone  
 Wise, moral, good and virtuous—was his own.

---

\* Mr. Sheridan's Monody.

Tho' Time his silent hand across has stole,  
Soft'ning the tints of sorrow on the soul ;  
The deep impresson long my heart shall fill,  
And every mellow'd trace be perfect still.

Forgive, BOSCAWEN, if my sorrowing heart,  
Intent on grief, forget the rules of art ;  
Forgive, if wounded recollection melt—  
You best can pardon who have oft'nest felt.  
You, who for many a friend and hero mourn,  
Who bend in anguish o'er the frequent urn ;  
You who have found how much the feeling heart  
Shapes its own wound, and points itself the dart ;  
You, who from tender sad experience feel  
The wounds such minds receive can never heal ;  
That grief a thousand entrances can find,  
Where parts superior dignify the mind ;  
Wou'd you renounce the pangs those feelings give,  
Secure in joyless apathy to live ?

For tho' in souls, where taste and sense abound,  
Pain thro' a thousand avenues can wound ;

Yet



Yet the same avenues are open still,  
 To casual blessings as to casual ill.  
 Nor is the trembling temper more awake  
 To every wound which misery can make,  
 Than is the finely-fashion'd nerve alive  
 To every transport pleasure has to give.  
 For if, when home-felt joys the mind elate,  
 It mourns in secret for another's fate ;  
 Yet when its own sad griefs invade the breast,  
 Abroad, in others blessings, see it blest !  
 Ev'n the soft sorrow of remember'd woe  
 A not unpleasing sadness may bestow,

Let not the vulgar read this pensive strain,  
 Their jests the tender anguish wou'd profane :  
 Yet these some deem the happiest of their kind,  
 Whose low enjoyments never reach'd the mind ;  
 Who ne'er a pain but for themselves have known,  
 Nor ever felt a sorrow but their own ;  
 Who call romantic every finer thought,  
 Conceiv'd by pity, or by friendship wrought,

Ah ! wherefore happy ? where's the kindred mind ?  
Where, the large soul that takes in human kind ?  
Where, the best passions of the mortal breast ?  
Where, the warm blessing when another's blest ?  
Where, the soft lenitives of others' pain,  
The social sympathy, the sense humane ?  
The sigh of rapture, and the tear of joy,  
Anguish that charms, and transports that destroy ?  
For tender Sorrow has her pleasures too ;  
Pleasures, which prosp'rous Dulness never knew,  
She never knew, in all her coarser bliss,  
The sacred rapture of a pain like this !  
Nor think, the cautious only are the just ;  
Who never was deceiv'd I wou'd not trust.  
Then take, ye happy vulgar ! take your part  
Of sordid joy, which never touch'd the heart.  
Benevolence, which seldom stays to chuse,  
Left pausing Prudence teach her to refuse ;  
Friendship, which once determin'd, never swerves,  
Weighs ere it trusts, but weighs not ere it serves ;

And

And soft-ey'd Pity, and Forgiveness bland,  
 And melting Charity with open hand ;  
 And artless Love, believing and believ'd,  
 And gen'rous Confidence which ne'er deceiv'd ;  
 And Mercy stretching out, ere Want can speak,  
 To wipe the tear from pale Affliction's cheek ;  
 These ye have never known !—then take your part  
 Of sordid joy, which never touch'd the heart.

Ye, who have melted in bright Glory's flame,  
 Or felt the spirit-stirring breath of fame !  
 Ye noble few ! in whom her promis'd meed  
 Wakes the great thought, and makes the wish the deed !  
 Ye, who have tasted the delight to give,  
 And, God's own agents, bid the wretched live ;  
 Who the chill haunts of Desolation seek,  
 Raise the sunk heart, and flush the fading cheek !  
 Ye, who with pensive Petrarch love to mourn,  
 Or weave fresh chaplets for Tibullus' urn ;  
 Who cherish both in Hammond's plaintive lay,  
 The Provence myrtle, and the Roman bay !

Ye, who divide the joys, and share the pains  
 Which merit feels, or Heav'n-born Fancy feigns ;  
 Wou'd you renounce such joys, such pains as these,  
 For vulgar pleasures, or for selfish ease ?  
 Wou'd you, to 'scape the pain the joy forego ;  
 And miss the transport, to avoid the woe ?  
 Wou'd you the sense of real sorrow lose,  
 Or cease to wooe the melancholy Muse ?  
 No, Greville \* ! no !—Thy song tho' steep'd in tears,  
 Tho' all thy soul in all thy strain appears ;  
 Yet wou'dst thou all thy well-sung anguish chuse,  
 And all th' inglorious peace thou begg'st, refuse.

Or you, BOSCAWEN ! when you fondly melt,  
 In raptures none but mothers ever felt ;  
 And view, enamour'd, in your beauteous race,  
 All LEVESON's sweetness, and all BEAUFORT's grace !  
 Yet think what dangers each lov'd child may share,  
 The youth if valiant, and the maid if fair ;

---

\* See the beautiful Ode to Indifference.

That perils multiply as blessings flow,  
 And constant sorrows on enjoyments grow :  
 You, who have felt how fugitive is joy,  
 That while we clasp the phantom we destroy ;  
 That life's bright sun is dimm'd by clouded views,  
 And who have most to love have most to lose ;  
 Yet from these fair possessions wou'd you part,  
 To shield from future pain your guarded heart ?  
 Wou'd your fond mind renounce its tender boast,  
 Or wish their op'ning bloom of promise lost ?  
 Yield the dear hopes, which break upon your view,  
 For all the quiet, Dulness ever knew ?  
 Debase the objects of your tend'rest pray'r,  
 To save the dangers of a distant care ?  
 Consent, to shun the anxious fears you prove ;  
 They less shou'd merit, or you less shou'd love ?

Yet, while I hail the Sympathy Divine,  
 Which makes, O man ! the wants of others thine :  
 I mourn heroic JUSTICE, scarcely own'd,  
 And PRINCIPLE for SENTIMENT dethron'd.

While FEELING boasts her ever-tearful eye,  
Stern TRUTH, firm FAITH, and manly VIRTUE fly,

Sweet SENSIBILITY ! thou soothing pow'r,  
Who shedd'st thy blessings on the natal hour,  
Like fairy favours ! Art can never seize,  
Nor Affectation catch thy pow'r to please :  
Thy subtile essence still eludes the chains  
Of Definition, and defeats her pains.  
Sweet Sensibility ! thou keen delight !  
Thou hasty moral ! sudden sense of right !  
Thou untaught goodness ! Virtue's precious seed !  
Thou sweet precursor of the gen'rous deed !  
Beauty's quick relish ! Reason's radiant morn,  
Which dawns soft light before Reflexion 's born !  
To those who know thee not, no words can paint !  
And those who know thee, know all words are faint !  
'Tis not to mourn because a sparrow dies ;  
To rave in artificial extasies :  
'Tis not to melt in tender *Otway's* fires ;  
'Tis not to faint, when injur'd *Shore* expires :

'Tis not because the ready eye o'erflows  
At *Clementina's*, or *Clarissa's*, woes.

Forgive, O RICHARDSON ! nor think I mean,  
With cold contempt, to blast thy peerless scene :  
If some faint love of virtue glow in me,  
Pure spirit ! I first caught that flame from thee.

While soft Compassion silently relieves,  
Loquacious *Feeling* hints how much she gives ;  
Laments how oft her wounded heart has bled,  
And boasts of many a tear she never shed.

As words are but th' external marks, to tell  
The fair ideas in the mind that dwell ;  
And only are of things the outward sign,  
And not the things themselves, they but define ;  
So exclamations, tender tones, fond tears,  
And all the graceful drapery Pity wears ;  
These are not Pity's self, they but express  
Her inward sufferings by their pictur'd dress ;

And

And these fair marks, reluctant I relate,  
These lovely symbols may be counterfeit,  
Celestial Pity ! why must I deplore,  
Thy sacred image stamp'd on basest ore ?  
There are, who fill with brilliant plaints the page,  
If a poor linnet meet the gunner's rage :  
There are, who for a dying fawn display  
The tend'rest anguish in the sweetest lay ;  
Who for a wounded animal deplore,  
As if friend, parent, country were no more ;  
Who boast quick rapture trembling in their eye,  
If from the spider's snare they save a fly ;  
Whose well-sung sorrows every breast inflame,  
And break all hearts but his from whom they came ;  
Yet, scorning life's *dull* duties to attend,  
Will persecute a wife, or wrong a friend ;  
Alive to every woe by *fiction* dress'd ;  
The innocent he wrong'd, the wretch distress'd,  
May plead in vain ; their suff'rings come not near,  
Or he relieves them cheaply, with a tear.



Not so the tender moralist \* of Tweed ;  
His *Man of Feeling* is a man indeed.

Oh, blest'd Compassion ! Angel Charity !  
More dear one genuine deed perform'd for thee,  
Than all the periods Feeling e'er can turn,  
Than all thy soothing pages, polish'd STERNE !

Not that by deeds alone this love's express,  
If so, the affluent only were the blest.  
One silent wish, one pray'r, one soothing word,  
The precious page of Mercy shall record ;  
One soul-felt sigh by pow'rless Pity giv'n,  
Accepted incense ! shall ascend to Heav'n.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,  
And half our mis'ry from our foibles springs ;  
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,  
And few can save or serve, but all may please :  
Oh ! let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,  
A small unkindness is a great offence.

---

\* Mr. Mackenzie, author of the *Mirror*, *Man of Feeling*, &c.

Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain ;  
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.  
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,  
With pow'r to grace them, or to crown with health,  
Our little lot denies ; but Heav'n decrees  
To all, the gift of ministr'ing to ease.  
The gentle offices of patient love,  
Beyond all flatt'ry, and all price above ;  
The mild forbearance at another's fault,  
The taunting word, suppress'd as soon as thought ;  
On these Heav'n bade the bliss of life depend,  
And crush'd ill-fortune when he made a FRIEND.

A solitary blessing few can find,  
Our joys with those we love are intertwin'd ;  
And he, whose helpful tenderness removes  
Th' obstructing thorn which wounds the breast he  
loves,  
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,  
But scatters roses to adorn his own.

The hint malevolent, the look oblique,  
 The obvious satire, or implied dislike;  
 The sneer equivocal, the harsh reply,  
 And all the cruel language of the eye;  
 The artful injury, whose venom'd dart,  
 Scarce wounds the hearing while it stabs the heart;  
 The guarded phrase whose meaning kills, yet told,  
 The list'ner wonders how you thought it cold;  
 Small slights, contempt, neglect unmix'd with hate,  
 Make up in number what they want in weight.  
 These, and a thousand griefs minute as these,  
 Corrode our comfort, and destroy our ease.

As this strong feeling tends to good or ill,  
 It gives fresh pow'r to vice or principle;  
 'Tis not peculiar to the wise and good;  
 'Tis passion's flame, the virtue of the blood.  
 But to divert it to its proper course,  
 There Wisdom's pow'r appears, there Reason's force;  
 If, ill-directed, it pursues the wrong,  
 It adds new strength to what before was strong;

Breaks

Breaks out in wild irregular desires,  
 Disorder'd passions, and illicit fires.  
 But if the virtuous bias rule the soul,  
 This lovely feeling then adorns the whole;  
 Sheds its sweet sunshine on the moral part,  
 Nor wastes on fancy what shou'd warm the heart.  
 Cold and inert the mental pow'rs wou'd lie,  
 Without this quick'ning spark of Deity.  
 To draw the rich materials from the mine,  
 To bid the mass of intellect refine;  
 To melt the firm, to animate the cold,  
 And Heav'n's own impress stamp on nature's gold;  
 To give immortal MIND its finest tone,  
 Oh, SENSIBILITY ! is all thy own.  
 THIS is th' ethereal flame which lights and warms,  
 In song transports us, and in action charms.  
 'Tis THIS that makes the pensive strains of GRAY \*  
 Win to the open heart their easy way.

---

\* This is meant of the *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*;  
 of which exquisite Poem, *Sensibility* is, perhaps, the cha-  
 racteristic beauty.

Makes the touch'd spirit glow with kindred fire,  
 When sweet SERENA's \* poet wakes the lyre.  
 'Tis THIS, tho' Nature's hidden treasures lie,  
 Bare to the keen inspection of her eye,  
 Makes PORTLAND's face its brightest rapture  
 wear,

When her large bounty smoothes the bed of care.  
 'Tis THIS that breathes thro' SEVIGNE's sweet page,  
 That nameless grace which soothes a second age.  
 'Tis THIS, whose charms the soul resistless seize,  
 And gives BOSCAWEN half her pow'r to please.

Yet, why those terrors? why that anxious care,  
 Since your last † hope the deathful war will dare?  
 Why dread that energy of soul which leads  
 To dang'rous glory by heroic deeds?

---

\* Triumphs of Temper.

† Viscount Falmouth, Admiral Boscawen's only remaining son, was then in America, and at the battle of Lexington.

Why tremble lest this ardent soul aspire?—

You fear the son because you knew the fire.

Hereditary valour you deplore,

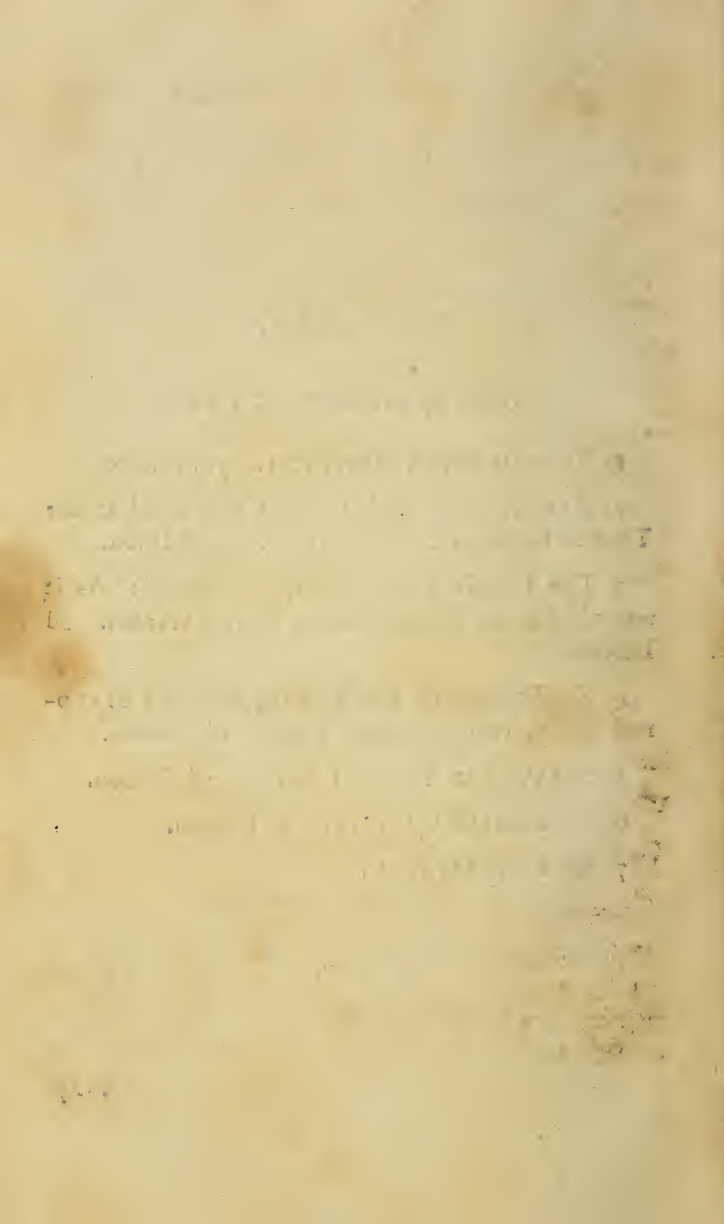
And dread, yet wish to find one hero more.

T H E E N D.

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EH 392

XXJ

- (1) Lacks HT else  
C+P with adv. leaf
- (2) Apparently C+P  
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